



THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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 3. *The Table-Talk, or Familiar Discourse of Martin Luther.* Translated by William Hazlitt. London, 1848.

WE have not only to thank Dr. Irving for a good edition of a book which holds a high place in the belles-lettres of England, but for recalling our attention to the important class of works which constitute the literature of conversation. It seems to be the Doctor's destiny to deal with neglected subjects. He has written a biography of George Buchanan, whose face, we fear, the public does not even recognise on the cover of his country's famous magazine. He has written lives of Scottish poets, many of whose pipings are no longer heeded by the present generation. Selden's *Table-Talk*, which Johnson preferred to all the French '*Ana*,' was passing into forgetfulness in our own times when he took it under his editorial care. The world cannot afford to throw aside such books, particularly if it considers the frivolity and want of substance of the current publications which profess to combine amusement and instruction. It requires a light literature with a value in it,—a lightness like that of the paper boat which Shelley launched on the Serpentine, and which was made of a fifty pound Bank of England bill.

'*Ana*' are out of fashion now, and books of *Table-Talk* little read. Some go so far as to say that conversation itself is becoming a lost art, that the last Whig conversationist will soon have wearied the last Whig peer, and that the prediction which winds up the '*Dunciad*' will thus far have achieved its fulfilment in England. These are the gloomy vaticinations of a few who, like Socrates, have a morbid passion for discourse; but on whom their auditors may possibly retaliate with the assertion that human nature is unequal to supporting them in their talkative mood.

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the *Table-Talk* of the ancients. In fact, it was one of the points in which they

had an advantage over us; for though they were less domestic, they were more social. The absence of printing imparted to their conversation the same superior importance which it gave to their oratory. A modern philosopher lives like a hermit, and publishes in quarto; the ancient one carried his philosophy about with him and propagated it in the market-place, in shops, and at suppers. The Table-Talk of an age was its wisdom. No wonder the affection of disciple for master, and there is no more beautiful relation, was so vividly felt. The whole state experienced the effect of oral teaching through all the veins of its moral being. From the lips of Socrates himself, in the saddler's shop, Euthydemus learned that he who would be fit for politics must go through an ethical training little dreamed of by dabbles in democracy. From the lips of the reverend seniors of the state the Roman youth learned what reading alone could never have taught him. His first step from home was to the house of the statesman or orator by whom he was generally initiated into the duties of life, and in whom he was to see the living image of that which a book can but faintly reflect. Cicero appears to have thought that his own hilarity at the banquets of his political friends was really a public service at periods of public despondency. We cannot but profoundly regret that the '*Liber Jocularis*,' or collection of his jokes made by Tiro, has not been preserved; for he was as thorough a table-talker as Socrates himself, and his *mots* preserved in Plutarch, Quintilian, and Macrobius, show that with Burke's eloquence he combined Canning's wit.

The vivacity of the southern races was one great cause why this conversation had a tendency to degenerate into loquacity. The Greek to this day is pre-eminently a talker, and may be seen lolling outside his *cafés*, making a clatter as rapid and endless as that of the *λάλος* in Theophrastus from whom he descends. What babblers abounded in Athens in the period of its decay we know from the fact that Theophrastus gives us no less than three species of such characters—

‘All clear and well defined’—

and who, as Casaubon observes, are not to be confounded. First comes the *ἀδολέσχης* or simple *garrulus*. ‘He sits down,’ Theophrastus tells us, ‘by the side of a man whom he does not know, and begins to praise his own wife. Tells what he dreamed the night before, and what he had for dinner.’ Have we not seen him in the flesh in our own day? The *λάλος*, again, was not only fond of talking, but was an inveterate chatterer, who interfered with every human pursuit—who haunted the schools and

and talked to the schoolmaster. Worse still was the λογοποιός, who dealt in rumours, and spread scandal—who was ever asking ‘Is there nothing new?’ Often, says Theophrastus, while gathering crowds round them in the baths, these gossips have lost their clothes.

To this corrupted taste for an enjoyment very profitable in its healthy condition, the ancients owed a class of table-talkers whom it would be improper to pass over, more particularly as they are represented in considerable force in modern Europe,—a class of diners-out. The wag was well known in antiquity, from the simple γελωτοποιός or laughter-maker, who attended suppers professionally, up to the smart conversationist who paid for the good things which he ate by the good things which he said. Of this gentleman, for so we call him in these polite times, there are excellent specimens in Plautus. Sometimes when invitations ran slack, he complained that the age was getting rude and unpolished, and had no taste for elegant pleasures. The same kind of character is to be traced in every generation; and ages after the men we have been speaking of had crackled on their pyres, Martial saw their representatives flourishing in Rome. A rival of these parasites was the *aretalogus*, whom we know not how to match in our own days. He combined the diner-out and moral philosopher, and used to talk at suppers of the *summum bonum*, and the Good and the Beautiful, for the amusement of those who thought the *scurra* and the parasite frivolous. The Emperor Augustus was particularly fond of these philosophical declaimers. They seem principally to have been Stoics or Cynics, and were remarkable for their loquacity, their love of eleemosynary provender, and their long beards. Between them and the comic writers there was deadly war.

Fond as the ancients were of conversation, it is not wonderful that they should have left books which may justly be included under the head of Table-Talk. At the head of these must be placed the ‘Memorabilia’ of Socrates by Xenophon, which, indeed, the ingenious Frenchman who has edited the ‘Table-Talk’ of Ménage was inclined to call ‘Socratiana.’ It is, no doubt, the prosaic aspect of Socrates which we have from Xenophon; but in the clear steel-mirror of his lucid style, the face of the philosopher is reflected with a truth, of which nobody can lose the impression. We see the man as he appeared to his friends, to his wife, and are well pleased to lose a little ideal beauty for the sake of the homely reality. ‘We commonly,’ says Pascal, ‘picture Plato and Aristotle in stately robes, and as personages always grave and solemn. They were good fellows, who laughed like others with their friends; and when they composed

their laws, and treatises of policy it was done smilingly and to divert themselves. It was the least philosophic and serious part of their life. Their highest philosophy was to live simply and tranquilly. Now, it is just the charm of the *Memorabilia*, that it gives us the daily existence of Socrates; his constant public activity; his incessant and irresistible dialectics in the agora, in the gymnasia, in the shop of the corslet-maker, in the studio of the statuary, at the table. All that beautiful scene of human life, with its temples, its trees, its soft sky, and the hum and colour of its lively population, floats in the air about. We are in the presence of Socrates, 'in his habit as he lived'—barefooted, plainly clad, invincibly reasonable and moral, and the incarnation of common sense. Xenophon is so anxious to show him as a good citizen that he even makes him talk what we, in our modern conceit, fancy rather obvious morality. The kindly reverent disciple wants to show how excellent his master's intentions were; how obedient he was to the laws; how soundly conservative in fact. He could not foresee that it would ever be argued that the sage was justly executed by the populace as a bore!

If, then, we set down the *Memorabilia* as the earliest and most important book of Table-Talk extant, we shall be beginning well. The ancients had other collections, but they have perished; and we must search for the scattered fragments in Athenæus, Macrobius, Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius. A passage which the latter quotes from Varro would alone establish the taste of the ancients in colloquial matters:—'Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bed-chamber.' And he goes on to say that 'conversation at such times should not be about anxious nor difficult affairs, but pleasant, attractive, and useful.'

In these old store-houses we shall find more than one *bon-mot*, which now adorns the brazen front of the plagiarist. There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses:—'It is very little of its age.' Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna, whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterwards Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. What, replied Ennius, 'do not I know your own voice?' 'You are an impudent fellow,' retorted Nasica; 'when your servant told me that you were not at home, I believed her, but you will not believe

me though I tell you so myself? This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm. Few situations are more trying than to sit at dinner and hear a raconteur telling 'the capital thing said by Louis XIV.' to so-and-so, with a distinct recollection that the same thing was said by Augustus to a provincial. You cannot quote Macrobius without the imputation of pedantry, even if you were capable of the cruelty; and you grin pleasant approbation with the consciousness that you are a hypocrite.

We have lost a good deal in Cæsar's 'Apophtegms;' for his taste was fine and his knowledge great. His own conversation must have been exquisite, and some of his sallies on public occasions show us how dexterous he must have been in repartee. The sayings of one great man never come to us with such force as when they are illuminated by the admiring comments of another, and the dicta of Cæsar are best read by the light of the torch held to them by Bacon.

'If I should enumerate divers of his speeches, as I did those of Alexander, they are truly such as Solomon noteth, when he saith, "The words of the wise are as goads;" whereof I will only recite three, not so delectable for elegance, but admirable for vigour and efficacy. As, first, it is reason he be thought a master of words, that could with one word appease a mutiny in his army, which was thus:—The Romans, when their generals did speak to their army, did use the word "Milites," but when the magistrates spake to the people, they did use the word "Quirites." The soldiers were in tumult, and seditiously prayed to be cashiered; not that they so meant, but by exposition thereof to draw Cæsar to other conditions; wherein he being resolute not to give way, after some silence, he began his speech,—*"Ego, Quirites,"* which did admit them already cashiered; wherewith they were so surprised, crossed, and confused, as they would not suffer him to go on in his speech, but relinquished their demands, and made it their suit to be again called by the name of "Milites." The second speech was thus: Cæsar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king; whereupon, finding the cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his surname; *"Non rex sum, sed Cæsar;"* *I am not King, but Cæsar*;—a speech, that if it be searched, the life and fulness of it can scarce be expressed: for, first, it was a refusal of the name, but yet not serious. Again, it did signify an infinite confidence and magnanimity, as if he presumed Cæsar was the greater title, as by his worthiness it is come to pass till this day: but chiefly it was a speech of great allurements toward his own purpose; as if the state did strive with him but for a name, whereof mean families were vested; for Rex was a surname with the Romans, as well as King

is with us. The last speech which I will mention was used to Metellus: when Cæsar, after war declared, did possess himself of the city of Rome, at which time entering into the inner treasury to take the money there accumulated, Metellus, being tribune, forbade him: whereunto Cæsar said, "That if he did not desist, he would lay him dead in the place." And presently, taking himself up, he added, "Young man, it is harder for me to speak than to do it." A speech compounded of the greatest terror and greatest clemency that could proceed out of the mouth of man.'

Cæsar knew at once whether a Cicero was genuine, and dismissed a spurious one with the calm contempt of a connoisseur. Wit, as we have already intimated, was one of the great orator's chief endowments. Quintilian celebrates his *urbanitas*, the word by which the ancients expressed that peculiar elegance of humour which smacks of the cultivation of a capital; which distinguished high Roman society in the days of Cicero, as it did French society in the time of Ménage, and English society in that of Chesterfield; which arrived at its perfection in Talleyrand and Louis XVIII., and still survives like other traditions in the circles of Legitimacy. But Cicero's humour was very various; nor did he abstain from coarse facetiousness, and downright puns. When he at last, after infinite irresolution, joined Pompey, they told him, sneeringly, 'You come late.' 'How late! since I find nothing ready?' was his answer. This was *urbanitas*. When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked, on the same occasion, referring to Dolabella, who had joined Cæsar's party, 'Where is your son-in-law?' Cicero retorted, 'With your father-in-law.' This, too, was *urbanitas*. But he stooped to an 'arrant clench' when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to the man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained he could not hear him, 'Yet you have holes in your ears.' This was NOT *urbanitas*. Such personalities, however, were addressed *ad populum*; and when political excitement harassed him, even Canning was coarse.

Talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of, as *par excellence* 'a wit,' is a second rate conversationist. 'He was so well drest,' said somebody to Brummell, 'that people would turn and look at him.' 'Then he was not well drest,' replied that great master of the art. We venture to apply the doctrine to Table-Talk. It should not want wit, but it should not exceed in it; the epigrams should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow. If we regret that the '*Liber Jocularis*' is lost, we regret still more that

no regular 'Ciceroniana' exists, reflecting the daily conversation, grave as well as gay, of the orator; such a book as the *Ménagiana*, or Eckerman's Goethe, or the Table-Talk of Selden and Luther.

First in time of the modern Ana, first in rank, infinitely valuable and exquisitely curious, the Table-Talk of Luther naturally takes the place of honour. It was printed in the original German in 1566, and spread at once. A Latin selection quickly followed; an English translation appeared in 1652. It exhibits all the qualities of the class in the highest form: it admits us to his company with a letter of introduction. To the Table-Talk, more than to any other work, Europe owes the personal familiarity which it has with the Reformer, and nobody but a good man could have borne the test of this kind of revelation. Yet it is upon the reports of his conversation, according to Bayle, that most of the calumnies against Luther were originally founded. We cheerfully allow his enemies to make the most, as they have taken care to do, of his out-spoken heartiness, of his homely humour, of the peasant-like rusticity which accompanied his intense earnestness. Beyond all question, Dr. Martin was violent and coarse, and loved a glass of beer. But the more we get at his intimacy the more we like him, for he has the charm of nature. Of the most delicate wine a man is sometimes tired; but water is eternally fresh and new, as welcome the thousandth time as the first. His adversaries seem to have gone to work with something like system. If they found him in familiar discourse with three or four persons, they called them his 'pot-companions.' If he laughed, they called him a profane scoffer. If he neither talked nor laughed, a dumb-devil possessed him. It could not possibly be the case, in Father Garasse's opinion, that he was a man like other people, with human appetites and a human temper, and not a saint in a picture. But the struggles, the infirmities of such heroes, are the most instructive studies possible; the more you dwell on them, the more you wonder at the mighty works they performed.

The interest of Luther's Table-Talk is that it is a perfect portrait of the human and material side of one of the greatest spiritual men that the world ever saw. Fancy, for that was one of his ways, Luther rebuking Satan in the style of Squire Western. It was his firm conviction 'that the Evil one may be driven away by jeering, because he is a haughty spirit and cannot bear contempt.' There are marvellous things in the chapter on 'the Devil and his Works.' For example:—

'Dr. Luther said he had heard from the elector of Saxony, John Frederic,

Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the devil, the founder having been born of a succubus.

The men of that age lived in an element of reverent wonder, which sometimes took such shapes as this. In Luther's case, too, there was a liability to hypochondria, and he had spiritual and physical fits of depression which it is impossible to contemplate without awe. 'The sour sweat has drizzled from me,' he says. But what a light of faith and hope, strangely tinged, too, by his essential humour, shone through those clouds! 'Thou art a great sinner,' said he. I replied, 'Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?' 'The devil often casts this into my breast: How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous? I gave him this answer: Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it, for the doctrine is not mine, but his.'

The domestic and social aspects of Luther, as the Table-Talk shows them, complete the picture, and we see him in the ruddy light of his fire a cheerful, solid, kindly humorous man. The hair is the finest ornament women have. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight. What defects women have we must check them for, in private, by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel." The Doctor then turned round and said, 'Let us talk of something else!' With what reality the scene rises before us! Then we all know how he loved and valued music; society he valued equally. 'I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone.' He was fond of children's prattle, and his sorrow for the death of his little daughter Magdalen is most affecting. All these traits, no doubt, might have been narrated to us by a biographer; but what art could have made them so winning and so real as they appear in the Table-Talk?

We should show little regard for the dignity of the Reformer if we inquired what conversational talent he possessed, or affected to lay stress upon the purely literary side of this book. He talked perfectly simply and openly, and even vehemently and passionately; he was intent on far higher objects than colloquial success; and we cannot, moreover, be sure of the perfect discretion and competency of the recorders. Nevertheless we venture to think that his Table-Talk gives a fair specimen of the force of his intellect, as it unquestionably represents the tone of his character. A picturesque power of illustration is one of its qualities.

'Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said, 'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colours in its changing hue.'

Luthers

'Luther was one day being shaved, and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas, he said to the latter:—Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing whilst we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly.

'When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

'When I lay sucking at my mother's breasts, I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink, or live. Even so we on earth have no idea what the life to come will be.

'A comet is a star that runs, not being fixed like a planet, but a bastard among planets. It is a haughty and proud star, engrossing the whole element, and carrying itself on as if it were there alone. 'Tis of the nature of heretics, who also will be singular and alone, bragging and boasting above others, and thinking they are the only people endowed with understanding.

These are, to borrow a figure from a well-known mediæval art, illuminated thoughts. To call the faculty a mere talent for illustration, would be to speak coldly and inadequately. He coloured his conceptions with these various hues, because he had a heart which felt sympathy with all created beauty, and which indissolubly associated moral with human and physical truths.

Just about the time that Luther's Table-Talk appeared, namely, in 1566, JOSEPH SCALIGER was in the prime of his youth, twenty-six years of age, and, we suppose, uttering 'SCALIGERANA' every day. Joseph was on his travels then. We know that he was in Scotland soon after the slaughter of Rizzio, which happened on 9th March of that year; for he tells us so himself. 'When I was there she was on bad terms with her husband on account of the death of this David,' and he adds, emphatically, 'She was a beautiful creature.' This is a distinct, historic, impartial testimony to Mary's beauty, and just one of those little facts the preservation of which is a valuable part of books of Table-Talk.

We should like to indulge in a reverie about Joseph Scaliger's stay at Edinburgh. No doubt, he and Buchanan enjoyed Attic nights, and talked old Roman Latin. No doubt, old days were recalled by the great George, old Bourdeaux days, when he and Muretus used to go over to Agen at the vintage time and stay

\* Strange to say, this has escaped his elegant biographer, M. Nisard, who speaks of his travelling in Scotland as rumoured only.

with

with Joseph's father, the great Julius Cæsar Scaliger. No doubt, too, they drank a few glasses of claret, and discussed Turnebus, recently dead, and abused the Jesuits, and chatted of the marvellous memory of Muretus, and of the matchless style of Paulus Manutius, and the last edition of Terence, at Florence, for which Bembo's MS. had been collated. For these were days when men did not coarsely dismiss their work from their hours of leisure as savouring of 'the shop,' but loved it at all times, and felt that it was beautiful. But, besides that we are sadly deficient in authority for such visions, our subject is extensive and our space limited.

The 'Scaligerana' was the earliest book of Table-Talk which appeared under the famous appellation of 'Ana.' As even respectable authors have mis-stated the origin of the name, we may mention that it is simply the Latin neuter plural termination. Joseph Scaliger died in 1609. In 1666 his conversation was published by Isaac Vossius, who had borrowed from Daillé the manuscript book in which it had been taken down by two young gentlemen named Vassan, who knew him at Leyden, where he spent the last sixteen years of his life. The work was a medley of Latin and French—as Scaliger happened to use either language—and contained his off-hand remarks on men and things, delivered with the most entire freedom. In 1669 appeared a similar record, taken by one Vertunien, a physician of Poitiers, at a much earlier period, and this its compiler called the 'Prima Scaligerana.' Both compilations were amalgamated in the excellent edition of 'Scaligerana, Thuana, &c.,' by Desmaizeaux (Amsterdam, 1740). The 'Scaligerana,' says Mr. Hallam, and we agree with him, 'deserve, perhaps, the first place among those amusing miscellanies known by the name of Ana.'

Scaliger's place among scholars is simply royal. His pre-eminence is best understood from the memorandum made by Isaac Casaubon,\* in his Diary, on the occasion of the great man's death: 'Exstincta est illa seculi nostri lampas, lumen literarum, decus Galliæ, ornamentum unicum Europæ.' His enormous memory and his world-embracing erudition were the wonder of mankind. We owe it to the 'Scaligerana' that we have a glimpse of his private character, one feature of which was a haughtiness on a par with his attainments. He was kindly, honest, and independent; but his pride was that of an oriental monarch. He looked on himself, in fact, as the monarch of letters, just as the ancients spoke of the Persian king—as The

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\* The erudite Isaac himself sometimes said good things. When he visited the Sorbonne they showed him the hall, in which, as they proudly told him, disputations had been held for four hundred years. 'And what,' said he, 'have they decided?'

King. He had a combination of two kinds of pride, either of which is enough for a poor mortal. He was proud, because he thought himself the head of the great house of Scaliger of Verona ; he was proud, because he felt himself intellectually among the leading minds of Europe. He had the haughtiness of a grandee blended with the haughtiness of a college 'Don,' a kind of mixture of the pride of Baron Bradwardine with the pride of Dr. Parr. Imagine such a character expressing himself with frank contemptuous egotism, and you have a notion of the 'Scaligerana.'

Here, for instance, we have him speaking of his father : 'There was neither king nor emperor that was so handsome as he. Look at me ; I am exactly like him, and especially the aquiline nose !' And of himself : 'There is no one in this city that is competent to judge of my book against Serarius.' Of others, with few exceptions, he spoke with profound contempt. He said Bellarmine was an atheist ; he called Meursius a pedant and the son of a monk ; he compared Scioppius to an ape ; he sneered at Baronius ; he even said, once, that St. Jerome was an ass. He expressed many of these opinions with pointed and brilliant sarcasm. Of Justus Lipsius he observes : 'I care as little for Lipsius' Latin as he does for Cicero's.' Of the Germans : 'The Germans are indifferent what wine they drink, so that it is wine, or what Latin they speak, so that it is Latin.' There is wit enough in the 'Scaligerana' to prove that it was decidedly one of his many gifts ; and we must not forget, after all, that we have but crumbs from his table, and might probably have possessed better specimens had he possessed more judicious listeners.

The 'Scaligerana' contains many of those casual sayings which, put on record, preserve the manners, the social history, and the biographical curiosities of an age. A well annotated edition of it would be a valuable work.\* It is a strange medley, and the strangeness is all the more prominent from the alphabetical arrangement. Turn over C, and you find that cheese generates gout ; that Calvin was asthmatic and spoke beautifully ; and that Cujas studied, like David Hume, lying 'le ventre contre terre,' with his books around him. Turning over a few pages more, you find a bit of oriental learning, or classical criticism, and then an anecdote which brings before us in frightful reality the horrors of those bloody times, how Joseph's mother, when 'grosse de moy,' met a man carrying a sack full of the heads of executed criminals, and fainted. Next we have a lament over the fact that 'nobody reads now,' excepting Casaubon and myself,

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\* It is with great pleasure that we see announced the *Lives of the Scaligers*, by the Rev. Mark Pattison,—a lively and accomplished scholar, who is deeply read in the literature of that age.

of course! or a flourish about the house of Scaliger, followed by a wail over his fallen position. How absurd this pretended descent from the Scaligers\* was, how it led to the 'Scaliger Hypobolimus' of the 'dreadful Scioppius,' the man who accused Cicero of barbarism, and whose lash was truly awful, is well known to the curious in literary history. Joseph Scaliger accepted the fact on his father's assertion, who died when he was only eighteen, and too young to be critical on the parental story. He was recognised by his admirers as the Scaliger, and addressed by them as Most Illustrious Hero. It is now beyond all question, that Julius was the son of Benedetto Bordone, who kept a little shop in Venice, after having been originally a schoolmaster in Padua, and was a near kinsman of Paris Bordone, the painter. It is a curious fact which we have never seen noticed anywhere, that old Julius Cæsar Scaliger had himself a great talent for painting, and had taken lessons from Durer.

The 'Thuana' and 'Perroniana' (or Table-Talk of Cardinal Perron) appeared together in 1669. This book we likewise owe to Isaac Vossius. But nothing can be more meagre, more unsatisfactory as a record of an eminent man, than the 'Thuana.' The 'Perroniana' is much fuller. It brings the Cardinal before us—a lively, vain, lettered, colloquial, and rather worldly prelate—much as he may have been supposed to appear to the courtiers of Henri Quatre. The Cardinal flattered himself that he had nearly converted Isaac Casaubon, which the reader need not believe. He was a great admirer of Cicero, and very fond of Normandy cider, facts which, owing to the alphabetical sequence, jostle each other in the book. He preserves some of the *mots* of the great Henry, such as, 'Let us [kings] look after the fools; the wise men will do us no harm.' He had the tendency to laugh at the Germans which was then fashionable, and seems to have had a notion that Luther did not believe the immortality of the soul. But the Cardinal, as we know from other Ana, was gouty in his old age, like many lively men, from Erasmus to James Smith, and his temper may have suffered. In his youth he had been so active as to be a wonderful jumper—a fact which he of course dwelt on when the *dira podagra* chained him to his garden-chair.

After these publications Ana became quite a literary rage.

\* 'Few, at present,' says Bayle, 'believe his pretensions to be well-founded.' (Diet., art. *Verona*.)—In the splendid work of Count Litta on Italian families, the claim is rejected as preposterous. Julius Cæsar's pretended grandfather figures in the pedigree of the Scaligeri as 'an imaginary individual.'—(Litta, tom. v.)

They fell like a shower of leaves on the tables of Europe. Unfortunately, people were careless what they gave forth under the title; and we often turn to them with curiosity only to be disappointed. There is a Boileau! Who would not like to hear the table-talk of Boileau? But the book is as thin as a papercake, and to judge from this record, it might be supposed that Boileau once said a good thing, as Brumell once ate a pea. The pleasantry was *apropos* of the mad theory of Hardouin, that the classics were written by the monks. The poet answered that he did not like monks generally, but that one would not object to live with Brother Virgil or Father Horace. It is questionable whether Boileau was strictly a *diseur de bons-mots*, any more than Pope; but we think it probable that all such men have talked better than is commonly believed.

The 'Ménagiana' occupies undoubtedly a rank next to the 'Scaligerana.' Ménage, whose fine manly face, adorned by a flowing and stately wig, is one of the most pleasing in the 'Hommes Illustres' of Perrault, was among the most learned men of his century, and a conspicuous ornament of Paris in days when Paris was the head-quarters of the intellect of Europe. He was essentially a conversationalist—that is to say, he was witty without being only a wit, and could bring all the resources of his mind into play in a manner agreeable to society. It is a very happy combination which enables a man to achieve this; for the two dangers which threaten him are imminent—he runs a risk of being a jester, and he runs a risk of being a bore.

Under despotisms a certain kind of conversation attains its perfection; and it is probable that the art reached its highest point in Paris during the Louis Quatorze period. The *diseur* was in his glory. M. de Baintu, Ménage tells us, was invited everywhere for the sake of his *bons-mots*. When the king gave an appointment, he communicated it to the object of his condescension in an elegant saying. 'If I had known,' he would remark, 'a more deserving person, I would have selected him.' His compliments were repeated for their point, and by extending and perpetuating praise immensely multiplied its value. When the old Duplessis was mourning his misfortune in being prevented by age from taking part in a campaign, the King answered, 'We do but toil to earn the reputation which you have acquired.' Louis advanced to the top of the staircase to meet the great Condé, after the battle of Senef. The Prince, who ascended slowly from the effects of his gout, apologised to his Majesty for making him wait. 'My cousin,' was the reply, 'do not hurry; no one could move quickly who was loaded with laurels as you are.' 'I have heard several great preachers,' said the

the monarch to Massillon, 'and have been thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself.' He would bear uncourtly truths to be spoken when they came recommended by the lustre of wit. A disputed point arose in a game. 'I refer it to you,' exclaimed Louis to the Count de Grammont, who was approaching at the time. 'Your Majesty,' replied the Count, 'is wrong.' 'How can you say I am wrong when you do not yet know the question?' 'Do you not see,' answered Grammont, 'that if the point had been ever so little doubtful, all these gentlemen' (pointing to the bystanders) 'would have decided it in your favour?' The words which were the counters at that court were as choice as the counters they used at cards. It was as if diamonds had been declared a legal tender. They would not believe that silence concealed meditation, and M. de Benserade said of a man who did not talk, 'He thinks just as little.' It is a pleasant intellectual distraction—a kind of literary holiday—to turn over the pages of the 'Ménagiana' and mingle for an hour or two in that brilliant company. Here comes M. de la Rivière, who went to Rome hoping vainly to be made a cardinal. We remark that he has a bad cold. 'It is because he has returned without a hat!' whispers M. de Bautru. Yonder is old Bishop Scarron of Grenoble, with the beard which men call a 'barbe en folio!' Here is a literary man, M. Patru, who has spent four years in translating the 'Pro Archiâ,' and has not yet satisfied himself with his rendering of the first period. M. Ménage himself is not exactly a *diseur* like the Prince de Guémené or M. de Bautru. He is colloquial after the fashion of men of letters. His talk smells a little of the lamp; but then his lamp is of the most elegant form and the best fashion. He has always been in good society; and his 'Wednesdays' are honoured by good company. When Christina of Sweden came to Paris, he had the task of presenting distinguished persons to her majesty. 'This M. Ménage knows a vast many people of merit!' said the Polar Star,\* satirically, finding eminent people so numerous. She had sarcasms for everybody; and when the great ladies rushed to kiss her on her arrival, she exclaimed, 'Why, they seem to take me for a gentleman!' In fact, while we read the *Ana* of this period the air seems prickly with epigrams. They are as thick as fire-flies. Whatever else may be said of them, they were brilliant days in which Ménage flourished. They presented a degree of social splendour which has few parallels in history, and which is only attained by a proper relation between a real aristocracy of

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\* 'Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli.'—Milton, *Poemata*.

rank and a real aristocracy of letters. Something like it existed in England in Anne's time, and in the semi-French Jacobite society of Edinburgh a century ago. It is the flowering of an ancient system. Whatever its beauties, they exist in full bloom under no other conditions; and least of all are they compatible with the dull magnificence and awkward grandeur with which new-born wealth imitates splendours which owe the best of their grace and charm to history, and sentiment, and refinement.

The writers of that century show us that conversation was an important part of their study; and unquestionably the conversation of any period is the readiest and most valuable index of its social state. 'It is a great misfortune,' says La Bruyère, 'not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent!' A distinction of his between two sorts of bad talkers is admirable:—'There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought—there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labour of their minds. . . . They talk correctly and wearisomely.' Another remark proves how carefully he had studied the subject:—'The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please.' An excellent observation of Rochefoucauld, on the same branch of the question, will be a proper pendant:—'The reason why few persons are agreeable in conversation is because each thinks more of what he intends to say than of what others are saying, and seldom listens but when he desires to speak.' Rochefoucauld, says Segrain, was the most polished man in the world; and this observation shows that he founded his good manners on the basis of good sense. Ménage lived to a great age, and the new generation seems to have thought the old gentleman a bore. Perhaps his favourite power ran away with him, and he did not observe these philanthropic directions of Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, or recollect, as our own wise and witty George Herbert has it, that

—'a civil guest

Will no more talk all than eat all the feast.'

'I never heard *that*,' said an exuberant talker of the present day, by way of contradiction. 'I don't know how you should,' was the reply, 'for you never hear anything.' La Monnoye, who edited the best edition of the *Ménagiana*, that of 1715 in four volumes, wrote an epitaph on him about which there is nothing remarkable, except that Moore stole the point, and used it in a satirical epitaph on Southey, part of which is—

'Peace

And to sleep 'Peaces to his manes, and may he sleep  
As soundly as his readers did!

During the latter half of the seventeenth century the term *Ana* was by no means strictly confined to records of talk, though in its rigid signification it ought to be. The public sought such compilations with avidity, eager to get a glimpse of great men *en negligé*, the exhibition of which constitutes the principal charm of the *Ana*. The booksellers took advantage of the popularity of the designation, and plenty of works appeared under this name which were made up not from the talk but from the papers of their subjects. Such are the *Casauboniana*, *Parrhasiana*, &c. Sometimes writers published their own *Ana*; one of the best of which is the *Chevreauna* of Urbain Chevreau (Paris, 1697-1700). But it is obvious that with this class of books we are not at present concerned. The abuse of the title soon brought it into discredit, and the ardour for the entire genus cooled. We find Voltaire, in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, denouncing the vast majority of them as unworthy of reliance, and the *Sagraisiana* especially, as full not only of falsehoods, but of insipid falsehoods. Swift said that universal as was the practice of lying, and easy as it seemed, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life.

We now turn to the contributions made by our own countrymen to this department of literature. Bacon's *Apophtegms* scarcely belong to the class of *Table-Talk*, though by recording the bon-mots of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and others, his book approximates to it. The great men of that day said many witty things and many wise ones, but we cannot fail to be struck with the singular contrast between the robustness of their intellects, their solemn, and often ponderous wisdom, and the poor *facetie* to which they sometimes stooped. With the fools, who entertained the guests of kings and nobles, and who bore some resemblance to the laughter-maker of the ancients, we are familiar through the plays of Shakspeare. Their sallies were characterised as much by impertinence as by wit. Indeed the impertinence was often itself the joke. To put one person out of countenance afforded mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrunk from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Pace, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, 'Come on, Pace,' said she, 'now we shall hear of our faults.' 'I do not,' he replied, 'use to talk of that which all the town talks on.' She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment, and in this case no one can do otherwise than sympathise with the sensitiveness

sensitiveness of Elizabeth, and wonder at the taste of our ancestors who could suffer their conversation to be broken in upon by the sorry jests and coarse personalities of a licensed buffoon. From Shakspeare we learn equally how the paltriest puns in that day were received for wit; and Lord Bacon's Apophthegms, the best repository of the smart sayings of the ancients which was ever made, bears testimony no less to the fact that an indifferent play on words was held in estimation by sages like himself. Nay, there was a species of elaborate, acted humour which was largely indulged in by Sir Thomas More, and which, though little removed above a practical joke, continued to pass current in the reign of James, and to receive the countenance of the great philosopher. An instance which he gives of the 'marvellous' pleasantry of the King is an example of the practice. In one of his progresses he asked how far it was to the town to which he was going. He was told six miles. Shortly after he asked again, and was told six miles and a half. Whereupon he got out of his coach and crept under the shoulder of one of the horses. The attendant courtiers inquired what his Majesty meant by the action. 'I must,' he said, 'stalk' (the term applied to the stealthy approach to wild-fowl and deer), 'for yonder town flies me.' It is scarcely credible that a monarch should have stopped his carriage in the middle of a journey, and alighted, to perform on the high-road so wretched a conceit, and except for the testimony of Bacon we should have supposed that the laugh he provoked would have been raised by his absurdity, and not by his wit. It is some consolation for our inferiority in many particulars that we have banished such puerilities. But if Bacon applauded as a spectator, he would not, we may be sure, have condescended to be the actor. It was a more refined and intellectual humour which seasoned the stately wisdom that was heard beneath the shades of Gorhambury. His Essay on Conversation is an evidence how well he understood its proprieties and delicacies. In one of his maxims he anticipates La Bruyère. 'The honourablest part of talk,' he said, 'is to give the occasion,' and this he called leading the dance.

Drummond of Hawthornden took notes, as everybody knows, of the conversations of Ben Jonson in 1619. But it was only an abstract, polluted by interpolations, which appeared in 1711. In our own times a happy discovery by the greatest literary antiquary of Scotland, Mr. David Laing, has given us an accurate version of the original.\* Ben Jonson, it is notorious, was

\* *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with W. Drummond of Hawthornden, in January, 1619.* Edited for the Shakspeare Society, by David Laing. 1842.

his own hero. As he remarked of Francis Beaumont, 'he loved too much himself and his own verses.' 'He is,' writes Drummond, 'a great praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others.' This last quality is abundantly manifested in his host's report of his opinion of his brother bards. 'Spenser's stanzas,' Ben said, 'pleased him not, nor his matter; Samuel Daniel was a good, honest man, but no poet; Michael Drayton's long verses pleased him not; Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, nor that of Fairfax of Tasso; that Harington's Ariosto was of all translations the worst; that Donne's Anniversary was profane and full of blasphemies, and that he deserved hanging for not keeping of accent; that Shakspeare wanted art; that Sharpham, Day, Dicker, and Minshew were all rogues; that Abram Francis, in his English hexameters, was a fool; that next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque.' These harsh judgments are crowded together unqualified by a word of commendation, but the remainder of the book is less unfavourable to the detracting propensities of surly Ben. He sometimes speaks good of others, and has many topics besides them and himself. Here and there we have a curious trait of character, such as that Sir Philip Sidney's mother never showed herself at court except masked after she had had the smallpox; or we come upon one of the received rumours of the day which tells us how the famous Earl of Leicester, who had murdered one wife, fell into the pit which he dug for the second. 'He gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.' Nor is it beneath our curiosity to learn Lord Bacon's habitual action in speaking,— 'My Lord Chancellor wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band;' or that Ben himself drew poetic inspiration from his great toe. 'He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in imagination.' But how meagre and fragmentary, on the whole, are these specimens of the talk of one who had talked a thousand times with Shakspeare! We are glad to know from them certain facts of the speaker's history which we cannot get elsewhere, on such good authority; but when we recollect Pope's line—

'What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?'

when we recall Herrick's ode to him, and the colloquial, convivial nature of the man, we feel mournfully what we have lost by the indifference of Drummond, or the ravages of time.

Jonson's friend Selden has been more fortunate. He died in  
1654,

1654, and his 'Table-Talk' was published by his amanuensis Richard Milward in 1689. Lucky the scholar who can talk and who has a discriminating 'Richard Milward'; for, otherwise, how many readers would John Selden now boast in England? Most men of letters, indeed, have had occasion to make some acquaintance with his writings—let us say with the 'Titles of Honour' for instance—and have bowed reverently to the immensely learned man, of whom Ben Jonson said, that 'he was the Law Book of the Judges.' But is the Selden of the 'Titles of Honour' the same person as the Selden of the 'Table-Talk?' One scarcely believes it. Dry, grave, and even crabbed in his writings—his conversation is homely, humorous, shrewd, vivid, even delightful! He is still the great scholar and the tough parliamentarian, but merry, playful, and witty. The ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα is on the sea of his vast intellect. He writes like the opponent of Grotius; he talks like the friend of Ben Jonson.

In Selden's 'Table-Talk' is found that exquisite illustration that libels and pasquils are like straws, which serve to show how the wind sets. In it, too, is the striking thought so much admired by Coleridge, that Transubstantiation is only 'Rhetoric turned into Logic.' His chief conversational quality, the one, says his amanuensis, which his friends most valued in him, was his turn for familiar illustration. He put off the cumbersome garb of the scholar and talked about a scholar's subjects like a man of the world. This is the great difference between Selden's 'Table-Talk' and the Ana generally, that it is infinitely more substantial. He employs his colloquial familiarity to light up the high themes of Church and State. You are amused, but you are also benefited. By a single curious fact he shows us how jealous the old Parliaments were of their independence and power.

'In time of Parliament it used to be one of the first things the House did to petition the King that his confessor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the King, or else lest he should reveal to the Pope what the House was doing, as no doubt he did when the Catholic cause was concerned.'

How quietly satirical is the sarcastic question with which he concludes his observation on the pretended poverty of the friars!

'The friars say they possess nothing: whose then are the lands they hold? Not their superior's; he hath vowed poverty as well as they. Whose then? To answer this, 'twas decreed they should say they were the Pope's. And why must the friars be more perfect than the Pope himself?'

How felicitous, again, is the illustration by which he expresses the necessary connexion of faith and works!

'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other; so 'tis betwixt faith and works.

Then he has admirable observations upon human nature, and pleasant anecdotes with which to exemplify his positions.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet poor enough, as poets used to be, seeing an alderman with his gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see 'yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why that fellow cannot make a blank verse!"

The next extract is an instance of the same principle of the mind under a fresh aspect.

We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in King James concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France. One said he was killed for his dissoluteness, another said he was killed for turning his religion. No, says King James, who could not abide fighting, he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom.

A remark of Swift will once more vary the point of view, and show us this pervading self-sufficiency in another of its habits:—  
"That was excellently observed," say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine! When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken."

We have already referred to Johnson's admiration of the 'Table-Talk' of Selden, and one of his own most celebrated *dieta* was borrowed from it. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" This, said Selden, is the juggling trick of the parity;—they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have nobody under them." Johnson proceeded with the democratical Mrs. Macaulay to put her principles to the test. "Madam," he said, "I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow citizen,

your

your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' This was the reduction to practice of that saying of Lycurgus which Lord Bacon has included in his Apophthegms, when the proposition being made to introduce into Sparta an absolute popular equality, he replied, 'Begin it in your own house.'

Possibly Richard Milward was a more judicious reporter than most talkers have found; but we must not forget the great and earnest struggle of Selden's century which had put our countrymen of all opinions on their best mettle. He had lived his life in a higher moral atmosphere than that of the gayest Parisian saloons. There was a stuff and a sap in the Englishmen of that period which gave their talk a richness and a colour unknown to the pungent levities of a Boileau, a Menage, a Segrais, or a Monsieur de Baurru. Nor was Selden a scholar and antiquary only; he had taken his wine with the wits and Ben Jonson, and had thundered against 'tonnage and poundage' on the floor of the House of Commons. It would appear, indeed, that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's Table-Talk glows with the fire which burnt the Pope's Bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy; and, which is a kindred fact, a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson; or at once, men of letters and men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world: in short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.

At any rate there are great names which show that the talent for talking is distinct from the talent for writing. Addison, who has been condemned upon his own happy metaphor, 'that he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket,' must be excluded from the list. His friends, and we may add his enemies, have been juster to him than he was to himself. Lady Mary Wortley, who belonged to the former category, declared he was the best company in the world; and Pope, who belonged to the last, confessed that his conversation had something in it more charming than he had found

found in any other man. 'But this,' Pope continues, 'was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence.' It was in fact one of Addison's own remarks that there was no such thing as real conversation except between two persons. His case is, therefore, a confirmation rather than otherwise of our supposition, that to shine in mixed companies at least, demands a portion of the qualities which render men fit for the stir of life, for it was the want of this which was the cause of his bashfulness, and made him fear to take the lead before strangers. Pope himself, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, were none of them good talkers, if we may trust current belief and report. Bayle was of opinion that few learned men at all had conversational ability: but this remark must not lead us too far; on the contrary, Scaliger, Casaubon, Lipsius, Salmasius, Ménage, at once occur as exceptions to his rule. There can be no error more absurd, no prejudice more ignorant, than to suppose that the old scholars, the sixteenth and seventeenth century men, were merely pedants and book-worms; they held their own with kings, cardinals, and knights: nay, they cut a figure more conspicuous in the world than their representatives do now. When they accepted a chair in a town, the magistrates and burghers came out in procession to welcome them through the gates. Casaubon travelled to England in company with an ambassador, and was received by James I. at his dinner-table. Henri Quatre wrote to Scaliger with his own hand. All the boasting we hear now-a-days of the spread of knowledge must not make us forget, that as far as being sincerely and reverently honoured in the persons of its possessors, it enjoyed more homage then than now. In quite recent times, to return to the assertion of Bayle, the ranks of great scholars have given men to the ranks of great talkers. Few men talked with more uniform vivacity and vigour than Parr; no man said better things than Porson; and we wish the Porsoniana was worthier of him. Niebuhr, again, handled his favourite literary subjects with great colloquial animation, as a pleasant little book called Lieber's 'Reminiscences' of him exists to testify. How he—with his full mind and his earnest heart—felt the dreary vacuity which reigned in his time at the dinners to which his position as a diplomatist condemned him, we know from an anecdote told by Bunsen, whose own experience also seems to have been severe.\*

After Selden's 'Table-Talk' there is a long interval before we arrive at any formal record of a great man's conversation; but

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\* Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters,' ii. 427.

we have an excellent dissertation from Swift—himself, as might be expected, an admirable talker—entitled ‘Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.’ He sets out by saying that he had observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this, and that few were so difficult to treat. He was in possession of the traditions of the age preceding his own, and gives us the following interesting statement:—

‘I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.’s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding and of both sexes met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects happened to be started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low.’

These chivalrous notions from Swift may astonish, but they are worthy of his acute intellect; and were especially needed in an age when the re-action still continued, and grossness and familiarity took the place of knightly courtesy and admiring respect.

In Swift’s own time there was no word in more frequent use, both in writing and conversation, than that of *raillery*. It usually signified a kind of satirical banter; but ‘the French, from whom we borrow the word,’ remarks the Dean, ‘have quite a different idea of the thing; and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. *Raillery* was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to.’ One species of this art, according to Fielding, was to heighten good qualities by applying to them the terms which denoted their excess—as when you spoke of generosity as prodigality, and of courage as foolhardiness, or it was a complimentary irony by which vices were imputed to men the exact reverse of their notorious virtues. Of this latter kind there is a fine example in Pope’s well-known lines:—

‘Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.  
Cobham’s a coward, Polwarth is a slave,  
And Lyttleton a dark designing knave;

St.

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool,  
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull—  
 Has never made a friend in private life,  
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.'

Though Swift considered raillery the most refined part of conversation, it is one of those artifices for which there can only be an occasional opening, and which requires at all times a tact and discrimination which are the gifts of few. Thus it had passed from an ingenious and delicate description of compliment into gentle banter upon harmless foibles, and from this into laughing at real defects, and into attempts to render people ridiculous. It was then nothing better than privileged abuse.

It is very remarkable how entirely the reverse of cynical are all Swift's maxims upon conversation. 'Surely,' he says, when speaking of raillery, 'one of the best rules is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.' It was indignation at the perversion of an innocent and useful pleasure that led him to take up his pen; and he held that, though few were qualified to shine, most persons had it in their power to be agreeable. He imputed the low ebb to which conversation had run less to defects of understanding than to pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, and positiveness. He conceived, therefore, that it would be sufficient to produce a reform if he pointed out the errors which were the source of the evil, and which all might correct if they pleased. He did not omit faults which were generally felt and condemned, but which prevailed notwithstanding. The folly of talking too much, for instance, was universally exclaimed against, yet he had rarely seen five people together without one of the number being guilty of it, to the great annoyance of the rest. It might have been supposed that to please himself and disgust his company was a species of reputation of which no one would be particularly ambitious. The Dean's own practice was to make a long pause after he had spoken, to give anybody who was inclined the opportunity to take his turn.

It will startle many people to find what company Swift singled out as presenting the climax of tiresome talk:—

'The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had a share in a miscellany, came thither and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important

important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them.

In other words, the conversation at Will's assumed a local, personal, and exclusive character; whereas good conversation, whether literary or not, is distinguished by its sociability, and, being addressed to the world, does not bear the colour of what is peculiar and private in the individual. Byron wrote in verse to the same effect:—

One hates an author that's all author, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink.

The talk of such men may be witty, or it may be eloquent—but it is not *conversation*. For conversation implies as much attention to your neighbour the listener, as to yourself the speaker. This led Swift to extend the meaning of the term pedantry, which he understood to signify the unseasonable, obtruding our own branch of knowledge upon a company which could not participate in it. Thus he held it to be pedantic for a soldier to talk too freely of military affairs; for acquaintances to dwell on passages of their history which were *caviare* to the general circle; for women to be over-copious upon the subject of their dresses, fans, and china. Fielding complained that the lawyers in his day were particularly liable to the failing, owing to their being a good deal confined to the society of one another. He had known, he said, a very agreeable party spoiled by a couple of barristers, who seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

Swift had no liking for professed wits. He objected to them that their inventions were always on the rack, and that they only watched the conversation for an opportunity to display their talents, and say a good thing. This is the bane of real sociality; and a few forced jests are a miserable substitute for the feast of reason and the flow of soul. One wit of the Dean's acquaintance was never easy unless he was allowed to dictate and preside; and it will usually be found that the jester requires an audience—that he takes the initiative, and commands your attention like the Punch which appears before your windows. But wit ought to spring naturally out of the conversation. A good bon-mot, like the sparkle from a grindstone, is the casual brilliance of an intellect in fruitful activity. Such was the wit of Ménage; and such also that of Bacon, Cicero, Montesquieu, Johnson, Burke, and the many great men who have possessed the endowment. The mass of modern 'diners-out' are mere

jokers who have some fun and great animal spirits. This amount

amount of facetiousness is compatible with a very ordinary understanding and no attainments. Let us again refer to Swift's high authority :—

‘ I have known men happy enough at ridicule who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid ; of whom Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ the Contempt of the Clergy, was a great instance.’

Indeed the Dean went so far as to assert that he had never known a wag who was not a dunce. The ‘ men of wit and pleasure about town,’ as they used to be called, though Fielding says the wit had disappeared in his time, and we are inclined to add that the pleasure has followed it in ours, would seem to be instances of this, so utterly drivelling and so void of all serious purpose, or sensible application, is much of our current satirical literature.

Of the stock phrases and stereotyped questions and answers which were the common staple of talk in the reign of Queen Anne among non-literary people, who lived in what was called the world, Swift gives a curious representation, in his ‘ Complete Collection of genteel and ingenious Conversation, according to the most polite mode now used at Court and in the best Companies in England.’ He professes to record nothing which had not been in constant circulation for at least a hundred years ; but if the fashionable folks of that day really employed one half of the observations he has set down, we must confess that we have sadly degenerated since, and that our great-great-grandmothers had a larger, richer, and livelier repository than is to be met with now. Many of the retorts, apart from their antiquity, are pleasant enough :—‘ *Neverout*. Here’s poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thoughts. *Miss*. They are not worth a farthing ; for I was thinking of you.’ And again : ‘ *Colonel*. Is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last ? *Lord Sparkish*. Yes, or else he’s sadly wrong’d, for they have buried him.’ We are quoting from Sir Walter Scott’s edition of Swift ; and it is singular to come, in Washington Irving’s ‘ *Abbotsford*,’ upon the following example of Scott’s own humour in conversation :—

‘ One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thomson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, “ who, poor fellow ! ” premised he, “ is dead and gone.” “ Why, Mr. Scott,” exclaimed his good lady, “ Macnab’s not dead, is he ? ” “ Faith, my dear,” replied Scott, with humorous gravity, “ if he’s not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they’ve buried him.” The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing

causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table.'

Spence's memoranda of the conversation of Pope and others contain many facts which are well worth preserving, but as specimens of talk the work cannot rank very high. We have come, however, now in Boswell's 'Johnson' to the greatest work of the class which exists in the world. The 'Tour to the Hebrides' had shown what was to be expected from a man who seems to have been better fitted for his vocation than anybody else who ever lived, and whose name has supplied the English language with a new word. Every year increases the popularity of Boswell's\* marvellous work. The world will some day do more justice to his talents, which those who cannot forgive his Toryism are far too prone to run down; for he possessed great dramatic talent, great feeling for humour, and a very keen perception of all the kinds of colloquial excellence. With the Cockneys and Radicals, nine tenths of whose affected contempt of him rests on the mean foundation that they dislike the very pardonable pride he took in his ancient birth, who would condescend to reason? But if any unprejudiced person doubts the real talent required for doing what Boswell did, let him make the experiment by attempting to describe somebody's conversation himself. Let him not fancy that he is performing a trivial or undignified task; for which of us, in any station, can hope to render a tithe of the service to the world that was conferred on it by the Laird of Auchinleck?

Johnson's conversation is the perfection of the talk of a man of letters; and if, as we believe, the test of Table-Talk be its worthiness to take a place as literature after its immediate effect has been produced, where shall we look for its match? It has a style of its own, and cannot be imitated without absurdity. It is an intermediate something between literature and conversation, in which it is impossible to separate the share of the man of letters from the share of the man of the world. He sometimes said things which might have been transferred unaltered to his 'Lives of the Poets,' and he sometimes wrote things which only required the preliminary 'Why, Sir,' as wings to send them flying through the dining-room of Sir Joshua or the drawing-room at Streatham; but while in his study he was always more or less the scholar, in society he was often a man of the world: and his whole life was such an union of 'Town and Gown' as was perhaps never before exhibited by an individual.

Not without difficulty do we realise the impression which

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\* It may be added to the merits of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* that Mr. Croker's edition of it is beyond question the best edited book in the English language.

his vivid, pithy talk made on his friends. We remember nothing which better illustrates it than the description by Garrick of the talk of Adam Smith: 'What do you think, eh? *Elabby*, isn't it? The word perfectly describes, by opposites, the qualities of Johnsonian conversation. It spoiled men for everything that was not both weighty and smart. It was at once gay and potent; its playfulness resembling the ricochetting of sixty-eight pounders, which bound like Indian-rubber balls, and yet batter down fortresses. Such talk could only come from a great, active, practical man. No mere scholar, no mere metaphysician, could ever have produced it.

Johnson's conversation was, however, not suited to general society; but, with all its transcendent merit, had its limitations. It had not the winning, easy charm of Sir Walter Scott, but was stern and logical. It kept down all sorts of conversational excellence except its own, and gave rise afterwards to many inferior copies. Argument is seldom tolerable in conversation; but as this propensity of Johnson was easier to mimic than his unrivalled faculty of flinging out illustrations, men played at 'Johnson and Burke' who could ill reach the meanest qualities of either. The Edinburgh school which followed were a set of argumentative declaimers, or men who varied argument only by epigram. A perverse disputatiousness was seasoned by an unwholesome smartness. The indispensable requisite of nature was forgotten. These were the men who, as Lockhart tells us, thought Scott's conversation 'common-place'; the truth being that it was rich in ease, sense, and humour; while theirs was like the breakfasts in military novels, which seem to consist chiefly of devilled kidneys, grilled bones, and other fiery and salamandrine elements.

We have one book of Ana, the 'Walpoliana,'\* which more resembles French works of the kind than any other in our literature. Nor is this wonderful, since if ever a human being dearly loved Ana it was Horace Walpole, though they are for the most part the sweetmeats of literature, and are by no means to be made a staple article of diet. Unfortunately the Walpoliana contains much triviality about 'warming-pans that had belonged to Charles the Second,' and such congenial subjects; flavoured with a kind of satirical cynicism against men and man's nature, conceived and expressed in a way to make us fancy we are listening to a French *soubrette* who had studied Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. We must add that there are anecdotes against the characters of eminent individuals totally destitute of truth, yet told with a kind of gusto which would be disagreeable even

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\* Published in 1799.

if they were unquestionably veracious. When we add that there are some good stories, many of them, however, borrowed, and that his peculiar brilliancy is shown in some happy *bon-mots*, we shall have said all that the book can fairly claim. Like Voltaire and Chesterfield, Walpole both wrote and talked wittily. Sydney Smith at once occurs as another instance of the combination. It will almost always be found that such wits or talkers are altogether greater than those, by no means rare, individuals who possess the oral gift only. Much of the charm which belongs to these last is found to resolve itself into person and manner. In a country, too, like England, where colloquial talent has never had so high a place as in other parts of Europe, and where consequently it is rarer, it will sometimes happen that a man, encouraged by the freedom of the field, devotes himself to it, to the exclusion of other pursuits. But such disciples of the "Conversation Sharp" school are few.

For the period immediately before the present we have the various "Conversations" of Lord Byron, besides the ever-increasing "Memoirs" and "Diaries," such as those of Mackintosh and Moore. Byron was a most remarkable talker. "His more serious conversation," said Shelley, "is a sort of intoxication." That his gayer kind was most shrewd, witty, and lively, those who must trust to records in the matter can see in his *Life*, and in the work on the subject by Lady Blessington. He seems to have talked *Childe Harold* or *Don Juan* at his pleasure, just as he could act either character. He has given us his opinion of all the great conversers of his day: Curran, with his poetic and imaginative wildness; De Staël, with her sentimental glitter; Luttrell's elegant epigram; Lord Dudley's pregnant point; the convivial brilliancy of Sheridan and Colman; the fairy grace and ornament of Moore; and the abundant knowledge, the precision, and the modesty of Mackintosh. There was a vast deal of splendid talent in England in Byron's time; and we had better not ask too curiously, Who are the men who supply its place now?

Two remarkable books—Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," and the "Table-Talk" of Coleridge—have appeared since Byron's time. Both are too fresh in remembrance to demand much notice. Eckermann's shows us that the riches of Goethe's mind flowed as readily from his tongue as his pen. He spoke freely on the deepest, and playfully on the slightest subjects; sometimes saying a wise thing, and sometimes a 'good, thing.' Such a book irresistibly impresses us as coming fresher from the heart than any merely literary work. Nothing can supersede the value and importance of the original forces of nature; and the force of oral communication is one of these.

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The conversation of Coleridge—latterly, at least—was sometimes of the nature of monologue, or even reverie, and cloudy with mystic magnificence; but unquestionably enough exists in his *Table-Talk* to prove that substantial thought and free, lucid, bright-hued expression abounded in his conversation as they abound in his writings. We presume to assign it a place among the best; yet how few are good books of the kind after all! We have looked for them among the records of the wise and the foolish, the witty and the dull, the famous and the little known, and cannot help feeling that after all the *Literature of Conversation* plays a poor part in literary history. When we consider how much good talk has been lost, while so much bad writing has been preserved, we are inclined almost to be angry; and are scarcely consoled by knowing that the spoken wisdom has not altogether failed of its purpose, though it is less easy to show the channels by which it has enriched humanity than to trace the influence of the thought which remains embodied in print and paper.

Conversation is at a low ebb in England at present. The higher belles-lettres of an age are admitted to be exponents of its manners, and we find the complaint made by Mr. Disraeli, and testified to by Mr. Thackeray. How small a part is played by conversation in our best novels! How rare is an elegant and familiar conversational style in our contemporary literature, which in that respect is far behind the literature of the time of Queen Anne! Who really converses at a *conversazione*? and has not Mr. Carlyle suggested that each Lion should have a label on him, like a decanter, that you might learn his name and ascertain those pretensions which will certainly not be manifested by anything you hear from him? The action of the press is one great cause of this colloquial inferiority. Newspapers, novels, magazines, reviews, 'Punch,' gather up the intellectual elements of our life, like so many electric machines drawing electricity from the atmosphere, into themselves. Everything is recorded and discussed in print, and subjects have lost their freshness long before friends have assembled for the evening. Music is more cultivated, though this is rather an effect than a cause—a device to fill up a painful vacuity; dinners are late and large, and the 'Mahogany' is an extinct institution.

For the social dulness of the majority of men of letters the author of 'Coningsby' accounts with a fatal plausibility, when he tells us that they hold their best thoughts for their publishers. To this, however, there are striking exceptions, and it may be urged that some of them are shy. Still taken altogether, the genial converse which marked the old tavern life—

—those

'—those lyric feasts  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the triple Tun'—*Herrick.*

—the life led in rare Ben's time, then in Steele's, afterwards in Boswell's—belongs to tradition and to the past. Here and there, among authors, there is a *diseur de bon-mots*; but he is talked of as an exception and a wonder, just as here and there, among the circles of high Whiggery, there is a conversationist of the old Mackintosh school, lettered, luminous, and long-remembered. But these are the remains of the last generation, and where are their rising successors?

Where there is talk of a superior character, it appears to affect the epigrammatic form; and this is an unhealthy sign. If there were no other objection, how rarely can it avoid that appearance of self-consciousness and effort which is fatal to all elegance and ease! The epigrammatic is a valuable element, but should never predominate; since good conversation flows from a happy union of all the powers. To approximate to this, a certain amount of painstaking is necessary; and though artifice is detestable, we must submit that talk may be as legitimately made a subject of care and thought as any other part of a man's humanity, and that it is ridiculous to send your mind abroad in a state of slovenliness while you bestow on your body the most refined care.

We have no wish to let loose a troop of 'Conversation Browns' on the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of England. On the contrary, we feel intensely the social misery which a single Bore, with a powerful memory and a fluent tongue, can inflict on a large and respectable private circle. Compared with such a pest the worst book is a trifle, since it can be laid on the shelf; but he—how can he be ejected? You cannot, like Sir Philip Francis, take him by the throat; you can only have recourse to the mingled resignation and pleasantry which Horace exhibited in a similarly terrible position in the Sacred Way; for the Bore was 'known to the ancients'—as when was he not known?—and in all ages has honestly believed himself a very entertaining fellow. Alas! he must learn to be silent before he can learn to talk; the old crop must be pared from the soil and burnt, the ground must be well broken up, carefully tilled, and entirely re-sown, before he can become a profitable member of society. But as this is a discipline which could only be practised by the wise, and is beyond the capacity of a prater, we must be content with recommending to him, and even this we are sure in vain, the remark of an old writer, that nature has created man with two ears and but one tongue.

- ART. II.—1. *Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes, and for Juvenile Offenders.* By Mary Carpenter. London. 1851.
2. *Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment.* By Mary Carpenter. London. 1853.
3. *Mettray: a Lecture read before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society.* By Robert Hall, M.A., Recorder of Doncaster. London. 1854.
4. *An Act for the better Care and Reformation of Youthful Offenders in Great Britain.* 17 & 18 Vict. c. 86.
5. *A Collection of Papers, Pamphlets, and Speeches on Reformatories, and the various views held on the subject of Juvenile Crime and its Treatment.* Edited by Jelinger Symons, Esq. London. 1855.

THERE is hardly, perhaps, a subject, the war excepted, which occupies a larger share of attention at the present time than Reformatory Schools. To use a familiar expression, they are becoming quite the rage; and we may look for a series of those peculiar demonstrations in their favour by which the British public are in the habit of displaying their interest in such philanthropic undertakings as they are disposed to encourage. We have not, indeed, yet reached the stage of reformatory bazaars, reformatory balls, and reformatory private theatricals; but now that we have got as far as that of dinners, the others will probably follow. The public sentiment, in short, is ripening fast; let us only hope that the public knowledge, to the imperfections of which a high authority drew attention a twelve-month ago,\* is gaining ground in something like an equal proportion.

We are far from desiring to undervalue the importance of a prevailing sympathy with the reformatory movement. We look upon that movement as one of the utmost national consequence, which is likely, if rightly directed, to be productive of most beneficial results; and we are not insensible to the advantages which its promoters must derive from having the tide of feeling in their favour instead of against them. But though a moderate amount of support is necessary to set their schemes fairly afloat, there is danger of no inconsiderable kind in an overwhelming and ill-guided flood of popularity; and it is quite possible that some of those who have hitherto been working their way la-

\* See Mr. M. D. Hill's letter to Lord Brougham, Dec. 18, 1854, republished in Mr. Symons's Collection:—'I have been led to doubt whether the public sentiment upon this great question is not considerably in advance of public knowledge.'

boriously but safely, against uncounted difficulties, may yet have reason to acknowledge the truth of the poet's caution, that  
*Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.*

Earnest, practical, and pious persons, keenly alive to the shortcomings and the errors of our mode of dealing with youthful criminals, could labour heartily in what they knew to be a more excellent way of treating them, notwithstanding the sneers of the incredulous and the dogged resistance of the indolent. They could bear to be thwarted while they felt that the work on which they were engaged was making sure though tardy progress, and was bringing with it its own reward. The very opposition they met with had its use in rendering them more cautious to undertake no injudicious schemes which might bring discredit upon their cause. Such persons will have a wholly different class of trials to bear if public feeling should take an exactly opposite direction, and instead of pronouncing juvenile offenders to be hopelessly irreclaimable, and the efforts made on their behalf to be visionary, should indulge in the belief, which Mr. Symonds fears is becoming alarmingly prevalent, that they are 'errant angels,' whose reformation requires little else than fondling.

The arguments in support of the reformatory system, and the practical results which have been attained by the experiments hitherto made, are indeed sufficiently striking to account for the tide in their favour. Whether we approach the subject as Christians anxious to rescue our fellow-creatures, and especially those little ones who have been so solemnly committed to our care, from a life of misery, ignorance, and guilt; or as legislators desirous to reduce the dimensions of a class at war with law and order, and ever ready to take up arms against society itself; or as economists (in the most restricted sense of the word) devising how to deal most cheaply with our criminal population; whatever, in short, be the point at which our inquiries commence, they are sure to terminate in the same conclusion,—that the surest, the kindest, the least expensive course is, to snatch the child from the perilous position in which he stands, and to place him under influences which may convert him into a virtuous member of the community. When we consider what a child is, what ideas of grace and innocence the very name calls up in our minds, nay, what high moral lessons we have been taught to draw from the humble and confiding simplicity of a 'little child,' and when we contrast with these ideas and these lessons

\* Collection of Papers, &c., p. 97.

the condition of too large a class of our young fellow-countrymen, infants in years but adults in every kind of sin—when we see baby-faces full of evil passions, of cunning, of recklessness, or of cruelty, we can hardly fail to take to ourselves, as members of a society which tolerates the existence of such an anomaly, some part of the woe denounced upon him that offendeth ‘one of these little ones.’ And what makes the case more awful is, that the state to which these unhappy children have been brought is frequently the result not of mere negligence, but of deliberate training, on the part of their parents. ‘I have seen,’ says one witness, ‘a baby of five years old reeling drunk in a tap-room. His governor did it for the lark of the thing,—to see him chuck his self about,—sillyfied like.’\* This young “shaver’s” father,’ says another, ‘encourages his children in badness. I heard him say with his own lips, that James was one of the best lads travelling; he said to me, “Johnny, I wish you would take my young one a wiring (pocket-picking) up the country, for the lads he is with will do him no good.”’† ‘I was in ——— Street, Liverpool,’ says a third,—when called upon to give evidence against a mother and her little daughter on a charge of larceny,—on the 19th of November last. I was induced to watch the prisoners closely in consequence of hearing the elder prisoner ask the younger to go and see if some flannel was loose which was at a shop-door. The little girl went across to that shop-door. I saw her touch the flannel, and then come back to her mother; and I heard her say, “No, mother, it’s tied.” I followed them about 100 yards, when I heard the elder prisoner, the mother, say to the little girl, her daughter, “Go and see if any of those victorines are loose,” pointing to a shop where I saw victorines hanging at the door. The younger prisoner, the little girl, went to the shop-door, and I saw her pull the victorine now produced out from between the two strings they hung upon,’ &c. &c.‡ Surely when the parental authority is thus fearfully misused, it is time for society to interpose, and to rescue the child from its unnatural protector.

This is the aspect in which the reformatory question has for the most part presented itself to the minds of individuals, and it is this view which has led to the greater part of the efforts which have hitherto been made. Warm-hearted men have sought to apply the readiest remedy to the evil of which they could not bear to remain inactive beholders; they have given their time, their money, and, in some cases, their own lives also, to rescue

\* London Labour and the Poor.

† Juvenile Delinquents, p. 144.

‡ Ibid., p. 145.

the children around them from their fearful position, little considering, perhaps, what bearing their proceedings would have upon the general criminal system of their country. Yet experience shows that had these benevolent persons proposed as their object to effect a reform in criminal jurisprudence, and to point out a more effectual way of protecting person and property, they could hardly have taken a wiser course than that which they have adopted from motives of humanity alone. Difficult as our penal problem has now become, since the progress of public feeling has almost put an end to capital punishments, and the remonstrances of our colonies have made transportation to any considerable extent impossible, the only method which gives any reasonable hope of getting us out of our embarrassment is that which proposes to cut off the supply of criminals at its source, and divert the energies of our rising generation of pickpockets and burglars into more profitable channels. An outcry has already begun against the Ticket-of-leave system, and it is likely to increase as the formidable characteristics of our professional convict class become more familiar to us. But it must be borne in mind that, however the details of our system may be varied, we must ultimately come to this conclusion, that, if we can neither hang our criminals, nor transport them, we have no alternative but either to imprison them for life, or to turn them loose upon the country, after a longer or shorter term of imprisonment. Being no longer able to cast them forth from amongst us, and being obliged to consume this description of our own produce at home, we are urged by the most immediate instinct of self-preservation to consider whether we cannot materially reduce the amount of the unprofitable crop, which is not only mischievous in itself but poisons all that grows around it. 'One year's seeding,' as our farmers say, 'brings seven years' weeding;' and one generation of trained and hardened criminals will multiply its numbers sevenfold, by influence and example among classes that might otherwise have formed the strength of the nation. We hear much of the alarm which the owners of property feel at the depredations which they apprehend from the retention of our convicts at home; but there is another, and a more serious danger, to which the humbler members of society are exposed, and which, says Mr. Recorder Hill,\* 'weighs heavily on the minds of parents in the respectable class,'—the danger which 'keeps them in fear and trembling lest their children should be corrupted by evil companions.'

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\* Report of the Birmingham Conference of 1851, p. 13.

Reformatory schools, then, if they can be made effectual for their purpose, afford the best means of diminishing the amount of crime in a country, because they aim at gaining an influence over the embryo criminal before he is hardened, and before he has had the opportunity of corrupting others. If they succeed in nothing else, they at least interrupt the child's criminal education at that critical time in his life, when from his pliability both of body and mind he is likely to be the aptest pupil.\* But there is no doubt that if properly managed they do far more than this, and that a large proportion of the neglected children who come under their care are permanently reclaimed from evil ways. The experience of Stretton on Dunsmore showed a rescue of 65 per cent., that of Red Hill 70 per cent., and of Mettray 89 per cent., of the children committed to them. The questions, then, connected with them become highly important. What is their real prospect of success in the work of reformation? On what principles should they be conducted? How far should they be left to private benevolence, and how far should the state interfere? Before attempting to answer these inquiries, let us briefly review what has already been done in the matter. Experience will help us to several conclusions.

It is impossible to trace the rise of reformatory schools to a single source. We may say that Red Hill is the offspring of Mettray, and that Mettray is the offspring of the *Rauhe Haus*; but the Philanthropic Society, though it has borrowed the idea of its agricultural establishment and family system from these continental institutions, was in existence many years before either of them had been projected. Stretton on Dunsmore, too, may lay claim to precedence as a reformatory school in the present acceptance of the word, having been founded by the magistrates of Warwickshire in 1818, fifteen years before the opening of the *Rauhe Haus*, and twenty-one years before that of Mettray. But in truth the friends of neglected children have been at work for many years in many countries, sometimes labouring\* in solitude and in ignorance of what was doing elsewhere, sometimes communicating with those who were of a kindred spirit, and deriving consolation and assistance from the labours of one another.

The place of honour in the movement belongs, perhaps, to Switzerland, where Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Vehrli, succes-

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\* We have heard an anecdote of a party of children, pickpockets by calling, who made their escape from a Reformatory School, intending to maintain themselves as of old; but who were forced to give up the attempt, and surrender to the police, because want of practice had shaken their nerves, and made them 'timour-some.' 'And besides, sir,' said the ringleader, 'our fingers was all crooked with work, and we couldn't get them straight to go into the pockets.'

sively established, about eighty years ago, what the French call 'Colonies Agricoles' for the employment of the children of the poor in husbandry; the earliest institution being that of Neuhoﬀ in the canton of Argovie, founded by Pestalozzi in 1775. These schools have become general in Switzerland, and form part of the usual system of education. The idea of agricultural training developed in them has been the foundation of most of the benevolent efforts which have since been made in so many parts of Europe on behalf of the neglected poor. Next to Switzerland in order of time stands our own country; for the Philanthropic Society, as founded by Robert Young in 1788, was the exact prototype of the most famous of the modern German institutions.

Amongst the names of those whose self-sacrificing zeal in this cause deserves our warmest acknowledgments, we must not omit that of the truly noble Count Von der Recke, the founder of the Dusselthal Abbey establishment in Prussia, which, though not properly to be called a reformatory school, inasmuch as it is intended for vagrant and destitute rather than for convicted children, is in many respects a pattern of what may be done to reclaim those who have sunk into an apparently hopeless condition. It was at the close of the great Revolutionary war, in 1816, that Count Von der Recke and his father, shocked at the spectacles around them, attempted to win back to civilised life some of the numerous unhappy children who,

'deprived of their natural protectors, had become absolutely savage, living, when unable to gain any subsistence by begging or stealing, on wild herbs and roots. His father and he first received a few of these wretched little beings into their own home; then the father gave up a house for their use, and finally, by the sacrifice of his own fortune, and with the help of friends, he purchased an estate which forms their present abode. Many were so confirmed in their wild habits, that any degree of restraint was intolerably irksome to them; they would run away and live in the woods until compelled by hunger to return.'—*Reformatory Schools*, p. 330.

The peculiarities of these young outcasts, one of whom is said to have lived amongst and been suckled by the Westphalian swine, differ from those exhibited by our London or Liverpool vagabonds; but the following observations are equally applicable to both classes, and contain a great deal of truth which lies at the foundation of reformatory discipline:—

'Great wisdom and prudence, as well as incessant labour and attention, were required in managing such children as have been described, even so far as to prevail on them to remain under any partial restraint, and to receive any instruction. Their ideas of right and wrong had to be corrected, and their sense of enjoyment rectified, even in the lower capacities

capacities of animal enjoyment. They had no distinct conceptions with regard to property, nor could they perceive any injustice in applying to their own use whatever suited their convenience, and might be easily obtained. . . . The vitiated appetites of the children, till corrected, derived more gratification from gluttony at one time, and almost starvation at another, than from the equable and moderate supply received at stated hours, which the rules of a well-ordered household provided. Nor was the properly prepared diet itself agreeable to their taste; they relished sour and wild fruits, raw vegetables, half-raw flesh, and a superabundance of bread, more than the same articles properly cooked, and fully but frugally administered. The discipline required was uniform, steady, and strict, yet kind. To gain their affections, without indulging their early vicious propensities, was no easy task, but until this was accomplished, nothing could be done effectually for reclaiming such wayward vagabonds. The training is threefold; and while the object of each division is distinct, they are all three carried on together in harmony with one another. In the industrial department, mechanical aptitude and such practical habits as may tend to secure a livelihood are aimed at;—in the mental department, an endeavour is made to develop the powers of the understanding, and impress it with religious truth;—the moral department is conducted so as to awaken the conscience, to inspire the love of God, and to open the heart for the reception of the Holy Spirit.\*

In these few remarks we seem to catch the key-note of the reformatory system. Those who have had to deal with the class for whose benefit it is intended well know that the great difficulty is the perversion of taste, and the dislike of regularity, which almost universally characterise the young vagrant. The same tendency which made the young Westphalians prefer alternate gluttony and starvation to a stated diet (a common feature of most savage nations), leads the young London pickpocket to prefer occasional hardship, followed by absolute idleness, to moderate but regular labour. It is, we apprehend, invariably the case that the inmates of a reformatory school, after the novelty of their position has a little worn off and the daily work becomes familiar to them, rebel against its irksomeness, and struggle to escape from it; and it is only when this feeling is overcome, and they begin to settle down to a routine of duties, that hopes of their improvement may be entertained.

Prussia furnishes several other examples of reformatory institutions, of which that of M. Kopf at Berlin deserves special notice. We pass on, however, to the consideration of an establishment which has attained far greater celebrity, and which stands at the head of all the German institutions—the well-known

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\* Illustrations of Faith, quoted by Miss Carpenter in her work on Reformatory Schools, p. 333.

Rauhe Haus in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. Dr. Wichern, the animating spirit of this excellent establishment, was one of a small band of men, of very limited means, who in the latter part of 1832 were struck by the increase of juvenile crime in Hamburg, notwithstanding the efforts made to check it by opening a prison school, and by appending a special penal school to the poor school of the city. While the matter was under the consideration of these philanthropists, one of them received from a person almost unknown to him, and wholly unacquainted with what was going on, a sum of 300 dollars for the benefit of the poor, to be expended upon some religious institution. The friends resolved, upon this small capital, to announce a *House of Rescue*. Other persons were at the same time induced to assist the undertaking, and in the autumn of 1833 the Rauhe Haus, a cottage belonging to a gentleman who had espoused their cause, was placed at their disposal. On the 1st November, 1833, M. Wichern and his mother entered it, with three boys gathered from the streets of Hamburg. In the course of a few weeks this number was increased to 14, 'varying from 5 to 18 years of age, yet all old in the experience of wretchedness and vice.' One of these lads, only 12 years old, had been convicted of no less than 93 thefts, and the whole of them were of the very worst class of street vagrants, 'as near brutes as possible,' and from whose sight it was necessary to keep such tempting delicacies as 'very old' tallow-candles, soap, raw potato-peels, and other similar articles for which they had a peculiar relish.

The distinguishing feature of the Rauhe Haus, as now developed, is the adoption of what is called the 'family system,' which has since been copied with so much success at Mettray and Red Hill. The following account is given by Mr. George Bunsen, son of the late Prussian ambassador to this country, in his evidence before the House of Commons in 1852:—

'It began with only one house, a cottage, in fact, which had been hired, and some few acres of land around it. Mr. Wichern brought in first a small number; that number increased, and at this present moment the establishment is a hamlet consisting of twenty houses. . . . There are in it 100 children, two-thirds boys, and one-third girls; they are all clothed, lodged, and boarded entirely. . . . They are located (and that is the first principle of what I may call the German system) in different family houses, as they are called, of which the number, as desired by the director, would be always only 12 children to each family; he has been obliged, from local reasons, to augment the number to 15, and even to 16, but it is a matter of much regret to him. A family house of 12 children would have one superintendent, and besides

\* Report of Sel. Com. H. C. on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles. 1852.

him four or five "brothers" would reside in the house, under the direction of a young candidate for holy orders. Those "brothers" are young men of from 20 to 30 years of age, of the very best character, from the class of mechanics or artisans, who undergo a training of three and sometimes four years, after which they devote their life to such and similar institutions: and this is the second great principle which I would point out.'

These two principles,—the division of reformatory institutions into small families, and the training of young men for the office of superintendents,—are of the highest importance. That which distinguishes and gives value to reformatory schools is, not the mere system of mental education, which experience amply shows is insufficient to restrain, much more to reclaim, from crime; it is the moral effect which the influence of the superintendents has upon the children under their charge. This influence is naturally most powerful when the number of children assigned to the teacher is small, and it is consequently possible to give a great deal of attention to each individual. Besides, the greater part of the inmates of these schools have either never known what a home is, or have only known it as a place of sin and misery; and it is of the utmost importance that they should have their domestic feelings called out, which becomes difficult in establishments comprising several hundred boys, such as Parkhurst in England or Gaillon in France. Mr. Hall, in his account of his visit to Gaillon, mentions that he asked M. Delaunay whether they were able to gain the affections of any of those committed to their care; he replied, 'No, the numbers were too large for the teachers to establish any individual hold.' This difficulty will, we believe, be found in almost every extensive institution. The great Belgian establishment, indeed, at Ruysselede, affords an example of a more cheering character in this respect; but the class of boys admitted to it differs in an important respect from that provided for at purely reformatory schools, more than half being simply the children of paupers, without the taint of conviction for crime. The great mass of the experience which has been collected on the subject appears to show that, although large establishments are the cheaper, small ones, or large ones broken up into small families, are the most efficacious.

The other principle—that of training a supply of men qualified to undertake the management of reformatory institutions—is of still greater consequence; for one of the chief difficulties with which the founders of such institutions have now to contend is, that of finding proper persons to manage them. Mr. Jelinger Symons says truly that 'there is perhaps no vocation which requires

quires a more peculiar set of qualifications, both natural and acquired, than that of the head of a successful Reformatory. It will take two years to train fully even a well-disposed man; and yet,' he adds, with a natural misgiving, 'reformatories are being established as if masters for them could be raised like mushrooms.' The work of reformation is indeed one which draws largely upon individual zeal, and which cannot be successfully carried on by mere routine, but demands the devotion of the heart to it in a very remarkable degree. It is the moral influence of the master over the boy which effects the change, not a set of rules and a formal course of training. But it is not the less true that there is an art in the process which must be studied, like any other art, with a view to complete success. Even those who have taken up the work from an inward conviction of their aptitude for it, and who may be supposed to have made it the subject of much reflection, have found that in the outset they were beset with difficulties which experience alone has taught them to overcome. How much more then will it happen that those who are engaged by others for a post of which they have but an imperfect idea, will fail in accomplishing the good which is expected of them! The spirit which leads a Von der Recke or a Wichern, a Brenton or a Bengough, to devote their lives to the object of reformation, will guide them through many perplexities, and support them under many difficulties; but where persons are prepared to found schools, but are unable to undertake the personal conduct of them, they too often find that, after erecting buildings, and arranging their plan of operations, they have a harder task than all to accomplish in selecting a proper person to place at the head of their establishment; that their choice is necessarily made as it were in the dark; and that they run great risk of neutralising the whole of their efforts by an unfortunate selection. Such an entry as the following in M. Wichern's *Diary* (1838) will illustrate the evil to be apprehended:—

'A change of assistants has caused much difficulty. The superintendent of the girls' house has left, and her place was not immediately supplied. The old sin quickly re-appeared among them with a few consolatory exceptions. All our regulations, and the efforts of three plain tradesmen's wives, selected one after the other to superintend them, proved unavailing. The utmost that could be attained was superficial decorum, which might have partially deceived me had I not lived so entirely among the children. The girls' department was like a garden from which the care of the gardener has been withdrawn.'

If the mere change of an assistant in an establishment under the close personal inspection of a man like M. Wichern could  
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produce such consequences, we may easily conceive how the appointment of an incapable master might baffle all the efforts which the best-intentioned committee could make. Nor is the word 'incapable' intended to convey reproach, for there are few indeed who possess that peculiar union of qualities, that sweetness of temper, depth of affection, patience, hopefulness, even playfulness of mind, combined with firmness, courage, good sense, keen insight into character, and power of inspiring respect and fear, which a reformatory master requires for success; and although these qualities are present, he must still possess much positive information as to the habits of the class with which he has to deal, and which few are in a position to acquire.

The Rauhe Haus, as we have seen, contains a special provision for the training of masters. It trains them upon a very enlarged scale. Young men would perhaps be unwilling to run the risk of entering it for the mere purpose of being taught how to conduct a reformatory school, which they might after all feel reluctant to undertake. But the education they receive there is such that their services are eagerly sought for in various occupations, and they have no difficulty in obtaining employment. Some are engaged in hospitals, asylums, and charitable institutions; some have been employed in the management of prisons; others become agents to religious societies, scripture readers, or city missionaries. In one remarkable case six of these brothers have been invited by the authorities of Wurtemberg to reside in some of the worst gaols, wearing the dress, and living and working with the convicts, as a kind of 'inner mission,' as the German phrase is; and it is said that their intercourse with the prisoners has had most beneficial effects. This brothers' establishment, or training department, at the Rauhe Haus, is distinct from the other part of the institution, and is supported by separate funds.

\* A powerful help is given temporarily by different governments. Thus twelve are now paid for by the Prussian government, two by the government of Wurtemberg, six by that of Saxony, others by such benevolent persons as may desire to avail themselves of their services afterwards.\*

The Rauhe Haus, as we have already hinted, furnished the type in which Mettray, the most celebrated of all the European reformatories, was subsequently cast; but the roots of the great French institution are to be sought for in a deeper stratum. The Code Napoléon in 1810 had laid down as a principle of the French criminal law, that accused persons under sixteen years of

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\* Mr. Bunsen's Evidence.

age might, if the tribunal before which they were tried should consider that they had acted 'without discernment,' be acquitted on that ground; in which case they might either be restored immediately to their families, or be sent to a house of correction for the purpose of being detained and educated for such time as the court might direct, with the limitation that the detention should not extend beyond the twentieth year of the culprit's age. The criminal courts appear to have somewhat strained this article of the law; and acquittals for want of discernment became the rule, instead of the exception. The result was less desirable than the framers probably contemplated, for the youth, though acquitted, was subjected to a long imprisonment, during which he was imperfectly instructed in some handicraft which could be taught within the walls of the house of correction, and came out at length to seek work in the great towns with a damaged character, which at once made the master manufacturers reluctant to employ him, and marked him out as a proper prey for the trained bands of criminals who were on the look-out for recruits. The number of 'recidives,' therefore, or persons who, after undergoing a training in the Penitentiary, relapsed into crime, was very considerable, and the system confessedly worked ill.

In the year 1833, the same in which M. Wichern took possession of the Rauhe Haus, M. Lucas, inspector-general of prisons, laid the foundation of an association for the patronage of young convicts, in the districts round Paris, the object of which was to assist them in their efforts to obtain employment, and to watch over their subsequent career. This association introduced a system analogous to our 'ticket of leave,' which allowed young *détenus* to be set at liberty provisionally, subject to the liability of being recommitted to La Roquette (the juvenile prison) in the event of any serious misconduct, without the necessity of further judicial interference. The Patronage Society were thus enabled to procure good places for the young prisoners on their discharge, as the master manufacturers were encouraged to take them by the knowledge of the control afforded by the law of provisional enlargement, and the number of *recidives* was sensibly reduced. But the society did not stop here. It obtained from the government the appointment of a commission to inquire into the means of reforming the young. The commissioners arrived at the conclusion that a course of rural training was the system best adapted for the purpose, both because of the moral and physical benefits of a life of hard labour out of doors, and because the chances of obtaining honest employment at a distance from temptation, would be much greater in the case of the agriculturist

culturist than in that of the mechanic. When, however, this conclusion had been arrived at, the want of practical knowledge prevented their proceeding to try the experiment; and to supply this defect they deputed two of their number to make a personal inquiry into the state of the agricultural colonies of Belgium and Holland. These two members were, the late minister and political economist, M. Leon Faucher, and M. Frédéric Auguste de Metz, then a judge of the Court of Appeal at Paris. After a short inspection of the colonies to which their attention had been directed, the state of which did not appear to them satisfactory, M. Leon Faucher returned to Paris, leaving M. de Metz to pursue his researches alone. These ultimately led him to Hamburgh, where he became acquainted with the work which Wichern was carrying on at the Rauhe Haus. It immediately struck him that this was what he wanted, and he returned to France to resign his judicial situation, and to devote himself, in company with an old schoolfellow, the Vicomte de Courteilles, to the exclusive prosecution of the design he had conceived. M. de Courteilles offered his estate at Mettray for the purpose, and the two friends commenced their work in 1839, by building five houses, suitable to the reception of about forty boys a-piece, and by founding a normal school, in which, as the first step of all, a staff of young men of good character were prepared by special training for the task of superintendence. Early in 1840 they began to receive their 'colonists,' as they called the young *détenus* committed to their care, and the institution which, since the death of M. de Courteilles, has been under the sole charge of M. de Metz, now contains 681 boys, besides a training school for masters. Nor should these be considered the limits of its development; for its success has been such that no less than thirty-five private, and seventeen government institutions, have been formed upon its model, and the number of children detained in them had risen, at the commencement of 1853, to the large number of 6,443.

The Mettray School is well deserving of attentive study. Our readers will find a full and interesting account of it in a lecture by Mr. Hall, the Recorder of Doncaster, as well as in several papers laid before the Committee of the House of Commons. Indeed, there are few works on the subject of the Reformatory movement which do not contain some particulars respecting this great institution. The leading principle of its founders has been to make it a place of moral influence and not of physical restraint; to win the affections of those committed to them; to arouse in them a spirit of emulation, and to induce them to co-operate in their own reformation. With this

this view, not only have they absolutely rejected all such appliances (stone walls and the like) as would have given the place the air of a prison, but they took pains to fix their institution in a pleasant country and on a fertile estate, in order that the inmates might be the better won to love labour by witnessing a rapid return for their toil. In Belgium and Holland the principle had been adopted of employing the convicts upon the cultivation of waste lands; but however such a practice might be suitable as a punishment for past offences, M. de Metz found that it must have the effect of disgusting the workman with his work, and sending him out less disposed to labour than when he came in. In a recent publication\* he recalls the plaintive saying of a Belgian convict, who told him, 'with an accent of despair, To deserve being sent here a man ought to have murdered his father and mother; there is not a blade of grass which does not cost a drop of sweat.'

The system of M. de Metz is an elaborate use of the passion (for so we must call it) of emulation. A French writer (M. Cochin) describes it as 'a kind of alliance between vanity and the conscience,' and remarks that 'the founders of Mettray in addressing themselves to this quality have shown a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and of French nature in particular.' The military principle is also one of its remarkable features; the regiment is the type of the constitution of the colony, the officers in their several ranks represent the colonel, the subaltern, and the serjeant; and military discipline, military honour, and military practices, are appealed to at every turn. The colony is divided into thirteen families, each of which occupies a separate house.† All the houses are built upon a uniform plan, containing two stories, of which the lower is fitted up as workshops, and the upper serves both as dining-room and sleeping-room. The family consists in every case of a *chef*, a *sous-chef*, and fifty boys. Two of these boys are distinguished from the rest by a scarlet band round the arm, and by the title of *Frères Aînés*; they are elected every three months by the boys themselves out of a list which is periodically prepared of those who have incurred no punishment during the past quarter; and they are charged with assisting the *chef* and *sous-chef* in the maintenance of discipline. This list of honour, as it is called, is a general one for the whole institution, and is displayed in the class-room, which is their common place of

\* Rapport sur les Colonies Agricoles, lu à la Réunion Internationale de Charité.  
—Tours.

† Three of these are out-colonies, intended to accustom the inmates gradually to self-regulation; for the general tone of the colony subdues the independence of individual character, and induces too much reliance upon the support of a system.  
meeting.

meeting. Mr. Hall was struck by this manuscript, which at the time of his visit 'contained the names of 305 colonists, who, during the three months ending June 30, 1853, had given no occasion for punishment. Out of this list forty-seven names had been struck, showing that those individuals had given occasion for punishment since its preparation.' A similar list is exhibited weekly in each family house, and it is considered a mark of distinction for a family to be able to display what Mr. Hall calls a clean bill of health—i.e. a list showing that no member has been punished in the preceding week. When this is the case, a flag is hoisted, and the insignia of the house (consisting of presents made by former inmates) are displayed, all which distinctions are removed as soon as an offence is committed by any of the family. This system has the advantage of making the good conduct of each individual a matter of concern to the whole household; and when we remember the strong influence which the opinion of their fellows has upon schoolboys, we can easily judge that it is a powerful incentive to good behaviour. So keen, indeed, is the emulation of the several houses, that cases have occurred in which families have petitioned for the expulsion of an incorrigible member, on account of his keeping down the character of the house.

It is a more characteristic [and, let us add, a more satisfactory] trait," says Mr. Hall, "that on one occasion a family compelled one of its members to give back a book which he had received for a prize, he having disgraced himself by subsequent bad conduct." . . . "On occasion of a public subscription for the sufferers by an inundation at Lyons, the whole establishment volunteered to give up a meal, the cost of it might go as their contribution. The appetite of one poor fellow was stronger than his charity, and he preferred having his dinner, which was served to him as usual without objection; but his comrades punished him by sitting at table with him whilst he ate it."

This principle of emulation, and the dread of public opinion, may easily be pushed too far; and however it may suit the French character, we should be sorry to see a prominent place given to it in an English establishment. No one can doubt its power as a motive of action, and if reformatory schools aimed at nothing beyond the maintenance of discipline, and the performance of work within their own precincts, we might have less to say against it. But they are only means to an end, and that end is, the implanting in the pupil such principles of conduct, such feelings of religion, such strength of mind under temptation, as may preserve him from evil when he has left. There is danger lest the lad who strains every nerve to win the praise of his comrades in a contest of honour, should be equally ready, on falling into

into bad company, to exert himself to obtain their applause by audacity in crime; and, though we advance the idea with fear and trembling, we cannot help submitting that perhaps there was something as respectable and as indicative of future steadiness in the moral courage of the little hero who ate his dinner while the rest looked on, as in the fear of ridicule which had very probably induced some of his critics to give up theirs.

A refinement upon the system of mutual responsibility is to be met with in the establishment of *Petit Bourg*, near *Corbeille*, where *Mr. Hall* informs us that he found several of the inmates undergoing imprisonment merely as 'protectors' or bondsmen, 'the meaning of which is this: when a boy has made himself liable to imprisonment, he is sometimes set at liberty, on procuring security for his future better behaviour, by getting a boy of good character to engage himself to undergo the punishment should the culprit thus let out offend again.' The idea of this vicarious punishment seems strange, but it must awaken many of the best feelings of our nature on the part of both protectors and protected, and may sometimes serve to remind both that our misconduct in ordinary life seldom fails to bring trouble upon others as well as upon ourselves, and thus to make them weigh more strictly the consequences of their faults. The moral lesson is so good that we are disposed to waive the objection which we should otherwise take to this exceptional arrangement; but we must repeat our caution against the whole class of what are called 'interesting' modes of treatment in these institutions, which are, we think, exposed to no danger more serious than that of being made into playthings by those who take them up because they are the fashion, or to gratify a passing desire for a novel kind of excitement. Hundreds of visitors may lounge through *Mettray* or *Red Hill*, as they would through a zoological garden or a palace of industry, for the sake of amusing themselves with the sight of tame criminals, and with the inspection of new and ingenious devices for their management, and such persons will be best pleased where the greatest novelties are exhibited: but those who have at heart the true welfare of the children, will witness with pain the tendency to buoy them up during their residence in the school with supports which do not strengthen them, and which they will find altogether withdrawn as soon as they go out into the world. Teaching them to be good by means of an artificial system of emulation, is like teaching them to swim with the aid of bladders: it is not the true way to give firmness and stability to their character.

One of the most valuable parts of the *Mettray* system is the patronage (as it is called) of the lads who leave the school.

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After remaining at Mettray about four years, or sometimes more, the boys are usually provided with situations in the employment of farmers and tradesmen in various parts of France :—

‘No difficulty is found in providing for them, there being more applications than can be satisfied. Whenever a boy is thus placed out, a “patron” is obtained for him, *i.e.*, some gentleman in the neighbourhood is engaged to interest himself in his conduct and welfare. Reports from these patrons are obtained every six months, from which a list is made out and suspended in the large school-room of the colony, stating the situation and character of the youths who have left. This is called the “Table des Colons placés.” If the lad behave well, he is presented, on arriving at his twentieth year, with a ring engraved with an appropriate device. If he turn out ill while under twenty years of age, he is either received back for a further trial, or is sent to the house of correction from which he originally came, and remains there till the end of his sentence.’\*

The value of this system of patronage cannot be exaggerated. Those who have any practical acquaintance with the temptations, the rebuffs, and the difficulties of all kinds, to which youths who have once fallen into crime are exposed when they seek to regain a position in society, will easily imagine of what advantage it must be to them to have the countenance of a person who has undertaken to interest himself in their behalf. The duty which the patron undertakes is one which involves little trouble. It is not he who obtains the situation for the youth, nor does he make himself in any way responsible for his good behaviour; he merely engages to visit him from time to time, to show him that he is not forgotten by those who have taken an interest in him, and to report periodically to the Society which has placed him out whether he is going on well. An encouragement is thus afforded to the well disposed; while the liability to recommitment to prison in case of misbehaviour operates, on the other hand, as a check upon those who are inclined to do wrong.

Omitting any further notice of foreign institutions (though Ruysselede in Belgium, and several other establishments in France, Holland, and elsewhere, deserve particular description if our space admitted of it), we will come at once to the efforts which have been made, and the success which has been attained, in our own country. We do not propose to enter into any detail as to the origin of the various plans for the reclaiming and training of the young victims of parental neglect, with which the names of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester (founder of Sunday-schools in 1781), John Pounds, of Portsmouth, and Sheriff

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\* Report on Mettray, by the Rev. Sydney Turner, and T. Paynter, Esq.  
Watson,

Watson, of Aberdeen, are so honourably connected. The Sunday-school, intended at first for the poor abandoned children who swarmed in the streets, was soon appropriated as a valuable educational institution by a higher class; thence arose the necessity for a further provision for the original objects of compassion—and the Sunday-school gave birth to the Ragged School and the Industrial Feeding School. The Refuge for the Destitute, and the House of Occupations attached to Bridewell and Bethlem Hospitals, are also deserving of notice in connexion with the movement. These institutions, however, though they may have given hints to the promoters of the Reformatory scheme, are in themselves not so much reformatory as preventive. The Reformatory Schools, properly so called, derive their pedigree from three sources—the Philanthropic Society, the Juvenile Prison at Parkhurst, and the Children's Friend Society of Capt. Brenton, and the Hon. Miss Murray. It is to these, therefore, that we have now to direct attention.

The Philanthropic Society, as we have already said, was founded in the year 1788. Its birth-place was in Hackney,\* where two or three cottages were hired, in which a dozen boys were collected together, very much on the principle afterwards adopted at the Rauhe Haus. The objects contemplated were the rescue of the children of convicts, and the reformation of such as had been convicted themselves. The school, which soon after its establishment was removed to St. George's Fields, was divided into three distinct branches, one for the sons of convicted felons, the second for their daughters, and the third for criminal boys. It contained workshops for shoemaking, tailoring, ropemaking, and similar purposes, and a large number of children passed through it with benefit. In 1845 some changes were made in the establishment, occasioned partly by the fact that the alteration in the laws for the relief of the poor had rendered it less necessary for the association to provide for the children of convicts, while the demands for admission on the part of juvenile criminals themselves had largely increased. The girls' school, which had long been confined to the daughters of convicts, was given up. The boys' school was differently arranged, and the time during which the boys were to be kept in it was shortened. After these alterations the rate of admissions increased fourfold. In 1846 the Rev. Sydney Turner,† chaplain to the institution, who from the time of his appointment in 1841 had devoted himself to the promotion of its interests, visited Mettray, in company with Mr. Paynter, a

\* Vide Evidence of Rev. Sydney Turner before the House of Commons Committee, 1852.

† Mr. Sydney Turner is a son of the well-known Sharon Turner.

police-magistrate of Middlesex. Upon their return, these two gentlemen presented an interesting report upon the French establishment, and recommended that various improvements should be introduced into their own. Amongst these were an increased watchfulness over the cells for solitary imprisonment; a more systematic publication of lists of merit; a greater amount of individual superintendence; and the formation of a normal school for the training of masters. A more notable step—the removal of the institution from London into the country—was not decided on for two or three years; but in April, 1849, this important change was made; the estate of Red Hill near Reigate was purchased; and Prince Albert laid the foundations of the present agricultural colony.

Red Hill may be described as the English Mettray. It comprises at present about 230 inmates, who are divided into six families, each occupying a separate house. The houses are further apart than at Mettray, which is an advantage, as it enables the family system to be more perfectly preserved. Each house is intended to contain about forty boys, under a separate master, forming a family which should be kept together as much as possible, although in the course of instruction they must necessarily be sometimes separated, as when some of them are sent to join the carpenters' or brickmakers' classes, and even in some of the labour parties employed upon the land. The highly-wrought system of emulation which we noticed as the mainspring at Mettray is less prominent at Red Hill, where the governing principle by which the boys are incited to work appears rather to be the hope of reward.

'A system of small earnings,' says Mr. Turner,\* 'or rewards for labour, varying according to the boy's industrial exertion from one penny to fourpence or fivepence a week, will allow of a system of small fines or penalties for all the lighter classes of misconduct, and make the boy his own regulator, giving him a direct interest in his good or bad behaviour. If it be arranged that sundry little luxuries, such as coffee for breakfast, treacle with his pudding for dinner, sweets, fruit, postage-stamps, knives, neck-handkerchiefs, Sunday caps, the journey home when allowed to go for a holiday to see his friends, &c., be all paid for by the boy himself out of these same earnings, and be diminished and interfered with therefore by the fines which folly, or disobedience, or bad temper involve, the power of the system as an instrument of discipline will soon be felt. It contributes most essentially to the teaching the boy what he most needs to learn, self-control, and self-regulation. It has been in full action at Red Hill since we began, six years ago; and I believe it has been a matter of no small surprise to those who

\* Letter to Mr. Adderley. 1855.

watch and inquire into the daily working of the school, that our boys keep within our boundaries, and observe our rules as to work and discipline so steadily, and with so little interference, or direct compulsion. The secret is, that each boy is responsible for himself, and feels that he has something at stake; that he is doing his own business in fact, and is a gainer or loser by his own act.

There is no doubt that this system begets in the boys a large amount of energy, and is a valuable auxiliary to that which must be the mainspring of all sound reformatory action,—the personal religious influence which is brought to bear upon each individual. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we should say that there is a danger in an elaborate system of rewards, apportioned to the exact amount of work done by each boy, inasmuch as it leads them to neglect such work as cannot be paid by the piece, and has thus a tendency to unfit them for the common day-work system of English life. As a training for the colonies it is better suited, and Mr. Turner points with just gratification to the vigour which his pupils display in the bush or the backwoods. Our observation does not apply to a general system of rewards for industry and good conduct. But even then we must urge that other incentives to exertion ought not to be forgotten; that boys should be taught to work, not only that they may be paid for what they do, but because it is their duty to obey those set over them; and that they should be made to reflect upon the permanent advantages they may draw from the education they are receiving and the habits they are acquiring, and not only upon the immediate benefit which they are to derive from getting through a particular task. While, however, we address this caution to those who may be disposed to attribute too much of the success of Red Hill to the system of which we have been speaking, and therefore unduly to exalt the merits of that system as a mode of reformation, we are ready to acknowledge that Mr. Turner himself puts forward as prominently as any man can do the paramount importance of personal religious influence over the boys; and that it is on such influence that he chiefly relies for success in his work. His excellent remarks upon the stamp of man required for a master, show that it is not to rewards that he looks for bending the stubborn temper, or softening the hard heart, however useful he may find them as part of the machinery for carrying on the school:—

‘You want [for master] a religious man. I mean a man who takes up his work as a mission,—something given him to do by God,—something in which he is responsible, not only for the means he uses or the methods he pursues, but for the results he attains to. Such a man views his work as one which he cannot, dare not leave, just to get more salary,

salary, more leisure, less worry, or less confinement. Such a man conducts his work in the spirit, and by the instruments of the missionary. Not only teaching, but praying; not only admonishing and advising, but giving the daily example of patience, kindness, industry, endurance, and devotion in his personal life. Before such men the stubborn tempers bend, the hard hearts soften, the idols of vice and crime are cast down. They need not be men of extraordinary talent, but they must be men of earnestness, love, and a sound mind. Earnestness, based on faith in their work, and shown in energy and resolution, is the *sine quâ non*. The vacillating and the timid, the dawdler and the chatterer, have no place in the reformatory enterprise at all. Let the man have something in him to be feared, while he strives wholly to be loved, he will soon prove himself victorious.

The Philanthropic Society for many years conducted its operations without any assistance from the Government, beyond such as it received by its incorporation in 1806. As far as the amount of the subscriptions allowed, boys were admitted into its schools gratuitously; others were received on the application of their friends or of benevolent societies, on payment of a certain annual sum. In the year 1838, however, an Act of Parliament was passed,\* which had for its principal object the establishment of a separate prison for juvenile offenders (Parkhurst), but which contained a clause enabling the Crown to place young offenders under sentence of transportation or imprisonment at any Charitable Institution for their reformation, on terms which would give the directors a legal control over them. The process was for the Crown to grant the lad a pardon on condition of his conforming to the rules of the place to which he was to be sent. If he ran away, or became unmanageable, the directors might bring him before a single magistrate, who had the power of sending him back to prison, either for a short imprisonment by way of punishment, or, in bad cases, for the remainder of his original sentence. We are not aware that this provision was made much use of at the time it became law. It was probably intended to apply to the benevolent efforts which the Honourable Amelia Murray and Captain E. P. Brenton were then making to rescue children from a life of crime, and, after giving them a sound industrial education, to send them out to the colonies. They had established, in 1830, a Children's Friend Society, 'for the purpose of reclaiming the neglected and destitute children that infested the streets of the metropolis, and to find employment for them after they had given proof of their reformation.' This society, older than either Mettray or the Rauhe Haus, was conducted upon principles very similar to theirs. In the first

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\* 1 and 2 Vic., c. 82.

seven years of its existence the managers received about 1400 children under their care. Their proceedings had obtained the highest encouragement. Our gracious Queen had, while yet Princess Victoria, accepted the office of Patroness, and her first subscription on coming to the throne was given to the Children's Friends. The Committee had established a school for boys and another for girls, and had found the means of sending a large number of children to the Cape of Good Hope and other dependencies, where they had apprenticed the boys to farmers, when, in 1839, unfriendly, and for the most part unjust, attacks, founded upon the representations of a worthless individual, whose calumnies were disproved too late, were made upon their system of apprenticeship in the colonies; motives of the basest kind were imputed to them; they were accused of attempting to introduce a covert form of slavery; and though supported by the highest personages in the realm, and by the consciousness of having taken the most anxious pains to guard against the possible abuse of the system, they succumbed to the popular clamour. Severe comments were made upon them in an influential public organ; and Captain Brenton's sensitive nature was so keenly affected by the circumstance, that it is generally supposed to have hastened his death, which took place very suddenly within a few days after the attack had been made, and before there was time to expose its injustice. In him the Children's Friend Society lost its founder and its mainspring, and soon afterwards fell, to revive again, under happier auspices, on the estate of his friend and follower, Mr. Barwick Baker, of Gloucestershire.

The Act of 1838, as we have said, had for its principal object, the establishment of the juvenile prison at Parkhurst, which was opened accordingly in the year 1839, and has since been in constant operation. The Act speaks of the proposed prison as one for the reception of young offenders sentenced either to transportation or imprisonment; but in point of fact Parkhurst has only received those of the former class. It contains accommodation for 580 inmates, and is usually, we believe, nearly full. The lads who are sent to it receive an industrial as well as a common school education, and, after a certain period of probation, were formerly for the most part sent out to the colonies, which being now unfortunately no longer open to them, they are exposed to the risks of a return to English life. The system pursued there differs from that of the reformatory establishments of which we have hitherto spoken, in that the institution has more of the air of a prison than of a school, and prison discipline is necessarily enforced there, though not to the same extent as at first. This circumstance  
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has caused many unfavourable comparisons to be drawn between Parkhurst and the private reformatory schools; and the advocates of the latter have not shrunk from utterly condemning the principles upon which the former is conducted. It cannot be doubted that they are right in saying that the prison system is imperfect as a means, and unsatisfactory as a test, of reformation. The moral atmosphere of a gaol is as artificial as the ventilation of its cells, and though both may be shown on paper to be excellent, we believe most people would echo the sentiments of the Judge who requested that his court might be favoured with a little more of God's air, and a little less of Dr. Reid's. A prison is a place of punishment. It ought to be so; for it is intended to deter those outside its walls from committing crime, for fear of getting into it. It ought to be so; for the offender against society and against the laws of God requires to be taught that his crimes will bring down upon him the recompense of suffering. But in proportion as it is an effectual place of punishment, it is likely to be an ineffectual place of reformation. The work of reformation is one in which the person to be reformed must himself take part. This he will do if he believes that the efforts of those set over him are made for his own good, and for that alone; but if he suspects that they are part of a system of discipline and of punishment, he will oppose to them a passive resistance which it will be very difficult to overcome.

'Out-door work,' says Mr. Turner, speaking of Red Hill, 'entails much hardship, and trial of courage and endurance; and the London or Manchester thief shrinks a good deal on the winter's mornings from the cold wind and the snow, and is more disposed to lounge than to work on the hot summer afternoons.'

But this repugnance to labour is overcome by the spirit of self-helpfulness to which the tone of the school gives rise; while in the prison the distasteful labour is only regarded as another form of punishment, to be evaded if possible, to be endured if evasion is out of the question, but seldom indeed to be embraced with cheerfulness. We have heard of cases in which the lads at Parkhurst have deliberately taken poisonous substances in order to avoid the field-work. In like manner the conduct of a lad under prison discipline furnishes but an imperfect test of his improvement. The best, that is the most docile, prisoners, are often those who have the smallest strength of character, and are the readiest to yield to the influence of those around them. While that influence is on the side of virtue, the boy's conduct may be irreproachable; but it may happen notwithstanding that, at the very first moment of his

his falling within the range of corrupting attractions, he will be led away, and all his virtuous lessons be forgotten.

Such views as these have been ably, and we think convincingly, put forward against the Parkhurst system. Their authors, however, have in some respects done less than justice to that great establishment. It ought to be remembered that Parkhurst takes all the worst cases—the often-convicted criminals, of whom nothing can be made in this country, and who are therefore condemned to leave it. When Mr. Hall visited the French State Reformatory at Gaillon, and put questions as to its results as compared with those at Mettray, the managers very frankly told him that they did not profess to place their work on a level with that institution, and assigned the following reasons:—

‘The refuse rejected by the private colonies as being incurable is necessarily sent to the Central Prison, which has no such means of purification or punishment: M. de Metz, too, is absolute master; he may spend his money as he likes, and may make any changes in his system, and try any experiments that occur to him according to his own judgment and good pleasure. The director of a *maison centrale*, on the contrary, has a limited sum placed at his disposal, for every sou of which he has to give a minute account, and both in expenditure and general management he is tied down to a strict routine, in which the Minister of the Interior has alone the power to make the slightest variation.’\*

Precisely the same line of argument is adopted by Captain O’Brien† in his comparison of Parkhurst and Red Hill—

‘Parkhurst deals with all descriptions of juvenile offenders, and with all descriptions of temper and of guiltiness, and there we can control the utterly bad and unruly. They cannot do so at the Philanthropic. Several lads who were at the Philanthropic, and were sent away, have been transferred to Parkhurst for us to bring into order. I think, again, that Parkhurst is regulated upon a system in which ordinary persons placed in authority will produce good results; but it appears to me that the success of the Philanthropic depends entirely upon the wisdom, forbearance, firmness, and tact of the individual at its head. If the Philanthropic were taken as a model, the copies would be found generally to be failures, through the incapacity of the governors. It is not every day that you can find a man like Mr. Turner to take charge of such an institution.’

This last observation goes near to the root of the matter. No mere system, however perfect, can produce the results which may be attained by zealous men of real fitness, placed under favourable circumstances, and allowed their own way; but the

\* Collection of Papers, &c., p. 64.

† Evidence before the House of Commons, 1853.

qualities which go to make up fitness for a work like this are rarely to be met with; and however gladly a Government may avail itself of the services of such persons when they find them, they would do wrong to risk the success of an important cause upon the chances of being at all times able to find Turners or De Metz.

The system of Parkhurst appears to have been much improved of late years, in consequence, no doubt, of the experience acquired at Red Hill and elsewhere, as well as of that furnished within its own walls. The characteristics of the prison have been made less prominent, and those of the Industrial School brought out into stronger relief. More field-work is done, and less time spent upon school-room instruction, which was formerly carried to an absurd length. These changes are said to have produced a good effect upon the tone of the school. The chaplains and officers report a marked diminution in the number of offences committed, and state that they never saw the boys so cheerful and contented. We cannot but think that too much has been made of some instances of insubordination and mischief, of which we should have heard little had they occurred in a private establishment. Much was said before the Committee of the House of Commons as to the attempts at escape, and great stress was laid upon the unfortunate occurrence of an attempt on the part of some of the boys to set the prison on fire. But unsatisfactory as it undoubtedly is, that they should have been ready to adopt so unscrupulous a method of getting out of gaol (for that was their sole object), a far worse instance of attempted arson is on record at the *Rauhe Haus*, where M. Wichern mentions that several of the boys had on one occasion laid a plan to burn the whole buildings when his wife should be confined, and when they expected that his attention would be engrossed by her.\* With regard to simply running away, it is absurd to lay any stress on its occurrence at Parkhurst, when we find, from the last report of the Philanthropic Society, that in the year 1854 thirteen desertions took place from Red Hill, and that in addition to these there were thirty-six (we should rather say forty-seven, for eleven boys ran away twice) unsuccessful attempts at escape; and we believe that at every private reformatory the experience is similar. In one of our most successful schools, the manager has occasionally had recourse to the device of attaching a runaway's spade to his hand by means of a handcuff round his wrist and its handle. In his case the expedient is applauded, but we cannot help suspecting that had it first been adopted at

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\* See Combe's *Principles of Criminal Legislation*, p. 73.

Parkhurst, we should have had a burst of indignation at so coercive a proceeding. Nor is running away any proof of a peculiarly untractable character. It is often the result of a sudden impulse, sometimes of mere playfulness. There was a case in which five boys, working in a party, with a single superintendent, went off, as they afterwards admitted, as a practical demonstration of the theorem, that if five people run five different ways, the keeper can only catch one of them. Boys will be boys; and when they get together there is no limit to the mischief they will do. The farmer's Rule of Boy in the West of England lays down the following scale for the value of their labour:—

- 1 boy is a boy;
- 2 boys are half a boy;
- 3 boys are no boy at all.

We believe this is about the truth of the matter, and that the managers of schools must be prepared to treat their pupils on this understanding.

We must now recall the attention of our readers to the clause in the Parkhurst Act, which we have already mentioned, as applying to private institutions. Two years before the Philanthropic Society began its establishment at Red Hill, Captain Williams, then one of the inspectors of Millbank Prison, was struck with the diminutive appearance of some of the boys under sentence, who seemed to him too small for the discipline of Parkhurst, as it was then managed. He accordingly suggested to the Secretary of State that advantage should be taken of the provision in the law to send the boys, by way of experiment, to the Philanthropic Society. The boys for the most part turned out well, which led to an extension of the practice, and in the course of the succeeding years a good many subjects were selected from various prisons, who should go to Red Hill, and afterwards to one of our colonies. In order to this, it was at first considered necessary that the boy should have been sentenced to transportation, or at all events to a long period of imprisonment; and courts of justice soon began to present the anomalous spectacle of children sentenced for slight offences to much longer terms of punishment than would have been awarded to adults, for the avowed purpose of getting them into this charitable institution. The practice might in time have grown into a well defined legal fiction, and have taken its place beside John Doe and Richard Roe, had not an active movement been in progress for a further development of the reformatory principle.

In the year 1851 three distinguished leaders of the reformatory

tory cause—Miss Carpenter,\* Mr. M. D. Hill, and Mr. Sydney Turner—invited all persons interested in the matter to meet and discuss it. A conference was accordingly held at Birmingham in December of that year, the proceedings of which were afterwards printed in the form of a pamphlet, and widely circulated. At this conference the subject of reformatory schools was placed in almost every possible light by the various speakers. Some, like the Rev. W. C. Osborn, chaplain to the Bath House of Correction, brought forward striking facts to show how the unfortunate children that once enter the criminal class, take up crime as a profession, and ebb and flow into and out of our gaols with periodical regularity; others, like the Rev. J. Clay, chaplain of Preston Gaol, showed to how great an extent the sins of these children were chargeable on parental neglect, and also to what a large amount society was a loser by juvenile depredations. Mr. Sydney Turner described Red Hill, and gave a sketch of the state of the law bearing on young offenders. Mr. Wolryche Whitmore entered into details as to the system of industrial education successfully pursued in the Union School at Quatt. Mr. Powery, the Recorder of Ipswich, gave an interesting account of the exertions of John Ellis, a shoemaker, in a very humble position of life, who had opened a sort of industrial school in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, and had succeeded in reclaiming several confirmed and expert London thieves, and putting them in the way of obtaining an honest livelihood. The chairman himself, Mr. M. D. Hill, the able Recorder of Birmingham, than whom no one has paid more anxious attention to the whole subject of criminal legislation, clearly laid down the principles upon which all were agreed, and summed up in a convincing manner the evidence which proves both that criminal children are, for the most part, capable of being reformed, and that the cost of their reformation is as nothing when compared with that which is entailed upon society by their maintenance as criminals. These, and many other interesting particulars, were thus for the first time brought under the notice of a great portion of the public. The attendance at the meeting had not been very large, and those who had assembled in the most sanguine frame of mind felt a little disappointed, we believe, at the apparent poverty of the result of their conference; but they soon found that the

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\* Miss Carpenter is chiefly known by her books; but she has been a labourer in the field of juvenile reformation for twenty years, and has much practical acquaintance with the condition of the lower classes. She is now managing the Red Lodge School for girls, established by Lady Noel Byron at Clifton.

publication of their proceedings was to produce effects far beyond hopes.

In the year 1852, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to take into consideration 'the present treatment of criminal and destitute juveniles in this country, and what changes are desirable in their present treatment, in order to supply industrial training, and to combine reformation with the due correction of juvenile crime.' The committee sat during two sessions of parliament, and in 1853 presented a Report strongly advocating the reformatory system. In 1854 an Act was passed (17 and 18 Vic. c. 86) which has placed that system upon a recognised basis, by empowering the managers of reformatory schools to apply to the Secretary of State for licences, and by authorising judges and magistrates to commit children under 16 years of age to such institutions, for periods varying from two to five years; the managers being free to choose whether they will accept the children consigned to them or not, and being armed with full authority to control them while under their care, and, if necessary, to send them to prison for any attempt to abscond or for any gross breach of rules. No child is to be sent to a reformatory school without undergoing a previous imprisonment of at least a fortnight, which may of course be made as much longer as the judge thinks right. A power is taken of charging the parents or guardians with a weekly contribution towards defraying the expense; and the Treasury is also authorised to assist. The practice, we believe, is for the latter to pay the school managers at the rate of five shillings a week for every child; the sum assessed upon the parents being levied from them afterwards (if at all) in aid of the Treasury contribution.

Under this Act several private reformatory schools have been established; but even before it had passed, the movement had begun. In the early part of 1852, the year after the Birmingham Conference, Mr. Barwick Baker and Mr. George Bengough, two magistrates of Gloucestershire, the former an old acquaintance and friend of Captain Brenton's, the latter a young man fresh from Oxford, undertook to receive a few criminals in a simple cottage erected for the purpose on Mr. Baker's estate at Hardwicke, near the city of Gloucester. The principal expense fell upon Mr. Baker; the labour of superintendence chiefly on Mr. Bengough, who in the first instance devoted his whole time and energies to the work, living entirely with the boys, working with them, dining with them, and even sleeping in a small room adjoining their dormitory. The lads first received were from London, and appear to have been as difficult material to deal with as the most ardent philanthropist could desire,—cunning, savage,

savage, and proficient in all kinds of crime;—but the law of kindness and firm discipline prevailed over them, and they were soon reduced to something like civilisation. Mr. Baker next turned his attention to his own neighbourhood, and invited the magistrates of Gloucester, Cheltenham, and the other chief towns of the county, to send him the worst of their boys, and especially those who, having become skilled in evil, were training others to follow in their steps. So decided is the impression he has made upon the amount of crime in his county, that whereas three or four years ago there were reported to be in Cheltenham alone some twenty boys, under fourteen years of age, who had been convicted twice, thrice, or oftener, there are now supposed to be not more than two boys at large in the whole county of Gloucester who have been convicted more than once. The Hardwicke school is the plainest, we might say the roughest, of the institutions of its kind with which we have any acquaintance. There is nothing of ostentation or of undue comfort about it; nothing to tempt the young criminal, or to excite envy in the breast of the honest labourer. But it does its work well, and its success thus far does not admit of question. At the time of its establishment, it was Mr. Baker's intention to induce his boys to emigrate after leaving the school; but the great change which has of late years taken place in the relations between the demand for labour in this country and its supply, has led him to alter his view, and he now directs his attention to procuring them situations at home, in which attempt he has met with considerable success.

The system of home apprenticeship presents many advantages over that of emigration, inasmuch as it is cheaper, enables those interested in the boys to keep a closer look out after them, and avoid the difficulties on which Captain Brenton's society was wrecked, and moreover preserves to England some stout hearts and useful hands which she cannot well spare. Still there are many cases in which the associations of this country are too strong for the boy's nascent virtue, and the only chance for him lies in leaving his native land. No invariable rule can be laid down, and the managers of schools must determine in each case according to the circumstances. The navy, it may be observed, affords an excellent resource in France, while in England, where scruples are entertained by the authorities at the Admiralty as to the employment of lads who have once been convicted, however thoroughly they may have been reformed, the merchant service is still open to them.

We must hurry over our notice of the other private schools. Saltley near Birmingham, of which John Ellis, the London shoemaker, is at the head, and which owes its origin mainly to the benevolence

benevolence of Mr. Adderley, M.P. for south Staffordshire; Stoke Works, near Droitwich, founded by Mr. Sturge; and Kingswood, near Bristol, by Miss Carpenter and Mr. Russell Scott, date from 1852. Since the Act of 1854 was passed, many counties have taken up the matter. Devonshire, we believe, was the first to move, and a school was opened near Exeter in the early part of 1855, which is understood to be prospering. The West Riding of Yorkshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, Norfolk, Cheshire, Northamptonshire, and Dorsetshire are among the counties where the greatest progress has been made; but Wiltshire, Essex, North Wales, Bedfordshire, Suffolk, Warwickshire, Sussex, Staffordshire, and several others are also forward in the work. For Middlesex a special Act has been obtained, giving power to raise a rate for the establishment of a school. In the month of October last, Mr. Baker, the zealous advocate of the cause, collected at his house at Hardwicke some 25 or 30 persons engaged in the establishment of schools, in order that they might compare notes as to their experiences and their difficulties. One of the results of that meeting was the formation of an association, which is to bear the title of the Reformatory Union, the objects of which are stated to be as follows:\*

To collect and diffuse information bearing on the reformation of criminals:

To promote the formation of reformatory institutions where needed, and generally to advance the further practical development of the reformatory movement:

To consider and promote such legislative measures as are still required for the better care and reformation of youthful offenders:

To assist in the placing out and subsequent guardianship and protection of young persons leaving reformatory institutions:

To consider and promote means for the employment and restoration to society of discharged prisoners:

To promote the practical training and preparation of efficient masters and teachers for reformatory institutions.

This association promises to be of material assistance to the reformatory movement. At the present time benevolent persons are working in different parts of the country, each in ignorance of the proceedings of the rest, and sometimes suffering serious inconveniences which mutual concert would readily remove. Means ought also to exist for enabling one institution to assist another by occasional exchanges of boys, or by a concerted system of 'patronage' of those who leave the schools. It may often be

\* Further information respecting this association may be obtained by applying to the honorary secretary, George Bengough, Esq., of 4, Beaufort Buildings, Clifton, Bristol.

convenient to send a boy to a school at a distance from his own home; thus a Gloucester boy committed to Hardwicke may advantageously be exchanged for a Reading boy committed to the Berkshire School; or, again, a boy whose apparent fitness for sea-service renders it desirable to train him up for it, may be sent from an inland school to Liverpool, where a hulk school is, we believe, in contemplation.

The training of Masters, which is one of the purposes of the association, is a matter of the highest consequence, and, we fear, of the greatest difficulty also. The ordinary run of national schoolmasters will not meet the peculiar want which has to be supplied. The special training which it was intended to give at Kneller Hall might perhaps in time have produced the right class of men; but Kneller Hall has been given up by the Government, and can no longer be regarded as an element in the calculation. The subject is one which deserves the consideration of the Privy Council, and which may well engage the attention of the new association. A simple registration of men willing to undertake the office would be a useful measure, and if means were found of apprenticing them for a time to some of the best managed schools, a great step would be gained.

With regard to further legislative measures it may be doubted whether the experience which has been acquired is as yet sufficient to justify the Government in advancing materially from the position which was taken up by the Act of 1854. There is, perhaps, something that looks undignified in throwing upon private benevolence the whole risk, and at least one-half of the burden, of a great national experiment; but we cannot help feeling that while the principles of reformatory action are still unsettled it is much better that they should be left to our Turners, our Bakers, and our Hills, to work out for us, than that they should be entrusted to official authorities, who must necessarily work by rule, and who may very possibly be wanting in that sympathy (though we must own that such men as Captain O'Brien, Captain Williams, and Mr. Perry, are standing proofs that the reverse will often be the case) which is essential to the success of the scheme. We abstain, therefore, from entering into a discussion of the questions involved in a system of governmental action, for which the subject is not yet ripe, though apparently approaching to ripeness. What the managers of private reformatories, however, have a right to demand from the legislature is, that they should be allowed fair play, and should not be hampered by unnecessary difficulties in working out the act. As the law at present stands stumbling-blocks are placed in the way, which remind us of the gates and ditches so liberally sprinkled

across

across the fashionable game of the race-course. The first catching of your boy is in itself a work of no small intricacy, for the Act prescribes that the committing judge or magistrate, at ten minutes' notice (or, if the boy pleads guilty, at once), shall decide not only that he is a fit subject for a reformatory school, but that he shall be sent to school A, school B, or school C, while, on the other hand, the managers of A, B, and C, are clearly informed that they need not take any given boy unless they choose. The result may be, that the boy is sentenced to school A, that the managers refuse him, the school perhaps being full, and that the sentence fails altogether, though B and C may both have vacancies and be ready to accept the offender. This anomaly was pointed out last session, and Mr. Adderley introduced a bill to correct it, which the Government refused to support, apparently because they could not bring themselves to believe that such a dead lock really existed in the law. They will probably have discovered the truth by the coming session.

Another matter, which should be attended to, is, the giving greater facilities to school committees to exchange boys. If two schools be equally licensed, it cannot signify to the Government whether the weekly allowance for the convict John Smith be paid to the one or to the other. It is true that an exchange may be accomplished by means of an appeal to the Secretary of State; but the occasions for these steps arise sometimes suddenly, and the three or four weeks' delay, which the reference to the Home Office involves, may make the whole difference. In a case within our knowledge, a boy, who was about to be removed from a school which had not the means of controlling him, to another where much more efficient control could have been exercised, ran away two days before the order of exchange arrived, and succeeded in concealing himself for a considerable time.

Lastly, it seems reasonable that if the schools are to be left on the present footing, the weekly allowance (of 5s. a-head) should be somewhat increased. While the private system is continued, the Government cannot be expected to grant public money for the erection of buildings or other purposes which involve the sinking of capital; but when we see that these institutions have become a recognised appendage to our criminal code, it seems only just that the current expenses should be mainly defrayed by the public instead of by individuals. Five shillings a-week at present prices is not quite sufficient to pay for the board and clothing of a boy in establishments conducted on a small scale; and we believe that, in order to make a school thoroughly efficient,

very

very nearly as much more will have to be laid out in salaries of masters, and other current expenses. The cost per head in little schools is of course much greater than in large ones, and the comparative economy of the latter may perhaps lead in due time to their general adoption by the State, and to the introduction of Government management; but while the present system is under trial, it is bad policy to starve it, and we believe that it would be well worth the while of the Government to increase the present allowance (say) to 7s. a week for each boy, which would pretty satisfactorily meet the exigencies of the case.

These are, we believe, the chief points upon which the managers of reformatories are likely to require aid; but there still remains one, which, though not directly affecting them, is of paramount importance to the success of the whole system, and which has hitherto been but imperfectly attended to. We allude to the provision for compelling parents to pay something towards their children's maintenance. It cannot be denied by the most ardent supporters of the reformatory cause, that there is considerable force in the objection that the advantages which the schools offer to young offenders are such as to render it probable that parents may be encouraged to neglect their children, and to allow them to run into mischief, in the hope that they will ultimately be taken off their hands. We do not say they would deliberately encourage them to commit serious crimes, but, as the law now stands, a simple act of vagrancy may be made to serve as a basis for commitment to school, and a benevolent pair of magistrates who see John Stokes' children running wild, never going to school, and often getting into scrapes, are likely enough to take advantage of some trifling peccadillo to send one or two of them to an establishment where they will be clothed, fed, and instructed in industrial arts as well as in book-learning; at no expense whatever to John Stokes himself, and much to the benefit of their own parish or neighbourhood: whereas if the committal of the children to the school were accompanied by an order on John Stokes to pay a couple of shillings a-week for their maintenance, and if that order were punctually enforced, other parents in the neighbourhood would calculate whether it would not be cheaper after all to send their own boys to the National School, and keep them from becoming chargeable in so unpleasant a way; and if this be so in country districts, still more would it be the case in London and the large towns, where wages are higher and children more neglected.

Mettray and its system have done great good in France; but, for want of such a provision as this, the number of committals of young offenders has undoubtedly increased since its establishment.

ment.\* There are but two ways of checking this tendency. The one is to afford to the children of the honest poor the same advantages of industrial training, &c., as we afford to our young thieves, without compelling them to serve an apprenticeship in crime for the purpose of obtaining them. This plan, we fear, is greatly in advance of the opinion of the day. The other is to enforce parental responsibility by enforcing the law with regard to the contributions of the parents; and this, as the more feasible of the two, we hope to see carried into effect without loss of time, and in a thoroughly earnest manner.

ART. III.—1. *Ménandre : Étude Historique et Littéraire*. Par M. Guillaume Guizot. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française en 1853. Paris, 1855.

2. *Essai Historique et Littéraire sur la Comédie de Ménandre*. Par Ch. Benoît. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Paris, 1854.

SOME forty or fifty years ago, if in a company of scholars and accomplished readers it had been put to the vote what work of all the lost treasures of ancient letters they would most rejoice to see retrieved from oblivion, the general acclamation would have been for a comedy of Menander. Now perhaps, besides those who would at once give their suffrage for the later books of Livy or of Tacitus, or the writings of some of the Greek philosophers known to us but by fame, there would be some who have studied Greek poetry with more intimate knowledge and finer perceptions of its excellence, who might prefer the remains of the tender-hearted Simonides; those Dithyrambics of Pindar, to which the odes which we possess were esteemed but feeble and lifeless lyrics; something more of Archilochus or of Sappho; or the rest of the Promethean trilogy, or the Niobe or Bacchic tragedies of Æschylus. Yet Menander would still have many voices. The fame of the last of the Attic poets, the crowning glory of the Grecian stage, in his own day contested by more successful rivals, cut short by premature death (he was drowned while bathing in the Piræus at the age of fifty-two, though not before he had produced above a hundred plays), went on increasing in lustre, and has left an unbroken tradition of his transcendent excellence. All the later Greek writers might seem to vie with each other in

\* This appears from the Criminal Returns. It does not prove an increase in juvenile crime so much as in juvenile commitments, many children being now brought to justice who would formerly have been allowed to go free; but even so, the result is unsatisfactory.

extolling his name. Plutarch wrote a feeble and singularly unintelligent comparison of Menander with Aristophanes, asserting decidedly the superiority of Menander, and Plutarch was long held of high authority even in such matters. The Roman comedy seemed to be excellent, almost in proportion as it was avowedly borrowed or translated from Menander. Plautus, with his genuine and original humour, when he leaned towards the Sicilian comedy of Epicharmus, more kindred perhaps to the native Italian farce, was heard with less favour, and held more rude and barbarous than when he followed Menander. Terence, who did hardly more than transpose or mould up two plays of Menander into one, whom throughout the lower Latin period, and deep into the middle ages, the Christian writers, churchmen, monks, and even holy abbesses (witness the theatre of Hroswitha), attempted to exorcise from the study of their disciples, with but feeble success—Terence could not but keep alive the fame of his lost prototype. The Greek Fathers (though it was Aristophanes who was said, from his pure Atticism, to have been cherished upon the pillow of St. Chrysostom) could not suppress their regret at the stern proscription with which themselves had doomed to oblivion what should have been, and but for their fatal influence had been, the imperishable works of the great comic writer.

No one is ignorant how much more powerful was their proscription than their lingering respect; no scholar but knows how scanty, mutilated, and imperfect are the few fragments which survive of the hundred comedies of Menander. Yet why they have so entirely perished may seem almost unaccountable. By what caprice of what we must confess to esteem good fortune have we eleven plays of the coarser, no doubt, but we scruple not to say more truly great comic poet, Aristophanes—of all later writers of Attic comedy not one? Aristophanes, it might have been supposed, would have been doomed to inevitable oblivion, for the very reasons which—in addition to his wild fancy, his boundless fun, his broad but exquisite satire, his true Athenian democratic boldness, his language of such infinite pliancy, yet such perfect purity, the unrivalled harmony of his verse—make his works invaluable to us,—for the fullness, namely, of local and temporary allusion, and his almost utter incomprehensibility to those unacquainted, or not intimately acquainted, with Athenian laws, institutions, and manners. How did Aristophanes survive, and not merely himself, but with him his satellites the Scholiasts, who alone shed light on his dark places? The later Greek Fathers can hardly have had the courage or the taste attributed to Chrysostom. Who can appreciate or understand Aristophanes, who knows little

or nothing of Pericles, Cleon, Nicias; of Æschylus and Euripides; of Socrates and the Sophists? But Menander wrote from common universal nature, of hard or doting fathers, gay and dissolute sons, misers, self-tormenters, parasites, sycophants, crafty and unprincipled slaves; even if his more questionable characters, his *Hetærae*, his *lenones*, were more peculiar to Athenian society, and to the manners of his own day. In him there was little which could become of necessity obsolete, and require the elucidating commentary. His plays seem to have been acted to the time of Plutarch;\* at convivial banquets they were held to be as indispensable as wine.† But whatever may be the truth in the tradition preserved by a late writer (*Alcyonius de Exilio*) who had heard from *Demetrius Chalcondyles*‡ that the Greek priests prevailed on the Byzantine Emperors to order the poems of Menander, *Philemon*, *Sappho*, *Mimnermus*, *Alcæus*, and other poets, to be burned, and that the poems of *Gregory of Nazianzum* should be substituted in their place in the schools, we fear, notwithstanding the prophecy of *Ovid* as to the perpetuity of Menander's poetry—

‘Cum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena,  
Vixerit, et meretrix blanda, Menander erit’—

that roguish slaves and harsh fathers, to say nothing of those of worse repute, subsisted in Constantinople long after Menander had ceased to fill the theatre and amuse the banquet. As to the theatre, it was not, perhaps, so much religious, austere, and chaste Christianity which closed the stage against the lofty tragedy and the gay comedy of the ancients, as the rivalry of more turbulent, exciting, and sensual amusements—the chariot-races, with their blue and green factions, whose victories shook the throne of Justinian; and those more coarse and voluptuous exhibitions, the mimes and pantomimes, in which the Empress *Theodora* is said, in her youth, to have attained such infamous celebrity. How long the written Menander survived the acted Menander it is impossible to determine; the few fragments which survive by no means prove the existence of his works at the time of the writers who cite them. There was a long and constant tradition of these collectors of *gnomæ*, or striking and proverbial sentences; of grammarians who chronicled remarkable words; of Christian writers who handed down to each other lines of moral beauty in which they were pleased to

\* ‘*Aristophanis et Menandri Comparatio*,’ edit. Reiske, iv. p. 391.

† ‘ὡς μᾶλλον ἂν εἶναι χωρὶς ἢ Μενάνδρου διακτυβιεῖσθαι τὸν πότον.’—*Sympos.* viii. 3.

‡ One of these, it must be remembered, was a grammarian of the XVth, the other a printer of the XVIth century.

find the ethics of the heathen in harmony with the tenets of their religion. In fact, of the extant Menander, the larger part, between seven and eight hundred verses, consists of monostichæ, single lines, embodying some striking sentiment, or pointing with inimitable and undying expressiveness some eternal moral truth.

Till Meinecke's admirable edition, even these fragments could not be read with perfect satisfaction by the soundest scholar. The book in common use was the Menander and Philemon by Le Clerc, of which Meinecke justly observes, that its only merit was that it called forth the bitter animadversions of Bentley, and opened his inexhaustible store of corrections and amendments. But it was a wearisome task to read Le Clerc, even with Bentley's brilliant remarks. Every passage provoked a controversy, in which the reader was distracted from the beauty of Menander by the exposure of the ignorance of Le Clerc, even as to Greek, and his utter incapacity of comprehending the commonest rules of metre. The best refuge and consolation was in the felicitous transference of the originals into Latin by Hugo Grotius. M. Meinecke afterwards added to his single volume of Menander and Philemon (Berlin, 1828) five volumes of fragments from the other Greek comic poets, with an excellent critical introduction. In 1847 he sent forth what he called a minor edition of the fragments in two volumes, in a handsome type, and with many alterations and improvements which had occurred since his former publication.

M. Guizot and M. Benoit, whose treatises we commend strongly to the notice of our readers—of those especially in whom the taste and feeling of our old classical studies has not been effaced by the absorbing passions of politics, of religious controversy, and of science—fully acknowledge their debt of gratitude to M. Meinecke. They have largely and wisely availed themselves of his labours, which indeed contain (though the vigilant industry of M. Guizot has detected some few points of information newly brought to light) almost everything which can illustrate the fragments of the Middle and New Comedy, and their criticism. Their Essays, indeed, may be considered as the brilliant and popular exposition (for which we are constantly so much indebted to French writers) of that which has been accumulated by the unwearied industry, the all-embracing research of German scholars, and which, in this case, was only to be read in the Latin. The occasion of their simultaneous appearance is that Menander was offered as the subject of the annual prize by the French Academy.

\* The student will read with delight and instruction the ingenious Commentaries of M. Bergk on the fragments of the ancient Comedy: *Commentationum de reliquiis Comedie Atticæ antiquæ Libri duo*; a Theod. Bergk. Lipsiæ, 1838.

To this prize French literature owes a succession of valuable treatises; and it has the further effect of concentrating on some specific study the thoughts of writers who might otherwise, perhaps, have wasted their power and industry in desultory and capricious inquiries, so that important works have grown out of young essays, called forth by these competitions. Of the valuable researches which occur to us, as but recently crowned with honour by the Academy, we may notice the volumes of the 'Scholastic Philosophy,' by M. Hauteau, and the 'Alexandrine Philosophy,' by M. Jules Simon. In the present case, the prize has been awarded conjointly to the writers whose names appear at the head of the article. In one of these we shall with the outmost satisfaction name, which we have so long heard with respect and admiration. Nothing can be more august, more honourable to himself, more honourable to letters, than the calm and contented dignity with which M. Guizot, after the noble strife, the successes, the high places won by his powers and eloquence during his political and parliamentary career, has taken again his lofty seat among the historians of Europe, resumed his old familiar studies, and become once more, instead of the leader in the councils of one of the great nations of the world, one of the wise teachers of mankind. We may be allowed to offer our congratulations on the distinction achieved by his son, M. William Guizot, as yet in early youth, showing, as he does, a ripeness of scholarship not usually fostered by the French plan of education, elegant and varied reading; the inherited power of expressing himself with peculiar felicity, and of writing with grace without pedantry, much penetrating thought, without the affectation of too profound philosophy, and this on a subject in which such excellence and such self-denial are not too common. We are pleased, too, to observe that M. W. Guizot has struck into his own walk in the rich and various garden of letters—a walk not over-crowded in France, but in which it is most desirable that some should move with his ease and self-command. We can feel confident that in these studies all is his own; he has left that of history thronged by many distinguished aspirants, most of whom would be proud to be called the followers, very few would presume to hold themselves as the rivals of M. Guizot. Nor is it any disparagement to the great promise of M. W. Guizot, or any depreciation of his success, that he has not swept away the prize singly and without competitor. We cannot but think that the Academy has been judicious and fair in 'bracketing,' if we take the Cambridge expression, the two rival essayists. The 'Menander' of M. W. Guizot is the work of a young man full of life, of elegance, and of promise, somewhat desultory, sub-

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mitting at times to the temptation of introducing illustrations agreeable in themselves, but somewhat remote from the subject—the unchecked overflow of a mind well stored with pleasant reading. It is at once a scholarlike and an instructive book. That of M. Benoît is the work of a grave and experienced teacher, accustomed to mass, condense, and distribute his materials, and to offer the results of comprehensive study and reading in a very acceptable and well-arranged form. It is, we repeat, therefore no discredit to either of these essays to have been placed by competent judges on the same line of merit.

Both works, of course, look back to the Old Comedy, to which that of Menander stands in such striking and impressive contrast. But the change was not in the comedy, in the genius of the writers; it was in the hearers and spectators, in Athens itself. It is no longer free, historical, conquering, wide ruling, but servile, quiescent Athens. The Athens of Pericles is now the Athens in which the last accents of liberty have expired on the lips of Demosthenes, Athens under Demetrius Phalereus, under the more iron dominion of Demetrius Poliorcetes. Menander himself was the son of one of the last asserters of Athenian freedom, Diopeithes, the commander of the forces on the Hellespont, in whose defence Demosthenes made one of his noble speeches, that on the affairs of the Chersonese. Of these affairs, and of the speech of Demosthenes, the reader, if he be curious, will find a clear account in the last volume of Mr. Grote's history (p. 623). As defended by Demosthenes, Diopeithes is sure of the hearty sympathy of Mr. Grote. The year of the delivery of that speech (A.C. 341, 340) was that of the birth of Menander. All later writers of the life of Menander have exposed the blunder of the Grammarians, who asserted that it was through the influence of Menander (yet in his swaddling-clothes) that Demosthenes thundered in defence of Diopeithes. Menander inherited none of the military fame or courage of his father. Between the time of his birth and that of his adolescence the fatal revolution had been accomplished, which Diopeithes strove by arms, Demosthenes by his eloquence, to arrest or avert—the collapse of Athens into a subject city of the Macedonian, never again to be more than a subject city. The same year, too, with Menander, was born, in the same city, the city of Socrates, a philosopher, who was to teach the Athenians the lesson of inglorious resignation to their fallen fortunes. The philosopher Epicurus and the poet were not to be, like Socrates and Aristophanes, of opposite factions; they were to conspire—one to lull his countrymen to the peace of pleasure, unrepining, unmurmuring at the loss of freedom; the other to amuse by his

his exquisite pictures of the vices and follies of that Epicurean state of society, the descendants of those whom Socrates had taught—who had burst with laughter at Socrates in his basket among the clouds, spinning, according to the poet's notions, his thin and gauzy web of sophistry. They, the two kindred spirits, were bosom friends, and the philosophy of Menander was that of Epicurus. If the epigram be genuine, and it seems not to be doubted, Menander scrupled not to compare Epicurus with Themistocles—the one as having delivered Athens from the yoke of slavery, the other from that of folly :

Χαῖρε, Νεκλείδα δίδυμον γένος· ὦν ὁ μὲν ὑμῶν  
Πατρίδα δουλοσύνας ῥύσαθ', ὁ δ' ἄφροσύνας.

Among the follies did the poet reckon the love of freedom? Menander wore the yoke from which Themistocles of old had delivered his country, but which now she bore again, with at least philosophic indifference. He is described by Phædrus as following the multitude who crowded to acknowledge the despotic rule of Demetrius Phalereus. The Latin Fabulist ascribes his unrepining acquiescence, and that of his companions, in the loss of freedom, to their tame and unpatriotic philosophy :

'Quin etiam resides et sequentes otium,  
Ne defuisse noceat, repunt ultimi.'

And Menander was even distinguished among these luxurious sycophants of power. He was highly perfumed, his loose robe trailed after him, his step was mincing and languid :

'In quis Menander, nobilis comædus,

Unguento delibutus, vestitu adfluens,  
Veniebat gressu delicato et languido.'

*Phædr.*, Fab. vi. 1.

He was distinguished for his personal beauty ; of that we have almost a fuller record than of his genius. A. W. Schlegel had already directed attention to the singularly truthful and speaking statue at Rome, now generally admitted to be Menander. M. W. Guizot has prefixed this statue as an engraving to his title-page, and opened his work with a description of it, as the best introduction to the character of the poet, and of his poetry. It is no unfavourable specimen of M. Guizot's style :—

'Tous ceux qui se plaisent aux sublimes et charmantes choses de l'esprit choisiraient volontiers ce penseur aimable pour hôte et pour Dieu Lare de leur bibliothèque. Sa tête est un peu penchée, et tournée à demi vers la gauche ; ni les rides de la vieillesse ni les angoisses de la douleur ne l'ont contractée ou flétrie ; mais l'habitude de la ré-  
flexion

flexion imprimée sur ce front large et haut, des signes austères, et en même temps la bouche relevée et doucement serrée par un sourire contenu semble prête à transformer en piquantes épigrammes les pensées qui s'agitent sous ce front sérieux. L'aisance d'un esprit facile, la tranquillité que donne la longue expérience des hommes et de soi-même, la grâce d'une gaieté non forcée et d'une moquerie indulgente, respirent dans les mêmes traits. Les prunelles ne sont pas indiquées, mais les yeux sans regard ont une profondeur et une vie qui étonnent. Ils suivent et embrassent une longue rangée de statues, comme si l'homme dont nous avons la l'image voulait encore, maître lui-même, rechercher, sur les marbres ses contemporains, les secrets de l'âme humaine qu'il avait étudiés jadis. Cet homme s'appelait Ménandre. — *Gutzow, p. 5.*

Contrast, we would add, this statue with the Demosthenes at Paris, meditating and ready to rise and thunder forth a Philippic, the somewhat depressed, yet firm and undespairing asserter of Athenian independence and freedom.

Such was the person of Menander: the life of the poet was in perfect harmony with the character expressed in the statue, and developed in the plays. It seems to have glided away in pleasure, not unmingled with that grave and almost tender melancholy which the thoughts of the instability of human things, of inevitable death, forced on the more reflective disciples of Epicurus. By none, as we shall hereafter attempt to show, are those thoughts more impressively or beautifully expressed than by Menander and by Horace. Once, indeed, the Epicurean poet's life was in peril, but probably from no act of his own. Demetrius Phalereus admired the transcendent comic writer: it was probably solely as favoured by Demetrius Phalereus that, on the conquest of Athens by Demetrius Poliorcetes, Menander was accused by jealous sycophants (we hope not by rival and angry poets), and only spared through the intercession of Telephorus, the son-in-law of Poliorcetes. After this peril, probably before, Menander was content to enjoy life, and to assist others in enjoying it by his poetry. In his comedies there was nothing to offend, everything to delight, and, in the worldly sense, to instruct the refined and fastidious ears and minds of his countrymen. The most keen and delicate observation of human life, impersonations of characters, the truth of which all might observe, but which were aimed especially at none; plots full of stirring adventure, not improbable in those days of active commerce, and of still more active piracy, and which had some of the interest of modern romance; pure Attic language, which might seem still to assert the intellectual superiority of Athens over her barbarous neighbours and conquerors, and so at once to flatter the national vanity, and charm the most fastidious; versification which might soothe the most sensitive

sitive hearing. Menander had even to refine the fine Athenian taste up to his own excellence; he could not altogether disenchant the popular ear from its greater favour to his somewhat less polished and familiar rival, Philemon. He obtained far less frequent prizes: he was crowned but eight times; but, in the consciousness of his own merit, he was superior even to the proverbial irritability of the poet: 'Do you not blush, Philemon, at your victory over me?' Posterity avenged Menander by owning him as the master and representative of the later comedy. The peace of a sunny, festal life, like Menander's, was not likely to be disturbed by that which so often saddens the days of better and holier men, especially of good Christians, domestic sorrows; even his passions found easy indulgence, and, with his fame and his personal beauty, were not likely, in that state of society, to be thwarted by severe disappointments. He was the successful lover of Glycera, the celebrated Hetaïra we must retain the Greek word, as coarser terms would give a false notion of the position held by this class of females in Greek society, and of the virtues which they might still display. In that curious and amusing volume, the 'imaginary Letters of Alciphron, from which Greek society might seem to consist of fishermen and husbandmen, parasites and courtesans, there are two, one from Menander to Glycera, one from Glycera to Menander (translated by M. Guizot). Menander communicates to Glycera the invitation of Ptolemy Lagides (king of Egypt) to his court. But not all the splendour of kingly patronage, nor all the wonders of the Nile, can induce him to abandon Athens and Glycera. The reply, full of pride and tenderness, approaches to the truth of nature, and is at once a good example of the inventive powers of Alciphron, and a favourable view of the attachment which might arise out of that relation. There is another epistle, in which Glycera does not seem to have very full confidence in the constancy of Menander—constancy which might be put to a severe test by his irresistible beauty, manners, and fame.

Menander, with his competitor Philemon, was the creator of the New comedy, though the transition from the more refined Middle comedy was gradual, to us hardly perceptible. This New comedy Menander carried to its highest perfection, in the judgment, at least, of after ages in Greece and in Rome. Still it was, in a great degree, the birth of the times. The old Aristophanic comedy we might almost call part of the democratic constitution of Athens. The drama was not the amusement only, the idle pastime, of the people: it was a solemn religious ceremony; it was a great political meeting. It was held at three periods in the year, during some of the most holy festivals celebrated in honour of

the

the gods. The theatre was designed to hold 'the people,' the free people, of all Athens. The expense was borne by those who had the honour to hold the highest magistracies in the state. In order that the vast size of the theatre might be adapted to the sight and hearing of the multitudes entitled to admission, not merely the form of the masks, but contrivances of great ingenuity and of which the secret is wholly lost, were employed to propagate and deepen the tones and inflexions of the human voice, and those tones and inflexions were supported and rendered more distinct by simple musical accompaniments. The masks, if they must have but poorly compensated for the flexible and speaking features of a Siddons or a Pasta, yet maintained a well-known conventional harmony between the countenance and the character, spoke with a different but expressive language.\* The stature of the actor was aggrandised by the cothurnus or the sock. If tragedy was the graver religious ceremonial, and the tragic theatre the temple of that ceremony, the older comedy had not ceased to be the broader Bacchic, in Roman phrase, the Saturnalian, rite. The Satiric comedy, properly so called—one of these pieces was usually represented with the tragic Trilogy—represented the comic side of the Grecian Pantheon, the gods and heroes in their less dignified and ludicrous attributes. The genuine Comedy in her reckless joyousness, in her absolute abandonment to fun—fun in its wildest, coarsest, at times most obscene—to us, impious—excesses; in that passion for the ridiculous common to the southern races, which we colder and graver northerns can hardly comprehend, but which in Old Italy found vent in the Atellan farces, in the present day still finds vent in the harlequinades, and, with respect be it spoken, in the Christian carnival,—Comedy plunged headlong into the political, religious, even philosophical excitement of the day. The theatre became, as it were, a hustings, where the greatest men were exposed, under their proper names, in their actual persons, to the jeers of the mob of citizens; it was a public meeting, in which the most grave questions of foreign policy, of manners, even of religion, were discussed with the boldest satiric licence, where the first men, and opinions the most abstruse and sacred, were brought under the popular judgment. Comedy, as M. W. Guizot well observes, was not a perpetual tribunate, standing up against the highest and most powerful. It was at once the public Press and the caricature, the 'Times' and 'Punch,' with no fear of the Attorney-General, with no action for

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\* There is a very good dissertation on the masks as used in the later comedy, chiefly from Julius Pollux, in the Appendix to M. Benoit's Essay.

libel; it was secure in popular favour and in established custom against repressive measures of a less legal kind, the revenge of the insulted Cleon, or the indignation of Demos himself, of the impersonated Athenian people, whose weaknesses, follies, vices, it exposed with the same freedom as that of the rival poet or the notorious speculator. This was the licence—the not unsalutary, perhaps useful, licence, which Athens at her height of glory, which Demos, in his conscious strength and self-confidence in the pride of his fleets and subject cities, and of his being the acknowledged and awful head of the Democratic party throughout Greece, might leave to its full freedom. Upon this Pericles, in his unshaken authority over the public mind, might look down in unruffled dignity; this even Cleon, at the height—with due respect to Mr. Grote—of ill-deserved popularity, Nicias and Demosthenes before the fatal Sicilian expedition, might endure; this the war-party, ere the watchfires of the enemy at Decelea shone with their menacing and gloomy glare, might regard as but the harmless ebullition of the popular mind; this, Socrates, in his calm conviction of his own wisdom and his holy purpose of advancing the morals of his countrymen, might himself, as it is reported, witness with serene smile; this Æschylus, if alive, in the majesty of his established fame; this even Euripides, when the same theatre rang with shouts of applause, or melted into tears, at his more successful dramas, might bear with equanimity. But when the tide turned against Athens; when her pride was prostrated with failures, when she was saddened to anger, and humiliated by the defection of her allies; when her own sons turned against her; when she was reaping the bitter fruits of her own ingratitude and injustice in the banishment, the ostracism of her noblest sons, then it was that she became peevish, sensitive, winced at every bold word, shrunk from every daring exposure of her weaknesses. Her public men felt that on their tottering eminence the breath of satire might cast them down. They dared not, they would not, be laughed at; every jest became a bitter taunt, every ludicrous allusion a dangerous, it might be fatal, insinuation. It was not that Comedy became more daring and rampant in its licence, less respectful of dignities, more indiscriminate in its censures; but that tyranny was galled, and had neither the conscious strength nor the control over public opinion which would enable it to disdain such assailants, or treat comedy as a safety-valve for compressed popular animosity. We can hardly indeed suppose that comedy could surpass the licence, the permitted and unrebuked licence, of Aristophanes, which he indulged unchecked, till in the ‘Plutus’ he might seem to check himself. If the law prohibiting the personalities

sonalities of the comic poets had been passed by Cleon when he ruled in the popular assembly, to put down the 'Knights,' if by the war-party, indignant at what they might call the unpatriotic Acharnians and the Peace; or even by the admirers and disciples of Socrates, who might think the 'Clouds' too gross an insult against their teacher, hallowed as he was in the affections of his disciples; or even by what we will venture to call the high-church party, who might cry out, either as a pretext or in sincere horror, at the humiliation of the gods, of the very god in whom the festival was celebrated in that most extraordinary piece the 'Frogs,' then that restrictive statute might have been justified, in all probability, in the same language with which it is spoken of by Horace:—

Sed in vitium libertas excidit et vim  
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta, chorusque  
Turpiter obcult, sublato jure nocendi.—*Ars Poet.* 282.

But the 'Knights,' the 'Peace,' the 'Clouds,' the 'Frogs,' seem to have run their full course of success; and still Cleon, despite the sausage-seller, harangued the admiring Payx, and commanded armies; and the war went fiercely on till its fatal close; and Socrates continued to perplex his adversaries and delight his disciples with his interminable—dare we say, somewhat tiresome?—questions about virtue, what it was, and what it was not; and Bacchus inflicted no dearth of wine on the impious city which burlesqued his deity. In truth, the date of the law is not absolutely certain, but there can be no doubt that it was passed under the dominion of the Thirty (about A.C. 404). The law itself was by no means, as Mr. Clinton has observed, so rigorously and clearly prohibitory, as sometimes supposed. It interdicted the introducing public characters, or indeed any one, on the stage, by name, τοῦ μὴ ὀνομαστὶ καμωδεῖν τινά. It was occasionally eluded, even in the middle comedy, as it has been in our own day, by Foote, by Sheridan in the 'Critic,' by 'Scribe' in France. Real personages have been held up to laughter through the unmistakeable dress, manner, and gesture.\*

But

\* We have lately met with an amusing illustration of the attempt of very early French comedy to be Aristophanic. Francis I. was obliged 'faire defense a ceux des Colleges de Paris de jouer aucune farce contre l'honneur du roi, et de ceux a l'entour de sa personne.' The occasion of this edict was a farce in which the amour of the king with the wife of a well-known M. le Coq was represented in the conjunction of a great hen and a salamander (the armorial bearing of Francis). Poor M. Cruche paid the penalty of his wit not according to law. He was made to act the farce before some gentlemen of the king, then stripped, whipped with thorns, and only escaped being tied in a sack and thrown into the river by showing his tonsure.—*Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, p. 14. Yet even a short time after the

But that, which was the fatal blow to the old comedy,—that which cut off at once its poetry, and brought down the new comedy into the region of common life, was the abolition of the chorus. It may have been, as Schlegel suggests, that the impoverished Choragi could no longer furnish the enormous expenditure incident to the 'getting up' of these wonderful spectacles; or the less patriotic, if still wealthy, leaders of the people, as they could not hope for reward from the favour or the suffrages of a people no longer free, had no longer any motive for their splendid munificence. Splendid and costly indeed, must have been the representation of one of the fantastic comedies of Aristophanes, in a manner likely to please the high-wrought taste of an Athenian audience—an audience accustomed to gaze on the works of Pericles, and whose fine perceptions of the graceful, the majestic, and the proportionate in architecture, were so acute, that the lines of the architecture were drawn, deviating from the strict level or horizontal, in delicate curves, formed on the most recondite principles of optics.\* We cannot suppose that, even in their most grotesque and ludicrous exhibitions, they could have endured clumsy machinery for rude and coarse scene-painting, with no attempt—no successful attempt—at illusion or gracefulness. We have no doubt that the Wasps and the Frogs, even old Trygæus himself with his beetle, above all the Clouds, and the Birds, were represented not only so as to provoke laughter by their wild incongruity and their audacity of burlesque, but with due regard to scenic effect. The Athenians had their Greaves and Stanfields (even where they did not, as at Taormina, let in the rich and picturesque neighbouring landscape); they had their mechanists, who, if they had not all the gorgeousness of a modern melodrama, or the cleverness of our pantomime, conveyed under forms, in themselves beautiful and significant enough to the quick intelligence of the Athenians, the most fanciful creations of the poet: if not true to life, they were true to the mind and kindled imagination of the spectator. The impersonated Clouds were at once cloud-like and human; the Birds, with their human voices, floated about in their airy city, so as, if not to produce illusion (which, in fact, is beyond the poet's and the scene-painter's aim), to tell the poet's meaning with sufficient clearness, and at the same time to

the haughty and voluptuous Louisa of Savoy, the Queen mother, appeared as the 'Sotte mère.' The annals of the League and the Mazarinades could furnish much more of this.

\* See the remarkable and very beautiful, as well as highly scientific, description of the Parthenon by Mr. C. F. Penrose, published with their usual magnificence by the Dilettanti Society.

delight

delight the eye with happy contrivance, and with a harmony of form, and colouring, and grouping. The spectator sought not, seeks not to be cheated, but to be charmed and amused ; so that, even the strangeness and even the fantastic incongruity, instead of disturbing, enhances his merriment and his pleasure.

The extinction of the Chorus (and even the Chorus seemingly fell gradually into desuetude—in the revived, which is the extant version of the ‘Plutus,’ one of the latest plays of Aristophanes, it has sunk to a subordinate part)—the suppression of the lyric part of the comedy, is the distinctive line of demarcation. From that time comedy passed almost altogether into prose and common life. It might still parody, as it delighted to do, the old myths ; in its impersonation of the passions it held something of that middle ground which the Morality held between the scriptural Mystery and the modern drama ; it had its caustic, satiric vein, but it soared not now at the higher game—the statesman, the demagogue, Athens itself. As M. Guizot well observes, and his illustrations are well chosen : ‘Elle (la Comédie Moyenne) s’adonna singulièrement à la critique des philosophes contemporains, et à la satire des courtesans en renom’ (p. 113, *et seqq.*). If it had some of the more poetic tendencies, the creative and fanciful inclinations, of the older comedy, it was still more an anticipation of the homelier truth and real life of the new. Some of its characters, the parasite, for instance, were not surpassed by the later masters of the art. Though the scholar will not need the information, perhaps some of our younger, even our more accomplished readers, may thank us for sending them to so unsuspected a book as Cumberland’s ‘Observer’ for an excellent popular account of the Athenian Middle and New Comedy. The translations are so good that few would believe them to be Cumberland’s, especially after Cumberland had droned away his earlier and not undeserved fame. In after life, unhappily for himself, more unhappily for his friends, the Cumberland of ‘Retaliation,’ ‘the Terence of England, and the mender of hearts,’ had sunk into Sir Fretful Plagiary ; the author of the ‘West Indian’ into one who went about society pestering everybody with reading plays, in Byron’s phrase, ‘so middling, bad were better.’ But, in truth, Cumberland was one of those who had a fair vein of talent, but it was soon worked out. His translation of the ‘Clouds’ of Aristophanes, though far below Mr. Frere’s inimitable versions, or even the harder and harsher imitations of Mitchell, is a performance of considerable merit, and shows much command of our old comic language ; it is cast perhaps too much in the manner of Ben Jonson, but is not without some of the vigour of our old dramatist. Let us be permitted to justify our praise by transcribing the Para-  
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site of Antiphanes from these volumes, which now, we suspect, slumber undisturbed at the end of the collection of British essayists:—

‘What art, vocation, trade, or mystery,  
Can match with your fine Parasite? The Painter?  
He! a mere dauber; a vile drudge. The Farmer?  
Their business is to labour, ours to laugh,  
To jeer, to quibble, faith, Sirs, and to drink—  
Aye, to drink lustily. Is not this rare?  
For life—my life at least: the first of pleasures  
Were to be rich myself; but next to this  
I hold it best to be a Parasite,  
And feed upon the rich. Now mark me right;  
Set down my virtues one by one: Imprimis,  
Good will to all men—would they all were rich,  
So might I gull them all; malice to none;  
I envy no man’s fortune, all my wish  
Is but to share it. Would you have a friend,  
A gallant steady friend? I am your man:  
No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,  
But one to bear all these, and still forbear.  
If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,  
Invariably good-humour’d, still I laugh.  
A stout good soldier I, valorous to a fault,  
When once my stomach’s up, and supper served;  
You know my humour, not one spark of pride,  
Such and the same for ever to my friends:  
If cudgel’d, molten iron to the hammer  
Is not so malleable; but if I cudgel,  
Bold as the thunder. Is one to be blinded?  
I am the lightning’s flash; to be puffed up?  
I am the wind to blow him to the bursting;  
Choked, strangled? I can do’t and save a halter:  
Would you break down his doors? Behold an earthquake;  
Open and enter them? A battering-ram.  
Will you sit down to supper? I’m your guest,  
Your very *Fly*, to enter without bidding.  
Would you move off? You’ll move a wall as soon.  
I’m for all work; and though the job were stabbing,  
Betraying, false accusing, only say,  
Do this, and it is done. I stick at nothing;  
They call me Thunderbolt for my despatch:  
Friend of my friends am I: let actions speak me,  
I’m much too modest to commend myself.’

*Observer*, No. cxliv.

Yet perhaps the *school* of Menander was hardly so much that of the middle comedy; it was not even so much that of his uncle Alexis; it was rather the offspring—it was of closer kindred

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to the last of the great tragedians, Euripides. This approximation of the two dramas, the one tragedy, sinking from its heroic height more nearly to common life : comedy throwing a serious and reflective, sometimes even a melancholy hue, over the lawless gaiety of the older race, is not more remarkable than undoubted. This truth, indicated by Quintilian, dwelt upon at length by Schlegel, with all his exaggeration of the fatalism in the older tragic writers, not overlooked by M. Guizot, is well wrought out by M. Benoît, from whom, in justice, we are bound to give an extract :—

Tous (Ménander, Diphile, Philémon) ont reconnu dans ce tragique leur modèle et leur maître. On sait en effet comment Euripide avait fait descendre la noble tragédie d'Eschyle et de Sophocle, de la hauteur idéale en pleine réalité, et transformé la fable mythologique presque en tableau des mœurs de son temps. Dans son drame, le dogme de la fatalité, qui enveloppait d'une sombre horreur la scène d'Eschyle, s'est entièrement dissipé, pour ne plus laisser voir dans l'homme désormais que le jouet de ses passions ; le poète, pour cela, aime à donner aux femmes le premier rôle (Is not Clytemnestra the premier rôle in the Agamemnon ?) et à faire de l'amour la passion dominante ; et afin d'amener des situations pathétiques ou seulement romanesques, il remanie sans scrupule les légendes sacrées ; les héros de l'antique tragédie, ces demi-dieux d'Eschyle à la voix solennelle, et si majestueux dans leur attitude, quittent désormais le cothurne pour marcher sur la terre comme nous, et partager nos faiblesses les plus vulgaires ; la langue poétique suit la décadence des personnages ; afin de la rendre plus humaine, le poète en brise la forme austère ; il y fait entrer une foule d'expressions vulgaires, qu'il emprunte aux discussions de la place, ou aux causeries de la vie commune. Est-ce bien Médée, la terrible enchanteresse que j'entends gémir d'une façon si bourgeoise sur la condition des femmes, condamnées, dit-elle, à s'acheter un mari au prix d'une grosse dot, et si leur union est mal assortie, à se consumer désormais dans un ennui sans remède ; tandis que les hommes, lorsque leur intérieur leur pèse, peuvent chercher au dehors quelque distraction près d'une maîtresse. Est-ce bien Hermione, qui dans l'accès de la jalousie mortelle, dénonce en ces termes le danger pour les maris de laisser pénétrer des visiteuses étrangères dans le gynécée ?

M. Benoît here quotes eleven of the flattest and coldest lines in that flattest and coldest of the plays of Euripides, the 'Andromache' (v. 945) :—

'Ou sommes-nous donc ? Dans le palais du fils d'Achille ou dans le ménage d'Euripide ? On ne sait. Nous voilà dans pleine comédie : c'est au point qu'il est souvent difficile de démêler, entre les fragments des tragédies perdues d'Euripide et ceux de Ménandre, ce qui appartient à l'un ou à l'autre poète ; même langage, mêmes maximes aussi.' . . — Benoît, p. 33.

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The fault, in truth, is rather in the philosophising maxims than in the language, which is often simple enough in Sophocles; in the tone of manners, which is that of modern Athens, not of the heroic age; in the eternal obtrusive moralising, drawn from the schools of the Sophists, which replaces the brief, sententious, and religious axioms of the elder poets.

But whoever were his teachers or his harbingers, it was acknowledged by the unanimous voice of later Greece and of Rome that the comedy of ordinary life reached its perfection with Menander. Athens, though she had lost her pre-eminence in arms, perhaps in the higher arts, in oratory, even in philosophy, would still maintain her ascendancy: 'Ce qui distingue Athènes jusque dans sa corruption, c'est qu'elle y conserve je ne sais quelle élégance qui n'appartient qu'à elle. Elle met de la grâce, même dans sa bassesse; dans le plaisir, elle reste artiste.' So writes M. Benoît (p. 17). Athens is still the law and the model of all which amuses and delights Greece; the theatres of Greece, under the Hieros and their successors in Sicily, under the Ptolemies at Alexandria, come to Athens for their spectacles. Athenian life is Greek life, Athenian manners, Greek manners. The Macedonian conqueror, has spread the Greek language over vast unknown regions; wherever that language is spread Menander is acted on the stage, recited at the banquet, read in the chamber. It was the comedy of Menander which in modern times had its consummate master in Molière. Quintilian's last sentence is the verdict of all antiquity to the common consent to the fame of Menander: 'Atque ille quidem omnibus ejusdem operis auctoribus abstulit nomen, et fulgore quodam suæ claritatis tenebris obduxit.' Of later writers Molière,\* no doubt—enough of Menander has survived to institute the comparison—had been his most successful rival in his own walk. The Shakspearian comedy—if there be any but Shakspeare who have wrought up to his vein—is of a separate class. It is the comedy of individual men, and therefore even more creative and more true—not merely the comedy of general human life. There may have been many Tartuffes, many Misanthropes, many George Dandins, many M. de Pourceaugnacs, differing only in the circumstances

\* M. W. Guizot would assign this praise to Molière's *Tartuffe*, that he was not the general type of religious hypocrisy, but, even if not drawn, as was suspected at the time, from a well-known personage, has nevertheless his own specific and marked peculiarity. We will not altogether deny the justice of his remarks; but the individuality of Shakspeare's characters is something infinitely more distinct and undeniable. It is a question of degree; that to which Molière approaches finds its full development in Shakspeare.

which have developed their character, in the accidents of their social position. There never was but one Falstaff; and what is true of Falstaff is true of all his crew, of Nym, Bardolph, Pistol; it is true of all the strongly-marked comic characters of Shakespeare.

In what then consisted this unrivalled superiority of Menander? What was his comedy as distinguished from that of his gifted predecessors? Wherein lay the secret of his unsurpassed excellence? It was a comedy of plot, of character, of manners, expressed in the language of common life, but that language of translucency and purity attained in its absolute perfection by Menander alone. On the originality of the plots of Menander's plays, as contrasted with that of the older and of the middle comedy, M. W. Guizot is both just and ingenious. The comedy of Aristophanes is addressed not to the ears only but to the political passions, to the public interests of the spectator. It does not seek to keep the attention alive and on the stretch by a succession of romantic incidents, by striking shifts and changes, by sudden disclosures or discoveries; by events skilfully prepared and developed, by denouements naturally yet unexpectedly brought about. The object of the Aristophanic comedy is, through the ridiculous, to influence opinion, to win or to strengthen conviction. It has an end beyond amusement; it is oratory in another form; oratory multiplied and distributed among the voices of many speakers, and speakers assisted by something far beyond human gesture and intonation, and using one power of persuasion alone, that of making the adverse party consummately ridiculous, and therefore rightly to be hissed off the stage of public life. The connexion of the scenes, therefore, is not their happy evolution one from the other, their natural sequence and causation each by the other; it is their bearing on the common scope: '*L'action consiste dans la lutte des deux intérêts seulement, et tous se rangent dans l'un ou l'autre parti. C'est moins une drame qu'un procès, où il y a un demandeur, un défendeur, des témoins pour et contre, et le chœur parlant au nom du poëte et tenant lieu de ministère public.*' M. Guizot might have added that there is also the poet himself, in the Parabasis, directing, expounding, and driving home the argument of the piece. In this is the unity of his story, in this its harmony. It is a great pamphlet in action. Some public abuse, or what the poet would call a public abuse, is to be exposed in scenes each of which is, as it were, a paragraph or chapter in the pamphlet; some bad counsellor of the public policy, some corrupter of the public taste or the public morals, according to the poet's judgment, is to be pilloried and pelted. Provided the missiles are well thrown and hit their  
mark,

mark, it is of no importance with what order and regularity they are thrown. In no one of the plays of Aristophanes can we doubt the aim and design of the author. The *Birds* alone baffles us by the wild and fantastic extravagance of its plot and structure. But this is because no tradition, preserved by the scholiast, has reported as the specific aim, either an imaginary republic older than Plato's, or some scheme or some event of which it is the broad and reckless parody: perhaps the poet, when once the leading idea got possession of his mind, merely surrendered himself to its impulses, its comicality. The opening it gave for the gayest and most melodious verse led him to wanton wildly in his invention; having forgotten his scope, if he had a scope, he reckoned that the spectator would run as wild as himself, and seek no more than what the poet indulged—the full, uncontrolled revelry of the animal spirits. In most of the Aristophanic comedies we cannot but admire how rapidly and easily incident follows incident, but everywhere the only progression is the increasing broadness and intensity of the fun, the heightening of the laughter. The close comes not because the story is told; the catastrophe is that we can conceive nothing beyond, nothing more ridiculous than that at which we have arrived. In its truest sense '*solvuntur risu tabulæ*;' the curtain drops because the audience have had their fill of mirth.

The plot in the Middle Comedy, with the characters and the language, was in a transition state, now a succession of scenes bearing on one object, now approaching to the development of a story. With Menander and Philemon this unity had become a necessity. The play, in Aristotle's phrase, must have a beginning, middle, and end; it can no longer be scenes and succession of scenes—it must be a drama. It must be something which at its opening arrests the attention, of which we would know the event. The author is no longer on the stage, in the *Parabasis*, to expound his aim, though he still asserts his right in his prologue to prepare the audience for the story which the play is to develop—a contrivance to us awkward, as forestalling the interest—retained perhaps on the Greek stage, and later, perhaps from imitation in the Latin, on account of the enormous size of the theatres, in order, in Sheridan's phrase, to insinuate the plot into the boxes, to give some guidance to the thoughts of the audience, to prepare them, to awaken without satisfying their interest. The chorus was silent; that representative, as it were, of the audience was no longer at hand to arrest the attention at particular periods, and show that the progress of the incidents was fully comprehended. There must not only now be a story, but the story must tell itself; scene must rise

end of scene; there must be either some skilfully prepared or sudden peripety or denouement, which must bring the tale to a natural end. The interest need not be so sustained that the spectator may not anticipate the close; but interest there must be. It must so far resemble the events of private life as to be within the range of ordinary probability, yet be sufficiently remarkable, sufficiently exceptional, to demand the attention of the theatre. In his plots Menander appears to have excelled; these were neither too slight nor too intricate; not a mere framework for his characters, nor a frame which diverted the thoughts too much from the living picture which it enclosed. The fable was usually so simple that Terence, as if his more barbarous or Roman audience required a more keen excitement of their curiosity, in general either moulded up two plots of Menander into one, or engrafted upon his original scenes borrowed from some other poet. Meineke, and after him Mr. W. G. Clark, have recovered from various quarters, or filled up with ingenious conjecture, the plots of some of Menander's most celebrated plays. Of the greater number we have nothing more than can be suggested by the title, and that, of course, is but little; others are known on better, but still not quite satisfactory authority; one or two from their imitations of Plautus. Of the six plays of Terence, four acknowledge themselves derived from Menander. But in the plots it is not less clear that the Roman comic writers took great liberties. We cannot tell whether this might not mar the fine artistic development, and, to suit the coarser Roman taste, crowd together that which should have been more skilfully prolonged, or lengthen out that which was rapidly indicated. We confine ourselves, as our space demands, to one only of these plots as our example. It is our object to avoid on this, as on other points, all which is without much interest to the general reader, all which is mere scholarship, or dubious discussion. The fable of the 'Apparition' (*Phasma*) has been preserved to us by Donatus, in his commentary on the *Eunuchus* of Terence. The play had been imitated by the rival of Terence, Lucilius. The stepmother of a young son had a daughter by a former amour, whom she brought up with maternal fondness in the house of her next neighbour. A secret breach in the wall had been made to enable her to have intercourse with her child. The space where the wall was broken she declared sacred, a kind of domestic chapel of the household gods. Under pretence of sacrifice, she constantly enjoyed the society of her daughter. One day the young stepson beheld this beautiful apparition and was first struck with religious awe,

Plautus verit barbari—so Plautus describes a Latin version from the Greek.

as though he had profaned the sanctuary of a divinity; but when he found she was but a mortal virgin, he became desperately enamoured. After some love-scenes, their parents discover the mutual attachment, which ends, as of course, in a marriage. We need not suggest what opportunities for exquisite poetry this plot might unfold; the divine law was trembling into love, the statue kindling into life, the beautiful goddess herself melting into passion. And for once there is an Attic play, in which, even in the manners, there could be nothing to offend the most sensitive modesty; for once scenes full of passion without the intervention of the eternal Lena; a marriage with a maiden who has had no questionable, not even any peculiar adventure. How curious too had been the picture of the domestic religion of an Athenian matron, to see what she would do to stop out of her home. But the strength of the new comedy lay not in its plot, but in its characters. The Athenians were to behold themselves upon the stage to not victims of remorseless personal satire, no longer men designated by name, no longer notorious personages, if not designated by name, familiar to the knowledge of the spectators, of the whole people, by their dress, manners, gestures, habits; no longer men in the Pnyx or Heliaea, but in their houses, in their families, in their ordinary intercourse, in the common incidents of their lives, in the every-day variety of age, pursuit, calling, wealth, poverty. Even if public life had not now been proscribed as the subject of dramatic satire, it was beyond the poet's reach. There was no public life. The government was foreign, or at least stood aloof; it was felt, obeyed, but its workings were not seen. Ordinary men, the people, the audience at the theatres, could not trace its secret influences or its motive powers. The Athenian had now no sphere of action beyond his private affairs or those of his friends, no business but his own, his husbandry, his commerce, his pleasures; he had no dominion but over his slaves, no authority but over his own family. It was this new Athenian life, therefore, to which comedy was reduced, or to which it withdrew, in the conscious assurance that within this new circle it might exercise its creative power, if with more limited, hardly less telling, effect. Its influence, if less immediate, might be not less deep; if less a political, it might be a more profoundly moral, power; it might be, if more vague and general, if less bound up with passing events and the characters of the day, more enduring because more vague and general, and more intelligible to future ages. It was still Athenian, but it was more than Athenian; it was drawn and drew most of its immutable truth from universal human nature, from passions common to all mankind, from follies and vices of all ages. It appeared

appeared to reflect only the surface, but, in fact, reflected the very depths of our experience. As a comedy of manners, it was, as it ever must be, if true to its own times, in a certain degree limited, temporary, transitory; as a comedy of character, wide, lasting, perpetual. All that was Athenian might perish, all that was human would live. This is among the secrets of the eternal power exercised by the best classical writers; they wrote from what is, in its essence, unchangeable in human nature; the truths which they did attain are imperishable truths; the passions which they set in play, the feelings to which they appealed, are the inextinguishable passions and feelings of man's heart; their wisdom is world-wide wisdom, as enduring as the world.

Hence, too, its more serious cast, as the full representation of human life. As with Euripides, tragedy, descending more nearly to common life, approached the doubtful borders of comedy, so comedy could not, if true to the human heart, winnow out the ridiculous alone, and confine itself to the broad, the farcical, or even the gay and mirthful. Even our meanest passions, in their excess, cease to be ludicrous; they become terrible. Who has seen the *Avare* of Molière, as we have seen it of old, or our Fielding's *Miser*, as it was personated by Emery, and knows whether he was shuddering or laughing more intensely—whether avarice was more hateful or more ludicrous, more tragic or more comic? Or take again the still greater master who disdained or was too wise to acknowledge these artificial definitions of the tragic and the comic: Shylock raving about his ducats and his daughter. So, too, in all the domestic relations, there is a sad and a laughable side. In the weak or the harsh father we smile at the weakness; we almost weep when that weakness is abused by the profligate son, or more profligate slave; we feel indignation, if not wrath, against the morose parent; we laugh when he is tricked by Davus or Gnatho. The females, so often the objects of violence, move our commiseration; when restored to Athenian citizenship, and happily married, they have our tender sympathies. No sooner, indeed, had love become the leading interest in the comedy than it ceased to be exclusively comic. The incidents might be the most diverting; the whole intrigue might be a succession of the most ludicrous mishaps, mistakes, plots, rogueries; yet the passion must be aroused, and represented with warmth and sincerity. Into whatever comical adventures he may fall, the lover himself must be in earnest. So if, as it was said, 'no play of Menander was without love,' his comedy could not but mingle up the serious with the gay; the passionate with the ridiculous. We may indeed say that satire is the most melancholy

melancholy of all writings; and Menander's comedy was not satire against individual man, but against human nature. We fear that against one sex the misogynist was even more sadly unsparing and merciless. If Ovid's verses may lead us to suppose Menander's range of characters extremely narrow, and restricted to a class to us by no means the most attractive—the roguish slave, the harsh father, the wicked procuress, the bland courtesan—we must remember who wrote those lines, and on what subject he was writing. No doubt Athenian life was limited: there were close boundaries to Athenian society, where the intercourse between the sexes of the higher and free-born orders was under great restraint; where the females, though by no means kept in Oriental seclusion (had that been so the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes had been a poor and unmeaning jest), yet were more highly esteemed the less frequently they passed the threshold of their house. Not that they were more quiet helpmates for the repression of the gadabout disposition—the comedies give us enough of imperious, domineering, jealous wives, especially if they have brought large dowries. Among the better classes there were at Athens no salons, no reception-rooms, no public places for amusement or conversation—to say nothing of balls or plays. Even their religious ceremonies were in general confined to themselves. What is called with us fashionable life held its revels only with the Hetairæ, the Aspasias of the older, the Laides and Thaides of later time. Still even the titles of his plays may show, to some extent, the copiousness and versatility of Menander. There were all pursuits: the fishermen (the Ἀλιεῖς), the husbandman (the Γεωργὸς), the pilots (the Γυβερνήται), the shipmaster (the Ναύκληρος). There were strangers of different countries: the Bœotian (the Βοιωτία), the Ephesian (the Ἐφέσιος), the Perinthian (the Περίνθια), the Messenian (the Μεσσανία), the Thessalian (the Θέσσαλα), the Carian (the Καρίνη), the Knidion (the Κνίδια), the Carthaginian (the Καρχήδονιος). Many indicate the peculiar passion or weakness of the leading personage: the boastful soldier, the Thraso, or the Miles Gloriosus (the Θρασυλέων), the grumbler or the morose (the Δύσκολος), the Flatterer (the Κόλαξ), the woman-hater (the Μισογυνής), the self-tormentor (the Ἐαῦτον τιμωροῦμενος), the angry man (as perhaps we may translate the Οργη). There is one class of peculiar interest, which we should especially rejoice to retrieve—those which touched the popular religion or superstition. The Superstitious (the Δεισιδαίμων), which so irresistibly lead us to St. Paul at Athens; the Thessalian, which seems to have dealt with the belief in witchcraft; the Festival (the ἑορταί), probably founded on one of those common incidents, the

the violation of some innocent damsel by the petulant youth during the licence of those religious rites which, besides their own ceremonies, women, even virgins, were permitted to attend. In one play, the *Ascania*, of which there is a graceful fragment, Menander may seem to have trespassed on the boundaries of tragedy: in this either Sappho, or some one instinct with the passion or after the example of Sappho, threw himself from the fatal rock crowned with the Temple of Phœon. The style and language of Menander was acknowledged, except by one or two obscure and jealous grammarians, to be the purest Attic. That language was the wonder, and the remote and confessedly unapproachable object of emulation, to the later Greeks. Nothing can show the opposition of the old and new comedy of Aristophanes and Menander, more completely than the Treatise of Plutarch; the good, amiable, garrulous Bœotian, the man of letters—who lived when the world had long acquiesced in the despotism of the Roman empire, and Greek was more than Latin the common tongue of literature—can hardly see any difference but in their language: on this alone he dwells as in itself their comparative excellence, this seems to be the paramount claim to admiration. But to him the wild and audacious word-creations, the comical compound epithets of Aristophanes, are rude and barbarous. To the more racy and vigorous Atticism, to the natural and bird-like melody of the older poet he is utterly insensible. M. Guizot has justly observed, that Atticism is not to be considered as one uniform unchanging language, but, though with a certain dialectic character of its own, differing widely at different ages, and as employed by different authors, according to the genius of each. *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, have each their distinct Attic, even as *Aristophanes* and *Menander*. The perfection of *Menander* is, that it is the Attic of common life, in its most consummate purity; it has that instinctive harmony between the thoughts and the words, so that the alteration, the substitution, almost the change in place of a single word, would mar its translucent clearness; it is idiomatic, but not vulgar; distinct from ordinary speech, but only from its instinctive, unstudied precision. Its test is that it is always untranslatable; the thoughts may be rendered and expressed with as much vernacular purity in another language, but as no two languages are perfectly consonant in form and structure, literal transference must lead to obscurity, to harsh inversion, or utter inadequacy of expression. After this attempt at definition, it may seem contradictory to say that it is undefinable; yet its excellence is that it seems intuitively achieved, is intuitively felt.

Almost

Almost all languages.—Italian in Petrarch; French in Racine, English in Addison and the best parts of Pope—have this perfection. Its masters are not usually the most forcible, original, or creative writers. Men of daring and creative thought must dare in their vocabulary, in the collocation of their words, in the structure of their sentences. Such a master of this peculiar style is Menander. In reading his fragments we seem to be listening to the best conversation of the best society in Athens; it has all the ease and grace, nothing of the negligence of colloquialism.

But how are we to justify to the unlearned reader this high estimate of Menander, which to ourselves rests not on the common voice of ancient tradition, but on our infelicitous sense of its justice? The excellence consists in the exquisite harmony of the plot, the characters, and the language. But plots of dramas, when turned into plain prose, even with the poet or the play before us, are of all things the most lifeless and unsatisfactory. These have been made out in some cases by Meinecke, by the authors of our essays, with very happy conjectural ingenuity; yet after all they are for the most part conjectural, and at last sadly meagre; a mere enumeration of incidents, as it were, without flesh and blood, with no life stirring within them. Nor must it be denied that to Menander not merely has Time been singularly harsh and destructive; but even, perhaps, more cruel and unfair where it has seemed to be more merciful and conservative. Cumberland's observations are unfortunately too true: 'The various authors who have contributed to the collection of Menander's remains seem to have extracted from him, as if by general agreement, little else but the most unfavourable delineations of the human character; so far from finding those facetious and sprightly sallies to be expected from a comic writer, those voluptuous descriptions which Pliny alluded to; or the love-scenes which Ovid tells us, we meet a melancholy display of the miseries, the enormities, the repinings of mankind. What can be more gloomy and misanthropic than the following strain of discontent extracted by Eustathius:—

Εἴ τις προσελθὼν μοι θεῶν λόγῳ, "Κράτιν  
ἐπ' ἀποθάνῃ, αὖθις ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἔσει  
ἔσει δ' ὅτι ἂν βούλῃ κύνῳ, πρόβατον, τραγὸν,  
ἄνθρωπον, ἵππον· δις βίωσαι γὰρ σε δεῖ  
εἰμαρμένον τούτῳ ἔστιν, ὅτι βούλει ἃ εἶπαι  
ἀπαντὰ μάλλον, εὐθὺς εἰπὲν ἂν δοκῶ,  
ποιεῖ με πλὴν ἀνθρώπου· ἀδίκως εὐτόχει  
κακῶς τε πράττει τούτῳ τὸ ζῶον μόνον.  
ὁ κράτιστος ἵππος ἐπιμελεστέραν ἔχει

ἐτέρου θεραπείαν· ἀγαθὸς ἂν γένῃ κύων  
 ἐντιμότερος εἰ τοῦ κακοῦ κυνὸς πολὺν  
 ἀλεκτρυνὸν γενναῖος ἐν ἑτέρᾳ τροφῇ  
 ἔστιν, ὃ δ' ἀγεννὴς καὶ δέδιε τὸν κρείττονα.  
 ἄνθρωπος ἂν ἢ χρηστός, εὐγενὴς, σφόδρα,  
 γενναῖος, οὐδὲν ὄφελος ἐν τῷ νῦν γένει·  
 πράττει δ' ὃ κόλαξ ἄριστα πάντων, δεύτερα  
 ὃ συκοφάντης, ὃ κακοῦθης τρίτα λέγει.  
 ὄνον γενέσθαι κρείττον ἢ τοὺς χείρονας  
 ὁρᾷν ἑαυτοῦ ζῶντας ἐπιφανέστερον.

*Theophroroumeni*—Meinecke, p. 910.

'Suppose some God should say, "Die when thou wilt,  
 Mortal, expect another life on earth;  
 And for that life make choice of all creation.  
 What wilt thou be, dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse?  
 For live again thou must: it is thy fate.  
 Choose only in what form; then thou art free."  
 So help me, Crato, I would freely answer,  
 Let me be all things, anything but man.  
 We only of all creatures feel affliction.  
 The generous horse is valued for his worth,  
 And dog by merit is preferred to dog.  
 The warrior cock is pampered for his courage,  
 And awes the baser brood. But what is man?  
 Truth, virtue, valour, how do they avail him?  
 Of this world's good the first and greatest share  
 Is flattery's prize; the informer takes the next;  
 And barefaced knavery garbles what is left.  
 I'd rather be an ass than what I am,  
 And see these villains lord it o'er their betters.'

*Observer*, No. cl.

Still more dismal are the following:—

τοῦτον εὐτυχέστατον λέγω  
 ὅστις θεωρήσας ἄλνκῳς, Παρμένων,  
 τὰ σεμνὰ ταῦτ', ἀπῆλθεν, ὅθεν ἦλθεν, ταχὺ,  
 τὸν ἥλιον τὸν κοινὸν, ἄστρ', ὕδωρ, νέφη,  
 πῦρ· ταῦτα κὰν ἑκατὸν ἔτη βίῳς αἰεὶ  
 ὄψει παρόντα, κὰν ἑνιαυτοὺς σφόδρ' ὀλίγους,  
 σεμνότερα τούτων ἕτερα δ' οὐκ ὄψει ποτε.  
 Πανήγυριν νόμισόν τιν' εἶναι τὸν χρόνον  
 ὃν φημι, τοῦτον, ἢ 'πιδημίαν, ἐν ᾧ  
 ὄχλος, ἀγορὰ, κλέπται, κυβεῖται, διατριβαί·  
 ἂν πρῶτον ἀπίης καταλύσεις, βελτίονα  
 ἐφόδι' ἔχων ἀπῆλθες, ἐχθρὸς οὐδενί·  
 ὃ προσδιατρίβων δ' ἐκοπίασεν ἀπολέσας,  
 κακῶς τε γηρῶν ἐνδεὴς τὸν γίγνεται,  
 ῥεμβόμενος ἐχθροὺς ἡῦρ' ἐπεβουλεύθη ποθέν,  
 οὐκ εὐθανάτως ἀπῆλθεν ἐλθὼν εἰς χρόνον.

Of

Of these lines Cumberland has given a most inadequate version. He has eluded the difficulties, and dropped many of the remarkable beauties—the comparison of this life to the games, the fairs of antiquity, or to a sojourn in a foreign land (as Scripture represents life as a pilgrimage), where in these marts crowd together thieves, gamblers, idlers. If we depart speedily, we may depart better provided, without an enemy. He who lingers, but lingers to toil and waste his days—to grow old, wretched, and in misery; the more he is whirled about, the more his enemies, and the less chance of an euthanasia.

Still

‘The lot of all most fortunate is his,  
Who having stayed just long enough on earth  
To feast his sight with this fair face of nature,  
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven’s bright starry fires,  
Drops without pain into an early grave.  
For what is life, the longest life of man,  
But the same scene repeated o’er and o’er?  
A few more lingering days to be consumed  
In throngs and crowds, with sharpeners, knaves, and thieves;  
From such the speediest riddance is the best.’—*Cumberland*.

*The Suppositious*—Ὑποβολιμαῖος.

The gentle reproof of the son to a churlish father, from the Dyscolus, is in a higher manner—

Περὶ χρημάτων λαλεῖς, ἀβεβαῖον πράγματος.  
εἰ μὲν γὰρ οἶσθα ταῦτα παραμενόντά σοι  
ἅπαντα τὸν χρόνον, φύλαττε, μηδενὶ  
ἄλλῳ μεταδίδους, αὐτὸς ὢν δὲ κύριος.  
εἰ μὴ δὲ σαντοῦ, τῆς τύχης δὲ πάντ’ ἔχεις,  
τί ἂν φθονοίης, ὦ πάτερ, τούτων τινί;  
αὐτὴ γὰρ ἄλλῳ τυχὸν ἀναξίῳ τινί  
παρελομένη σου πάντα προσθήσει πάλιν.  
διόπερ ἐγὼ σέ φημι δεῖν, ὅσον χρόνον  
εἴ κύριος, χρῆσθαι σε γενναίως, πάτερ,  
αὐτόν, ἐπικουρεῖν πᾶσιν, εὐπόρους ποιεῖν  
οὓς ἂν δύνῃ πλείστοις διὰ σαντοῦ· τοῦτο γὰρ  
ἀθάνατόν ἐστι, κἂν ποτε πταίσας τύχης,  
ἐκεῖθεν ἔσται ταῦτό τοῦτο σοι πάλιν·  
πολλῷ δὲ κρείττον ἐστὶν ἐμφανῆς φίλος  
ἢ πλούτος ἀφανὴς, ὃν σὺ κατορύξας ἔχεις.

‘Weak is the vanity that boasts of riches,  
For they are fleeting things. Were they not such,  
Could they be yours to all succeeding time,  
’Twere wise to let none share in the possession;  
But if whate’er you have is held of fortune,  
And not of right inherent, why, my father,

Why

Why with such niggard jealousy engross  
 What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,  
 And cast into some worthless favourite's lap?  
 Snatch thou the swift occasion while still yours:  
 Put this unstable boon to noble uses;  
 Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth,  
 And purchase friends; 'twill be some lasting tie  
 And when misfortune comes, your best resource.'—Cumberland.

This, which is not cited by Cumberland, is in a different vein,  
 but is perhaps more genial in its satire:—

These are our gods, so Epicharmus says,  
 Air, water, earth, the sun, the fire, the stars;  
 But I maintain the only useful gods  
 Are gold and silver. Set ye up these two  
 As household gods within your home; pray to them,  
 And all ye pray for instantly is yours:  
 Fields, houses, hosts of servants, silver plate,  
 Friends, judges, witnesses. Give, only give;  
 The very gods are at your humble service.

But there is no doubt that the collectors, whether of more comic or of ethic passages, Athenæus or Stobæus, or the other eclogists, seem to have resolved to do better justice to almost every poet than to Menander. We have some capital broad comic passages from the middle comedy; even Philemon has fared better than his rival. The Christian Fathers, as Clement of Alexandria, might have been more fair to his fame, but unfortunately, in their charitable zeal to find premature Christianity in the heathen writers, they have attributed to the Epicurean poet verses so much too Christian, or at least drawn from the Jewish dramatic writers of Alexandria, that no faith can be placed in their citations. In truth, the mind, the style, and even the melody of Menander is to be traced most clearly in his minuter fragments; even in the aphorisms or single lines, of which kind more than one collection has been happily preserved. The greatest number of these, of course, as collected for their moral meaning, are trite and commonplace in sentiment; some

\* Ὁ μὲν Ἐπίχαρμος τοὺς θεοὺς ἵπαι λέγει  
 ἀνίμους, ὕδαρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρας.  
 ἱγὼ δ' ἐπίλαβον χρησίμους ἵπαι θεοὺς  
 πᾶρχούριον ἡμῶν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον.  
 ἰδρυσάμενος τοὺτους γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν  
 εὐχαί τι βούλει, πάντα σοι γινήσεται,  
 ἀγρός, οἰκία, θεράποντες, ἀργυρώματα,  
 φίλοι, δικασταί, μάρτυρες. μόνον δίδου  
 αὐτοὺς γὰρ ἔχεις τοὺς θεοὺς ὑψηλοῖτας.

*Fab. Incert. X.*

of them are loosely ascribed to some particular author; some are of doubtful parentage, tragic or comic, from Euripides or from Menander. Yet most of them are undoubtedly Menandrian. We are almost surprised to find the sentiment which has consoled even Christian mothers in their bitterest affliction, the loss of their first-born:

ὄν γὰρ Θεοὶ φιλοῦσι, ἀνεβήκεν νέος. *Meinoche*, 425.

'He dies the earliest whom the gods love best.'

It is singular, indeed, to contrast the kind of alternation of poetical adages, trembling as it were on the verge of the tender wisdom of the Gospel, with those instruct with the worldly sagacity and malicious wit of Rochefoucault:

ἀθάνατον ἔχθραν μὴ φυλάττε, θνητός ὢν.

Being mortal, cherish not immortal hatred.

αἰεὶ δ' ὁ σῶθεις, ἀχαρίστος φύσει.

Save man from ruin, he's your foe for ever.

Ἀνθρώπος ὢν, μέμνησο τῆς κοινῆς τύχης.

As man, bethink thee of man's common lot.

Ἀνδρῶν δὲ φαύλων ὄρκων εἰς ὕδωρ γράφει.

On water write the oaths of wicked men.

Ἄγνη πονηρὰς δυστυχεῖ, καὶ εὐτυχῇ.

The wicked man is wretched even when blest.

Δρυὸς πεσάσης πᾶς ἄνθρωπος βυλαίνεται.

All hew their faggots from the fallen oak.

ἅπαντας αὐτῶν κρείσσονας ἀνάγκη ποιεῖ.

might be almost rendered

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

εἰάν δ' ἔχωμεν χρήμαθ' ἐξομέν φίλους.

If we are wealthy, we shall ne'er want friends.

ἄνθρωπος ἀριστος οὐκ ἂν εἴη δυσχερὴς.

No noble man can be ignobly born.

ἅπαντες ἔσμεν εἰς τὰ νοθεύειν σοφοί,

αὐτοὶ δ' ἁμαρτάνοντες οὐ γινώσκόμεν.

All can advise, but few see their own faults.

Γύμναζε παῖδας· ἄνδρας οὐ γὰρ γυμνάσεις.

Teach youth, for man you'll find unteachable.

Ἔστιν Δίκης ὀφθαλμός, ὃς τὰ πάνθ' ὀρᾷ.

The all-seeing eye of Justice is o'er all.

\**Ἡ λέγε τι σιγῆς κρείττον, ἢ σιγὴν ἔχει.*

Our translation is here baffled ; this is feeble—

Break silence with wise words, or else keep silence.

\**Ἰδίας νόμιζε τῶν φίλων τὰς συμφορὰς.*

Think all the sorrows of your friends your own.

*Λίαν φιλῶν σεαυτὸν, οὐχ ἕξεις φίλον.*

Who loves himself too much is loved by none.

*ὁμοία πόρνη δάκρυα, καὶ ῥήτωρ ἔχει.*

The tears of orators are like the harlot's.

*ὁ νοῦς γὰρ ἡμῶν ἐστὶν ἐν ἐκάστῳ θεός.*

In every man there dwells a god, his reason.

*Σέβου τὸ θεῖον μὴ ᾽ξετάζων πῶς ἔχει.*

Reverence, seek not to comprehend the godhead.

*τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα καὶ φρονεῖν νομίζομεν.*

We think the fortunate man must needs be wise.

*τὸ κέρδος ἡγοῦ κέρδος, ἂν δίκαιον ᾖ.*

Think gain is gain, if gotten honestly.

*τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ' αἰσχροῦς θανεῖν.*

It is not base to die, but to die basely.

*φιλεῖ θ' ἑαυτοῦ πλεῖον οὐδεὶς οὐδένα.*

No one loves any one better than himself.

*βροτοῖς ἅπασιν ἡ συνείδησις θεός.*

The conscience is the god within us all.

*διὰ δὲ σιωπῆς πικρότερον κατηγορεῖ.*

At times the bitterest reproach is silence.'

We cannot refrain from adding that the first half, at least, of the distich so often sought in vain in *Hudibras* is Menander's :

\**ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται.*

He that fights and runs away

May live to fight another day.'

Yet after all, though to the sculptor, or to those who have profoundly studied and acquired an exquisite taste for art, the torso, the broken limb, the slightest fragment, will reveal the skill of the Phidias or Praxiteles—that inimitable secret magic of Grecian statuary ; yet to the ordinary observer, the cast, lifeless as it is, and wanting all the sharpness, fulness, delicacy of execution, will express more fully and distinctly the power and genius

genius of the sculptor; so the plays of Terence—casts in Roman clay—from Menander, will be more intelligible, and convey more distinct knowledge, than all the breathing passages in the pages of Meinecke. We do not forget the chapter in Aulus Gellius, in which, having read, with his accomplished friends, some of the Latin comedies, translated from the Greek, he concludes that nothing can surpass their elegance and beauty. (*Lepide quidem et venustè scriptæ videantur, prorsus ut melius posse fieri nihil censeas.*) But when they turned to the Greek originals, and compared them passage by passage, the Latin appeared mean and coarse, and were altogether obscured by the wit and brilliancy of the unrivalled Greek: *jacere et sordere incipiunt quæ Latina sunt; ita Græcorum quas æmulari nequiverunt facetiis atque luminibus obsolescunt.* Of the other imitators of Menander, as Cæcilius, Afranius, who is said by Horace to have worn the toga of Menander not without grace, we have but very scanty remains. Plautus, though in one or two plays he followed Menander, and perhaps in some of his graver characters, he borrowed from the new comedy, yet, as has been said, was on the whole rather the follower of the broader Sicilian Epicharmus; but of the six plays of Terence, at least four are avowedly translated directly, or compiled from more than one of the comedies of Menander. But if, according to Aulus Gellius, the ‘Andria,’ the ‘Eunuch,’ the ‘Adelphi,’ the ‘Heautontimorumenos,’ were but faint copies of the originals—if, in comparison, comic force, *vis comica*, whatsoever be the full meaning of that pregnant phrase, was wanting to Terence; if such were the works of the African slave, who, although he was encouraged by the enlightened praise of some of the noblest in Rome, yet wrote for an ungenial audience, for a stage on which the drama was never altogether naturalised—who had to contend on that stage against the popular rope-dancer,\* and the more congenial gladiatorial show—we can hardly wonder at the wide and lasting fame of Menander. What is to us repugnant in the plots of Terence—the want of variety, the constant iteration of the same or similar incidents; the lost or stolen maiden in slavery, who turns out to

\* See the two prologues to the Hecyra—

Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci potuerit:  
Ita populus studio stupidus in funambulo  
Animum occupat—  
Primo actu placeo: cum interea rumor venit  
Datum iri gladiatores: populus convolat.  
Tumultuantur, clamant, pugnant de loco.

It must be acknowledged that in later days the Athenians were not too faithful to the legitimate drama. *Ἀθηναῖοι δὲ πολλὴν τῇ νεωτερίᾳ τῆς κωμῆς ἰδῶσαν, ἀφ' ἧς ἰνδοεισὶν αἱ περὶ Εὐπειδῶν. Athenæi Deipnos, i. 19.*

be the free-born daughter of an Athenian father; the two fathers, the harsh and the mild, the rustic or the citizen; the two sons; the clever knavish slave, as necessary as the Spanish Gracioso; all this Terence has in common with Menander. So too all that is repulsive in manners and in morals, the looseness of converse between the sexes, the cry to Juno Lucina upon the stage, is mere translation. But with all these common faults, and with the language so much less clear and refined, the versification so much more rude and inharmonious than the iambs of the Greek comedy, what lover of classical literature, what lover of genuine poetry, who, with the slightest taste for wit and elegance, does not dwell with delight on the comedy of Terence? To the initiate all this is so familiar as to bear no illustration, the uninitiate must be left to themselves, to their unenraptured obtuseness as to some of the most exquisite touches of true human feeling so to the fine play of comic fancy. The tradition of the popularity of Terence since the revival of letters, and long before (as we have said, his plays were the stolen or hardly-permitted enjoyment of churchmen and monks), has been kept up in one of our great public schools. And who ever heard such passages as the description of the funeral in the 'Andria,' with the orphaned girl throwing herself back on her lover's bosom, *fleus quam familiariter*! The Davus and the Geta, the Gnatho and the Thraso, and the Phormio, are the types and the parents of the flatterers, and graciosos and Scapins, which have shaken the European scene with laughter for centuries; and themselves are but the antitypes and, it was generally allowed, degenerate offspring of Menander and his school. As an illustration of that comedy, which, without ceasing to be comic, almost melts into the pathetic, read the first act of the 'Heautontimorumenos' (a play not of the four usually acted at Westminster); the poor father sternly punishing himself for what he considers his unnatural harshness to his son, and refrain, if you can, at once from the quiet smile, and almost from the tear.

Yet it may be doubted whether Terence, though in form the undoubted representative of the comic poet in Latin letters, was his real Italian antitype. In mind, in character, in his actual life, in his poetic life, as traced in his works, Horace was the Menander of Rome. Both these poets fell on the days of expiring liberty, in their native city, or rather after liberty had expired; both calmly, it might seem contentedly, acquiesced in the change:—

τὴν τῶν πρωτόντων μάθε φέρειν ἐξουσίαν.—Meinecke, 721.  
Learn to submit thee to the powers that be.

Such

Such was the maxim of Menander, which he carried out, as it should seem, with religious fidelity during his whole career. Who ruled in Athens, and how he ruled, disturbed neither his equanimity in his private life, nor interfered with his activity in providing for the public amusement on the stage. So Horace, the tribune in the army of Brutus, became first the quiet subject, then the friend of the friend of Augustus, at length the friend of the emperor himself. Both Menander and Horace, if they had any yearnings in their minds for more generous and stirring times, lulled themselves to rest in the lap of the philosophy of Epicurus. If Menander drew that philosophy as it were from the fountain, his friend and birth-fellow, Epicurus himself, Horace adopted the same doctrine after it had grown into a system; both led their easy and joyous lives according to its precepts; what Glycera and Thais were to one, were Lalage and Lydia to the other. Both had, or might have had, royal patrons: Menander was invited to the court of Ptolemy; Horace basked in the sunshine of the favour of Augustus. If thorough Epicureans in life, habits, thoughts, still traditions of higher and nobler things crossed the minds of both. The indelible sense of the Godhead in the world had not been extinguished, by stern and deliberate reasoning and logical inference, as in Lucretius, from the mind of either—

ὁὖνς θεῶν ὀφθαλμοῖς εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὄραν.—*Menander*, 695.

However sometimes Menander might yield up to Chance (*Τύχη*) the whole rule of human affairs, and make her his very Providence, there was still a struggling within—God was within the man:—

βροτοῖς ἅπασιν ἡ συνείδησις θεός.

To all men conscience is the God within.—654.

ἐλπίζε τιμῶν τὸν θεὸν πράξειν καλῶς.—142.

ἐσθλῶ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ, ἐσθλὰ καὶ διδοῖ θεός.—141.

εὐχῆς δικαίας οὐκ ἀνήκοος θεός.—146.

ἐστὶν Δίκης ὀφθαλμοῖς, ὅς τὰ πάνθ' ὄρῃ.—179.

If among these, and many more such aphorisms, Christian zeal may have interpolated or perverted some, no doubt the greater part are pure and authentic Menander. It may be sufficient to indicate the insanientis dum sapientiæ consultus erro of Horace; and even the noble lines—

‘Hunc solem et stellas et decedentia certis  
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ  
Imbuti spectent’—

may almost seem to protest against the poet's Epicurean boast,  
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that nothing is wonderful to the philosopher. In no point are the minds of the two poets more kindred and harmonious than in the sadness and tenderness which perpetually break through their lighter and sprightlier moods. The cypress buds are in their gayest garlands. We have already cited the lines of Menander on the early death of those beloved by the gods. The following are of a darker colour; to us commonplace, but in Greek poetry, from the contrast, impressive:—

Ὅταν εἰδέναι θέλῃς σεαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ,  
ἔμβλεψον εἰς τὰ μνήμαθ', ὡς ὁδοιπορεῖς.  
ἐνταυθ' ἐνεστ' ὅσα τε καὶ κοῦφῃ κόνις  
ἀνδρῶν βασιλέων, καὶ τυράννων καὶ σοφῶν,  
καὶ μέγα φρονούντων ἐπὶ γένει καὶ χρήμασιν,  
αὐτῶν τε δόξῃ, καὶ πῖ κάλλει σωμάτων.  
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν τῶνδ' ἐπήρκεσεν χρόνος.  
κοινὸν τὸν ἄδην ἔσχον οἱ πάντες βροτοί  
πρὸς ταυθ' ὁρῶν· γίνωσκε σεαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ.

'If you would know of what rude stuff you're made,  
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead;  
There rest the bones of kings, there tyrants rot;  
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise;  
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest forms,  
All dust alike, compound one common mass.  
Reflect on them, and in them see yourself.'—*Cumberland.*

Compare the

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres.'

The whole ode:—

'Moriture Delli!

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo  
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,  
Cedes et extructis in altum  
Divitiis potietur hæres.

Victima nil miserantis Orci

Omnes eodem cogimur.'

But it is not in these incidental and natural points that we would insist on the parallel between Menander and Horace: it is because each was the best, most lively, most instructive painter of ordinary life, the one in Athens, the other in Rome. Terence, and the Latin comic writers, borrow their manners as well as their plots and characters: all is Athenian, all are copies of a copy. Wherever they attempt to mingle the two, as Plautus sometimes does,

does, perhaps to enhance the burlesque, as when, *e.g.*, he appeals to Attic laws before a Roman prætor, the effect, if more comical, is altogether untrue. As in Menander, Athenian life lives, speaks, acts, puts on its broader extravagances and follies, its lighter and more subtle shades and tints; so in Horace, Roman life lives and acts. The poet introduces us to the very fops and bores who walked the Sacred Way, or swept the suburra with their laticlave—the magnificos who feasted gluttonous and servile parasites. Every rank, from Davus the slave to Mæcenas, or higher than Mæcenas, appears before us; sometimes, as in the old comedy, they are under their proper names; sometimes, as is general with Menander, they furnish the traits and touches which give actual being to the imaginary character. If the Athenian *impersonates* in his dramas, and the Roman only *describes* in his Satires and Epistles, the difference is, that one wrote for a theatrical, the other for an untheatrical people—the one for those among whom the theatre, the legitimate theatre, was native, supreme, perfect; the other, where it was foreign, secondary to more fierce and stirring amusements—domiciliated, but yet a stranger—rarely daring to figure Roman men or Roman manners, and, where it did so, not justifying the bold innovation with acknowledged success. The glorious name of poets may have been denied to, or grudgingly bestowed on, both. In the days of Horace the question was agitated, whether a comedy—a Menandrian comedy—was a poem or not; so the poetic fame of Horace has been rested on his Odes—certainly his least title to that fame; while the Satire and the Epistle, the only form of poetry in which Rome was original, have been held too common and pedestrian to entitle him to that lofty appellation. But if we could imagine Horace lost, and, like Menander, left to us only in some far-scattered fragments, would there be any doubt as to what part of Roman poetry we should pray all-devouring Time to surrender back? About Varius our curiosity is certainly keen, but how little of the rest of the whole range of Roman verse might not Oblivion take in exchange! We may fairly imagine that as great a blank has been created in the subduction of Menander as would have been if Horace were altogether erased from Latin letters; or if he lived but in his Odes, and in a few passages ill chosen from his better works, in here and there a moral line, or a few lifeless passages of his Satires and his Epistles.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Henry Fielding, with Notices of his Writings, his Times, and his Contemporaries.* By Frederick Lawrence, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1855.

MR. LAWRENCE has been a diligent collector of the scattered notices which relate to the life and works of Fielding. Had he stopped here, he would have produced a far better book than has resulted from his attempt to execute the more ambitious design of depicting the times and contemporaries of his hero. The plan itself is extremely objectionable. In order to get at the career of one man, we are compelled to read something about all the persons who flourished, and all the events which happened, in his age; and if the method becomes universal, this general biography and general history of an era must be re-told in connexion with every noted individual who belonged to it. Lives will grow to an intolerable magnitude, the confusion of subjects will be endless and perplexing, the repetitions nauseating. No more accessories should be grouped around the central figure than are essential to his story; nor can we discover any other ground for the departure from this rule than the one alleged by Swift in his praise of digressions, that it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. Even in the instances in which eminent men have been closely associated with others, or largely mixed up with public affairs, and where in consequence some latitude must be allowed,\* it requires the most self-denying judgment to reject superfluous particulars, and the utmost art to blend those which are retained. In this art and judgment Mr. Lawrence is entirely deficient. His digressions have constantly no relation to the career and character of Fielding; they break the thread of the narrative, and are meagre and vapid in themselves. He seems to have been reluctant to lose any of the materials upon which he had stumbled in the course of his researches, a failing which is commonest with those whose stock of knowledge is not very great, and who, in the phrase of Pope, are so overflowing though not full. But the worst fault of all is, that a large part of Mr. Lawrence's

\* Mr. Lawrence, in his preface, quotes the example of Mr. Forster's well-known 'Life of Goldsmith' in justification of his plan. It is surprising it should not have occurred to him that the cases were entirely different; for Goldsmith, in consequence of Boswell's matchless record, is so intimately connected with the Johnsonian circle that we cannot separate him from his associates.

narrative is so mixed up with the embellishments of his fancy, that it is impossible to separate fact from fiction. He belongs to the school of biographical restorers who, from the fragment of an arm or foot, can venture to reproduce the entire figure. There is hardly a page in which, in some particular or other, he has not gone beyond his authorities, and, in general, without the least intimation that his statements are purely conjectural. These imaginative additions have not even the merit of being vivid and picturesque. Like the rest of the book, they are feeble both in style and conception, and this want of accuracy almost neutralises the praise to which Mr. Lawrence would have been entitled for gleaming together the little that has been recorded respecting the most illustrious of English novelists.

Henry Fielding was the great-grandson of the Earl of Desmond, who was a son of the Earl of Denbigh. The peer of the novelist's generation asked him why they wrote their names differently; the older line adhering to the old usage of placing the *s* before the *i* (Feilding), and he cannot tell, my lord, replied Henry, except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell. The Earls of Denbigh derived their origin from the House of Habsburg, which supplied emperors to Germany and kings to Spain; and Gibbon employed the circumstance to point his celebrated eulogy upon our immortal countryman: 'The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the House of Austria.'

This founder of a glory more durable than that of kings was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, on the 22nd of April, 1707. His father, Edmund, served under the Duke of Marlborough, and subsequently rose to the rank of lieutenant-general; his mother was a daughter of Mr. Justice Gould. In addition to the novelist, a son and four daughters were the issue of the marriage. When Henry's mother died, the widower took a second wife, by whom he had six sons. This lady also preceded the general to the tomb, and before his own death, in 1741, he had married a third and fourth time.

Henry was first instructed at home by Mr. Oliver, a clergyman, the original of Parson Trulliber in 'Joseph Andrews.' Although the minister of the parish, he is described in the novel as devoting his whole attention to farming, and as personally superintending its most grovelling details. His build, habits, and conversation, all partake of his agricultural calling. In a word, he is a mean, ignorant farmer in orders. It may be inferred from this satirical sketch, however embellished in the details, that young Fielding

received

received from him neither knowledge nor kindness, and the only benefit he probably did his pupil was the unintentional service of furnishing him with the materials for his ludicrous portrait.

Henry was next sent to Eton, where he formed an acquaintance with several persons who were afterwards distinguished. One of these was the future great commoner, Mr. Pitt. Fielding soon repaired at this celebrated seminary the neglect of Mr. Oliver, and became conspicuous among his fellows for his knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics. How deeply his mind was imbued with them, how heartily he admired and how much he had profited by them, is evident in all his happiest works. He has, indeed, been accused of a tendency to pedantry; but what with some men is ostentation was in his case the simple application of materials which early habit had made so familiar that they had lost their learned air and were entirely native to him.

From Eton, when he was about eighteen years of age, he went to Leyden, where for two years he studied civil law with the diligence of a man who was seriously bent on qualifying himself for his profession. He was then compelled to return to England by the inability of his father to supply him with funds. His biographer, Murphy, laments this interruption to his education, because 'an ampler store of knowledge might have given such a complete improvement to his talents as would afterwards have shone forth with still greater lustre in his writings.' No observation could be less appropriate. The sky is not more dotted with stars than the works of Fielding with learning; his style shows that he had sedulously trained himself in the school of the best masters, and his own consummate genius did the rest. It could have added nothing to his reputation if, drawing the mass of his ideas from books instead of from nature and imagination, he had shone with a borrowed and not an inherent lustre. But what for his own sake is to be regretted is, that, forced from the steady prosecution of the law, he should have been cast into a career which fostered his tendency to an irregular and licentious life. He arrived in the capital his own master when he was not yet twenty-one. His father was as unable to support him in London as in Leyden; and though the general was good enough to allow him 200*l.* a year, his son used to say that 'anybody might pay it who would.' In this situation he had no other resource, to use his own expression, than 'to become a hackney writer or a hackney coachman.' The alternations of luxury and misery which were the result of the precarious subsistence of the authors of that day who lived by their wits, have been vividly described by Mr. Macaulay. Deprivation only served to sharpen their desires, and when they made a lucky hit they rushed into the extremes of extravagance

extravagance and debauchery to slake the cravings engendered by an enforced self-denial. To no one was the temptation stronger than to Fielding. He had a constitution which was keenly alive to sensual delights, and a temperament too gross to be repelled by accessories which would have shocked finer tastes. Vice, vulgar, dirty, and in rags, was not less welcome to him than when decked out in the gayest and most alluring garb. The intoxication of superiority gave an additional piquancy to his love of conviviality. His enlivening talk and exuberant spirits rendered him the king of his company, and he was equally courted by men of pleasure and men of letters. Lord Lyttleton declared that he had more wit and humour in conversation than Pope, Swift, and all the other celebrities of that brilliant time put together. He began by attaching himself to the dramatic department of literature, which brought him into close contact with the loose society which then haunted the theatres, and was one more pitfall in a path which at best was beset with dangers. The necessities which were the bane of his character were the stimulants of his genius; and had his circumstances been happier, the novelist might have been lost in the politician or judge, as Ovids and Martials were lost in Pulteney and Murray.

That a youth little more than twenty, disappointed of his remittances, should come to London determined to support himself by his pen, instead of returning to his father's house, would be evidence of an heroic energy and independence; but there can be little question that his bias was in the same direction, and that literature had from the outset disputed the supremacy with law. In the preface to a play, entitled '*Don Quixote in England*,' which was produced at the Haymarket in 1733, he states that the opening scenes were sketched at Leyden. Yet even this was not his first performance, for, in adding that it 'was written before *most* of the pieces with which he had endeavoured to entertain the public,' he lets us see that it had more than one predecessor. Indeed the fact that '*Love in several Masques*'—the comedy which introduced him to the world—was acted in the beginning of 1728, is a proof that it must have been prepared before he arrived in London. It bears too many marks of the file to have been hastily composed; and the wonder is, that, being yet unknown to fame, the short interval which elapsed between his return from Leyden and its performance should have sufficed to get it read, considered, accepted, and rehearsed.

In plot, dialogue, and characters, '*Love in several Masques*' is moulded upon the plays of Congreve. There is little art in the construction, little probability in the incidents, and nothing  
natural

natural in the personages of the piece. The men and women are a set of puppets, who utter witty similes and epigrammatic conceits. Every speech is studied and artificial, and the lead takes no counsel of the heart. The lovers seem without feeling, the very intriguers without passion. It is a cold, unreal, insipid world, and we soon grow tired of listening to the laboured talk of these pretentious phantoms. The comedy does not in our day appear more diverting for two or three coarse caricatures which amused a licentious and disgust a decent generation. Fielding boasts, in his preface, that he was the youngest author who had ever produced a piece upon the stage, and, notwithstanding all its defects, it afforded, his years considered, extraordinary promise, from the power of language, witticism, and composition displayed in the dialogue. Even in these particulars it fell short of the 'Old Bachelor' of his model, Congreve, who was long supposed to have been only twenty-one when his first play was performed; but from the date of his birth, which has since been recovered, it is now known that he was twenty-four; and though he asserted that it was written some years before it was acted, it is certain that he would revise it to the best of his ability when he gave it to the world. Thus the wonder is less than if the entire comedy had been composed when it appeared. He had a longer period for consideration; he could review his own work with comparative impartiality, and he had the advantage of a settled framework, to which he could attach the observations of increasing experience, and the bright sallies which from time to time arose in his mind.

The first efforts of genius are usually imitative. It aspires to rival what has most attracted it in favourite authors, and acquires the skill in the attempt which afterwards enables it to give shape to its own imaginings. This was the service which Fielding derived from Congreve. He lived to prove that his wit was far racier and more abundant than that of his master, but the master in his own inferior kind was never reached by the pupil. Fielding was not long in breaking loose from the trammels he had imposed on himself. The mannerism is less visible in his next comedy, the 'Temple Beau,' and soon entirely ceased. The antithetical wit of Congreve required time and thought for its production, and the haste with which Fielding dashed off his pieces, when he was fairly embarked in his career, compelled him to follow the spontaneous current of his ideas. When he undertook to furnish a play he would go home late from a tavern, and the next morning hand a scene to the actors, written upon the paper which had wrapped his tobacco. He commonly completed a farce in two

or three days. His cousin, Lady Mary Wortley,\* says that necessity forced him to throw many productions into the world which he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, and money without scribbling. Rather they would not have been written at all, and it was love of ease more than want of leisure, which led him to put forth these hurried effusions. The intervals between his plays show that this extreme rapidity of composition could only have been occasioned by his aversion to work till compelled by poverty. To the other causes for his carelessness Mr. Murphy adds, that he had a sovereign contempt for the understandings of his audience, and believed them incapable of discriminating between the finest and coarsest strokes of his pen. Garrick begged him to erase a passage from the *Wedding Day*, which the actor predicted would provoke opposition. 'No,' replied Fielding, 'if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out.' On the first night of the piece the author sat in the green-room drinking champagne when Garrick entered, flushed from the stage. 'What's the matter?' said Fielding, cocking his eye at him; 'what are they hissing now?' 'Why, the scene that I begged you to retrace, and they have so frightened me that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night.' 'Oh, they have found it out, have they?' calmly replied the philosophic author.

When every allowance has been made it must still be confessed that his genius was not dramatic. Of the ingredients which enter into a sterling comedy—plot, characters, incident, conversation, humour—not one was wanting in him; but these qualities assume different forms in novels, in which he so mightily excelled, from what they do in plays, in which he so egregiously failed. The novel is carried on in narrative as well as by dialogue, the play by dialogue alone; the novel is an expanded picture of life, and affords room for minute description and accumulated details; the play has to be represented at a single sitting, and requires selection and compression: the novel appeals solely to the imagination; the play is seen as well as heard. Such is the influence of the last circumstance that even the play which reads best in the closet is not always that which tells most on the stage. If Fielding's novels be examined, it will be found that their excellences are seldom of the kind which the theatre demands. He deals very largely in narrative, and his humour shines in it with peculiar lustre. Events which would be mean, trivial, or grotesque, when per-

\* Lady Mary Wortley was the great-granddaughter of that same Earl of Desmond of whom Henry Fielding was the great-grandson. The maiden name of her mother, the Duchess of Kingston, was Mary Fielding.

formed, are set off by his diverting mode of relating them, and the admirable reflections he has based on them. Though the dialogue is exquisitely comic, it derives a considerable portion of its force from the comments which accompany it, and would lose much of its point if it stood by itself. He needed the aid of description to develop his characters and story, and could not make the speakers reveal themselves fully out of their own mouths. The conversation of his plays is too often in consequence flat and insipid, the personages are not brought out in sufficient relief, the incidents are not of a nature to tell in actual representation. Debarred from indulging in the minute particularities which give such effect to his tales, he either crowded together events which he had not space to assort and unfold, or he fell into the opposite extreme of dreary barrenness. Unable to spread his plot over an extensive surface, he was apt to disregard his fable altogether. He found it difficult in his pieces to lead the incidents up to a natural and spirited conclusion, and used to drink confusion to the man who invented fifth acts. When to these things we add that a play to be successful must throughout rouse stronger emotions than a book, where the most refined beauties are those which call forth the warmest commendation from competent judges, it is not surprising that no great novelist should yet have proved himself a great dramatist. Both depict human nature; but as the means by which they accomplish this end are in many respects unlike, whoever succeeds in performing the double part must possess two arts instead of one.

It would be idle and wearisome to criticise in detail pieces which, in the aggregate, are unworthy of their author. The few lively speeches, shrewd observations, mirthful situations, and faint outlines of genuine character are overlaid with caricature, extravagance, nonsense, and dulness. To supply the deficiency of wit he seasoned his plays with the grossest indecorums. The worst writers of the worst period of the Restoration are not greater offenders. Those who imagine that Jeremy Collier banished immorality and profanity from the stage may learn from Fielding that neither audience nor author were so easily shamed. Whenever the works of the great novelist are reprinted it is to be hoped that dramas which do dishonour to his principles, without doing credit to his talents, will be omitted from the collection. When the wine is drawn off, every reader will be glad that the dregs should be left behind.

His second comedy—the ‘*Temple Beau*’—was produced in January 1730, and three other plays followed in the same year, of which the last was ‘*Tom Thumb*,’ a farce which still retains its celebrity. Originally in one act, Fielding was in-  
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duced by its popularity to expand it into three. Whatever improvements it may have received in the process, the increased length was in itself a disadvantage. Such jests grow ponderous when they are protracted. The piece is a burlesque of numerous bombastic lines in modern tragedies, with many of which no single person could possibly have been familiar even in Fielding's day, and the bulk of which are quite forgotten in ours. Much of the humour depends on a knowledge of the parallel passages; and though the author has printed them in the notes, there is more weariness than amusement in glancing incessantly from the text to the disjointed fragments of the originals at the foot of the page, which give point to the parody. In spite of some ludicrous strokes, 'Tom Thumb' in its integrity is a heavy production, and is rather read for its traditional fame than for the entertainment it affords.

The dramas of Fielding had variable fates, most of them meeting with only a moderate success. He did not make another notable hit till he brought out the 'Mock Doctor,' at the close of 1732, and the 'Miser' at the commencement of 1733, both of them translations from the French of Molière. The 'Miser,' according to Voltaire, had a run of nearly thirty nights, which, he states, was a very rare compliment in London, where the most popular pieces were seldom performed more than fifteen times. He goes so far as to pay Fielding the tribute of saying that he had added to the original some beauties of dialogue peculiar to his nation. But these are trifles which make no sensible addition to the fame of the author of 'Tom Jones.'

He next appears (1733) in the degrading light of joint-proprietor with Hyppesley, the comedian, of a booth for the performance of plays at Bartholomew Fair. Many actors of respectability took advantage, in those days, of the congregation of holiday-folks, and opened these temporary theatres to catch the crowd. Yet even then it must have been thought beneath the province of a gentleman to advertise himself as the owner of a player's booth at a fair; but when his finances were exhausted he was never nice, Murphy says, in his mode of recruiting them. He would exhibit a farce or a puppet-show at the Haymarket Theatre, to the distress of his pride, which revolted from the measures to which it stooped. He was considered to have just ideas of propriety, a high sense of the dignity of an author and a scholar, though extravagance and its attendant poverty constantly drove him to do violence to his better feelings.

Fielding had been six or seven years engaged in writing for the stage when he contracted a marriage which for a brief period gave a total change to the current of his life. On his return from  
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Layden he had paid his addresses to Miss Andrews, an heiress, who lived at Lyme with her guardian Mr. Tacker, who did not favour the suit. The lover is said to have attempted to abscond with his prize; and there is an entry in the archives of Lyme, from which it appears that the conduct of himself and his servant had inspired the guardian with apprehensions of violence to his person. In short, Fielding at twenty-one was much what we might have expected—a young Lochinvar, daimtless, headstrong, and impetuous. He had now better fortune with Miss Cradock, of Salisbury, who was possessed of beauty and fifteen hundred pounds. He is said by Murphy to have inherited about the same time, an estate in Dorsetshire, of two hundred a year, through the death of his mother, whom, however, he lost when he was a child of eleven. Whatever was the family arrangement by which he came into East Stour, he went to reside there with his bride. He had broken away from his London haunts and associates; he was extremely attached to his wife; he had the strongest relish for literature, and found endless entertainment in books. He had leisure to indulge in his taste for authorship, and a moderate competence, which took away the necessity for undigested compositions, and would have permitted him to elaborate a work worthy of his extraordinary talents. Every element of happiness appeared to have met together, and the use he made of these gifts of fortune is an illustration of the assertion of Lady Mary Wortley, that he would have wanted money if his hereditary lands had been as extensive as his imagination. He encumbered himself,' says Murphy, 'with a large retinue of servants, all clad in costly yellow liveries. For their master's honour these people could not descend so low as to be careful in their apparel, but in a month or two were unfit to be seen; the squire's dignity required that they should be new-equipped, and his chief pleasure consisting in society and convivial mirth, he hospitably threw open his doors, and, in less than three years, entertainments, hounds, and horses entirely devoured a little patrimony which, had it been managed with economy, might have secured him in a state of independence for the rest of his life.' † It will be

\* These particulars have recently been communicated to the 'Athenæum' by Mr. George Roberts, late mayor of Lyme.

† Mr. Lawrence's paraphrase of this brief passage from Mr. Murphy will serve as an example of his mode of dressing up his authorities. 'He determined to show the squirearchy of Dorset how superior to their order was the London-bred gentleman. Accordingly Squire Fielding soon began to create a sensation in the county. His mansion was the scene of profuse hospitality and riotous enjoyment. His horses and hounds were numbered amongst the glories of the neighbourhood. His equipage outdied in splendour and elegance the carriages of his richer neighbours, and the yellow liveries of his serving-men were long held in remembrance.'

be seen from this that he was not one of those petty spendthrifts who waste away their substance by gradual encroachments. He was a daring and determined prodigal, who made no attempt to apportion his rate of living to his means, but started at once upon a scale which he was conscious must reduce him to almost instant beggary. The experience which genius buys it can afterwards sell, and we may presume that it was during this period that he became acquainted with Squire Western and the other country characters who have made his novels immortal.

Though Murphy asserts that Fielding continued his East Stour establishment for nearly three years, it is doubtful if he retained it more than one, for in 1786 he was in London, renting the little theatre at the Haymarket, and presiding over a motley company of comedians. Here he produced his 'Pisquid', a Dramatic Satire on the Times, of which the most piquant portions related to the bribery practised at elections. The play has several bright and pungent touches, with a large alloy of the wildest absurdities. What was wanting of the zest of wit was supplied by the virulence of party, and the piece was performed for more than fifty nights. Fielding resolved to work the political vein upon which he had hit, and in the beginning of 1787 he brought out at his theatre the 'Historical Register for 1736'. In this farce he introduced, under the name of Quidam, Sir Robert Walpole himself, who is represented as bribing pretended patriots. Five years before he had dedicated the comedy of the 'Modern Husband' to the great minister, and, with the usual

bravado. The selection of such a colour was characteristic of Fielding's thoughtless extravagance. Yellow plush, however splendid, proved by no means an economical article of attire for a careless lackey. Directly the glories of a suit were dimmed or soiled it was thrown aside, for the rustic flunkeys considered it their duty to keep up the Squire's character by the lustre of their personal appearance. The portions printed in italics have nothing answering to them in the account of Mr. Murphy. Indeed he virtually contradicts them when he says that Fielding 'began to vie [not to out-vie] in splendour with the neighbouring country squires.' Even the anecdote of the yellow liveries is altered and exaggerated. An entire article would not suffice to exhibit one-half of the freedoms in which Mr. Lawrence has indulged, not to mention such gratuitous suppositions as the following. It may be asked how it was that Mrs. Fielding—the Salisbury beauty—did not, with a woman's quick sense of propriety, interfere to check this ridiculous extravagance? Alas! it is to be feared that from vanity or weakness she abetted him in his follies, or at the most confined herself to a timid remonstrance without venturing on a firm expostulation. . . . Not being a strong-minded woman—that is pretty clear—but rather, it would seem, a fond and foolish one, she was dazzled by this brief dream of pride and pleasure; and though the future might have worn to her eye a lowering aspect, she was too much gratified by her husband's popularity, and too proud of his wit and agreeable qualities, to check him in his mad career.'—(Life of Fielding, p. 75.) As far as we are aware, Mr. Lawrence has no warrant for this censorious description of the conduct of Mrs. Fielding, which is very inconsistent with the character which her husband afterwards drew of her in 'Amelia.'

appendage of compliments, had appealed to him to protect the Muses, and talked of the time 'when envy should cease to misrepresent his actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them.' Envy and ignorance nevertheless had now an ally in the disappointed dedicator. The 'wise statesman,' as he termed him, had not thought proper, in his wisdom, to respond to the call, and the greatest objection, it is to be feared, which Fielding felt to his reputed bounty, was that it had not been extended to himself. Or what is just as likely, he may have had no deeper motive than to avail himself of a period of factious frenzy to season his dish to suit the palates of his audience. He at any rate returned to his first opinion, and in his latest work, penned with his dying hand, he called Sir Robert Walpole 'one of the best of men and of ministers.' In the mean time the theatrical speculation of the needy dramatist was ruined by its success. If we are to believe Cibber and other writers of the time, the 'Historical Register' was the principal cause of that Playhouse Act of which the 'Golden Rump' was the pretext, and which, by requiring that every piece produced upon the stage should be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, compelled Mr. Manager Fielding to shut up his establishment at the very moment when, taking advantage of his popularity, he was proposing a subscription to enlarge and beautify the building, and provide a company of better actors. While he was still conducting the Haymarket Theatre, a new farce from his pen was, for some reason not stated, brought out at another house, and deservedly hissed. He printed it, apparently to shame his censors, and varied the customary words on the title-page, 'as it was performed,' &c., to 'as it was *damned* at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.' If the nonsense it contains had not been fatal to it, it ought to have been hooted for its profanity.

With his retirement from the management of the house in the Haymarket the dramatic career of Fielding came virtually to a close. The 'Wedding Day,' which was first brought out in 1743, and the 'Good-natured Man,' which was not performed till after his death, were both early productions, and he had only a small share in the ballad-farce of 'Miss Lucy in Town,' which was acted in 1742, and is the sole remaining piece connected with his name which appeared subsequent to 1737. He afterwards remarked, as an excuse for the imperfections of his plays, that he left off writing for the theatre when he ought to have begun. His hand, however, had not improved with practice, nor was there anything to prevent him from repeating the experiment in the maturity of his powers, if he had anticipated a more brilliant result from his labours. He had the same motive

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of hunger to stimulate him, and we suspect that when he abandoned the calling he had become conscious himself that his strength lay in another direction.

Murphy relates that Fielding was never to be subdued by difficulties, which roused him, on the contrary, into facing them with peculiar energy and determination. He loved pleasure far too well to exert himself, except when want was at his heels to urge him on, but his courage and capacity were great, and when the call was imperious he jumped up manfully and went to work like a giant. To this magnanimity in wrestling with adverse circumstances he joined a sanguine temperament which diffused a light over the most desolate prospects. Whatever was the trial of the hour, his imagination conjured up flattering visions in the distance. No man, when fortune favoured him, found such exquisite satisfaction in the present, and when the present grew dark he lived with a happy versatility upon the future. His situation at this crisis demanded all his hopeful and vigorous qualities to sustain his spirits. He had a wife to maintain; he had madly squandered both her fortune and his own; he had the stings of self-reproach to endure, without, that we can discover, one alleviating reflection to blunt their force; he had embarked in a speculation which only succeeded by the licence he assumed, and which, when once repressed, left him without a second resource for carrying on the project. In this condition he took the valorous resolution of qualifying himself for the bar, and became a student of the Middle Temple in November 1737, when he was nearly thirty-one.

‘The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slave:  
But she’s a drudge when hectored by the brave.’

None of the productions of his pen for the next two years are known, but it is certain that his earnings were his principal means of support, and he is said by Murphy to have been the author of numerous political pamphlets, some of which belonged to this period. Many more of his anonymous works have never been collected, and cannot now be identified. The attempt to avert censure by concealment was so far from succeeding, that it got him the discredit of a vast amount of trash in which he had no concern, and he complained in 1744 that he was the reputed author of half the treason, scurrility, blasphemy, and indecency, to which the last few years had given birth. To relieve himself of the infamy of this spurious brood, he solemnly promised in 1743 that none of his children should henceforth be sent out into the world without the name of their parent; but finding that his pledge did not protect him, he withdrew it a twelvemonth afterwards.

wards. There is no reason to regret the loss of occasional pamphlets which he himself was ashamed to own. They were written to get bread, and not to extort the admiration of posterity. They were thought unworthy of republication by his friends and family, who had these effusions before them, and we may easily infer, from some of the pieces which have been preserved, that they would add one more to a hundred proofs that even great men can produce nothing great unless they bend their minds to their task. But what is worthy of all admiration is the self-denying bravery with which this man of pleasure, this haunter of taverns and squanderer of thousands now applied himself at thirty years of age to the double duty of procuring a subsistence for the day that was passing over him, and pursuing a dry, arduous, and, for the present, profitless study. He persevered nevertheless, read with remarkable intensity, and, when occasionally tempted to recreate himself with the dissipation he loved so dearly, he would sit up for hours on returning late to his chambers, and snatch from sleep the time he had given to riot. He acquired a respectable knowledge of his profession, and in particular departments was deemed a proficient. He compiled a treatise upon Crown-law, in two volumes, folio, which was never printed, but which his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, the celebrated police magistrate, told Mr. Murphy was considered perfect in some of its parts.

Fielding was called to the bar on the 20th of June, 1740, and at the same time retired from the management of the 'Champion,' an essay-paper published three times a week, and of which he had been the principal prop since November, 1739. This is an indication that he intended to give himself up to the law, and allow no lighter pursuits to intervene. He went the Western Circuit, and was a punctual attendant at Westminster Hall, but it is doubtful whether he ever succeeded in convincing the attorneys that the writer for the stage, the lessee of a theatre, the witty town reveller, the jovial country squire who had suffered horses and hounds to eat up his estate in one short season, the essayist, the pamphleteer, the author of all work, was really a plodding barrister, whose heart and head were in his profession. The jealousy with which legal practitioners regard a divided allegiance has long been proverbial, and in general they are right in the suspicion that the professors of literature give a grudging and scanty service to law. Alexander Chalmers found it related in the 'Annual Register' for 1762 that Fielding, meeting for two or three years with no success, had recourse to the device of printing proposals for a new law-book, an undertaking which in those days was seldom ventured on, as it is at present,

present, by raw, inexperienced, incompetent men, and the announcement being received as evidence of his learning, briefs poured in thick upon him throughout the Western Circuit at the next assizes. His practice was lost as suddenly as it was gained, which shows, if there is any truth in the story, that he did not distinguish himself in the conduct of his cases. A fresh adversary shortly assailed him in the shape of gout, the fruit of his debauchery, and often obliged him to intermit his attendance on the courts. Henceforward he resigned all hope of attaining to the higher honours of his profession. He was an example of his own observation, 'Means are always in our power, ends very seldom; and notwithstanding the time and care he had spent in preparing for this promising throw, the dice had not been favourable, and he had still his living to seek. His father died in June, 1741, exactly a year after his son was called to the bar. With his large family it was not to be expected that he could bequeath a second patrimony to the prodigal who had run through the estate at East Stour. Fielding was sensible that his father had done for him all that lay in his power; and he was therefore, says his biographer, never wanting in filial piety, which his nearest relations agree, was a shining part of his character.

During this probationary period at the bar, Fielding still sent forth ephemeral pieces, which have sunk into a final and deserved oblivion. But the time was now come when he was to rise above the crowd of briefless barristers, Grub-street scribes, and convivial good-fellows, to all of which fraternities he belonged, and show the world what stuff he was made of. In December, 1740, appeared the celebrated 'Pamela' of Richardson. The book, excellent in intention and, in some respects, powerful in execution, had its ridiculous as well as its impressive side. Its popularity was great, and it was convenient to Fielding, always on the look-out for every theme which attracted public notice, to see it in its ludicrous light. He determined to make a companion story, the vehicle for laughing at it. With this view he gives Pamela Andrews, the heroine of Richardson, a brother Joseph, whom he places in service, like his sister, and exposes to the same temptations from his mistress which she had undergone from her master. The squire in Pamela is called Mr. B—; Fielding fills up the blank, and christens him Mr. Booby. The moral of 'Virtue Rewarded' is that Mr. B. marries his maid; Fielding represents the Lady Booby of his Joseph Andrews as eager to marry her footman. The satire is very laughable and very contemptuous, and, what is singular, and a remarkable instance of tact, is that in travestying Pamela, Fielding has never himself once deviated from nature. His tale is now commonly read without the least

regard to the original which he ridiculed, and no one probably ever felt that the incidents needed any other justification than their intrinsic probability. He warmed with his subject as he proceeded, and, forgetting the primitive design, suspended the satire through the greater portion of the story, and only resumed it to give consistency to the work at the close. The scheme, however, with which he commenced, occasioned the introduction of the scenes between Joseph and Lady Booby, which are the most offensive in the book.

Fielding avowed that his intention was to imitate Cervantes, and Dr. Warton professed himself unable to discover the resemblance. It is not, indeed, very obvious, and, in so far as it exists, appears to consist in the plan rather than in the style or the incidents. Fielding made a mock of Pamela, as Cervantes, in a less censorious spirit, had extracted mirth out of books of chivalry, and both adopted the method of carrying their heroes from place to place, and rendered the journeys, and the haltings at public-houses, the means of introducing a vast variety of amusing characters and adventures. But Fielding is so much an original that, except for his own confession, nobody would have suspected him of having worked after a model. In one particular there was a strong similarity between his literary career and that of Cervantes. The Spaniard, who was fifty-eight when he published the first part of *Don Quixote*, had, like the Englishman, written a considerable number of indifferent dramas which gave no indication of the immortal work which afterwards astonished and delighted the world. He was the author of several tales, for which even his subsequent fame can procure very few readers, and which would certainly have been forgotten if the lustre of his masterpiece had not shed its light upon everything which belonged to him. It was not till he was verging upon threescore that he hit upon the happy plan which was to exhibit his genius, and which nothing previously sufficed to display. Fielding was equally ignorant of his province. Writing for a subsistence, trying everything by turns, having the strongest interest in discovering how he could lay out his powers to the best advantage, he mistook his road, and only found it by chance. If Pamela had never existed, it is more than possible that English literature might have wanted Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia. It is not enough, we see, from the instance both of Fielding and Cervantes, to possess the deepest knowledge of life, the richest humour, and the most fertile invention. There is some special groundwork upon which alone they can be laid, and, strange to say, the owner of the gifts is often unable to discover a method by which to dis-  
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burthen his mind of its own abundant ideas. This may induce us to believe that the reputation of men among their contemporaries is not always ill-founded, although their works fall below, as in the case of Coleridge, the opinion which friends and acquaintances have formed of their powers. Congreve, so epigrammatic in his comedies, teeming, above all, with sparkling repartee, attempted to reply to the attack upon his dramas by Jeremy Collier. The pointed, provoking sarcasm of his antagonist, the expectations formed by the public of the brilliant refutation which would be made by the smartest writer of his time—then in the zenith of his fame—conspired to compel Congreve to strain every nerve in the contest, and endeavour at least to obtain that victory in wit which the badness of his cause denied him in argument. His answer, nevertheless, was as flip-pant and dull as if it had proceeded from Settle himself, and showed that the man who was profusely witty in a play might strive in vain, in a controversy which seemed formed to give an opening to pungent retorts, to be witty in a pamphlet.

'Joseph Andrews' was published in February, 1742, a little more than a twelvemonth after the appearance of 'Pamela.' It seems to have become immediately popular, though it did not obtain the reputation we should have expected from the freshness, the vivacity, the life, the truth, the originality of the narrative, when contrasted with the faded, artificial, insipid tales which were then in fashion. Gray wrote word, in April, to West that he had been reading it upon his recommendation. 'The incidents,' said he, 'are ill laid, and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases, even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shows himself well read in stage-coaches, country squires, inns, and inns of court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good.' This is cold commendation for one of the masterpieces of fiction. Parson Adams is considerably more than perfectly well; nor would any one gather from the description of Gray that he was speaking of the first novel which had ever reproduced true English life—a work which had no predecessor in the language, and which remains to this hour, in its happiest portions, without a rival. He who had exclaimed in the same letter, 'Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon,' might have been expected to hail in less measured terms the new romance in his own tongue, which was at the same time a sudden burst into a new and incomparable style. But the most enduring fame is often

of the slowest growth; and few great writers attain to the fulness of their honours before the second generation.

Fielding stated, in his preface, that there was scarce a character or action which he had not taken from his own observation and experience; but that the persons were so disguised, that it would be impossible to guess at them with certainty. It was, however, no secret that one of his friends, Mr. Young, had sat for the portrait of the famous Patson Adams. Like his representative in *Joseph Andrews*, he overflowed with benevolence and learning, and, like him, was noted for his absence of mind. He had been chaplain to a regiment during Marlborough's wars; and meditating one evening upon the glories of nature, and the goodness of Providence, he walked straight into the camp of the enemy; nor was he aroused from his reverie till the hostile sentinel shouted *Qu' va là?* The commanding officer, finding that he had come among them in simplicity and not in guile, allowed him to return, and lose himself, if he pleased, in meditations on his danger and deliverance. Sir Herbert Croft, in that ridiculous *Life of the author of the 'Night Thoughts'*, in which he burlesqued, in attempting to imitate, the style of Dr. Johnson, says that the Young of Fielding's acquaintance 'supported an uncomfortable existence by translating for the booksellers from the Greek;' and in the year in which *'Joseph Andrews'* appeared, he joined with the great novelist in an English edition of the *'Plutus'* of Aristophanes. It is not improbable that Fielding may have lent his rising name to a work in which he had little share, to assist the friend to whom he was indebted for the conception which had most contributed to his own renown. The hard-hearted, dishonest bailiff, Peter Pounce, was supposed to represent the Peter Walter satirised by Pope. This man, who was an attorney and steward, and at whose roguish practices the poet hints when he says that he was a good, if not a safe, conveyancer, was the owner of Stalbridge Park, which was only four miles from the East Stour estate. He had undoubtedly incurred his temporary neighbour's dislike. In the *'Essay on Conversation'*, Fielding designates him by his initials, when, describing the wine-grudging host, he remarks that it is as impossible to carry a pint of liquor from his house as to borrow a shilling from P. W.—. The inconvenient proximity of P. W.'s manor of Stalbridge to the dashing young squire's horses and hounds may have occasioned disputes, or the novelist may have been moved by honest indignation at the mingled avarice and greediness of a nature the most opposite to his own; but whatever

ever may have been the motive, he both lashes him for his contempt of the sufferings of the poor, and plainly intimates that his wealth had been amassed by robbery and fraud. The imputations of Pope and Fielding were well deserved. Mr. Bowles relates that one of Walter's creatures, having helped him to a bargain, demanded compensation. Peter refused to grant it at his own expense, but undertook to reward him at the expense of some one else. In the ostensible capacity of an impartial adviser, he persuaded a neighbouring baronet to lease an estate to this tool upon terms which were flagrantly advantageous, and to charge, in addition, the rates and taxes upon an adjoining farm. The son of Peter's bailiff remembered, when a boy, to have gone with his father to the house of the miser, whom they found sitting in the dark. He lighted a candle with a dry raspberry stick applied to the fire; but on learning that the business did not require eye-sight, he immediately put out the candle and continued the conversation. Fielding was too well acquainted with Peter Walter to make it possible that his counterpart Peter Pounce should be the creation of fancy, and we cannot err in accepting the general belief of their identity.

In one of the 'Spectators,' which is supposed to be written from the house of Sir Roger de Coverley, Addison says, that whereas in town, whilst following one character, it is ten to one but he is crossed in his way by another, and puts up such a variety of odd creatures that they foil the scent of each other, and puzzle the chase; in the country, he is forced to use a great deal of diligence before he can spring anything to his mind. It is to be noted that it was exactly the reverse with Fielding. From his earliest manhood he had dwelt in cities, and had passed twelve years at least in London alone. Yet it was not there that he found the game he most delighted to pursue, but in the country, where his residence had been brief, and where, to the dissimilar discrimination of Addison, nearly all appeared barren. So entirely does the richness or poverty of the territory depend upon the genius of the observer—so surely, wherever there are human beings, there is likewise a world of interesting characters with which to people the realms of fiction. What an eagle glance must this great novelist have cast around him during the brief term of his rural riotings; how rapidly must his eye have taken measure of the people about him; how nicely he must have marked their peculiarities; what a perception he must have had for their humour; how firmly must the whole have become fixed in his mind! The squires with whom he hunted and feasted, the landlords with whom he chatted and tippled, had good reason to shake their heads at his madness while

while they laughed at his jests ; but, as they marked his reckless bearing and jovial countenance, they could little have dreamt that they were laying themselves open to the most sagacious scrutinizer of human foibles in the world.

Richardson was angry to the end of his life at the share which he had been made to contribute to the entertainment of the readers of Fielding. The author of 'Pamela' was insatiate of praise, and could bear no brother near the throne ; he had now met with a satirizer and a superior in the same person, and hated him with the double aversion due to this twofold offence. Henceforward the female sycophants who surrounded him found that adulation of himself was not a surer passport to his favour than abuse of Fielding. Mrs. Barbauld says that the two novelists had been upon friendly terms before the publication of 'Joseph Andrews ;' and it must be confessed that this circumstance justified the indignant complaint of Richardson, 'that hints and names had been taken from his story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment.' But, instead of confining himself to the just charge of unhandsome treatment, he asserted that Fielding was a contemptible scribbler, a vicious moralist, and a vulgar man. He believed, or pretended to believe, that posterity would never applaud the writer who had presumed to turn 'Pamela' into ridicule. He protested that, if he had not known who Fielding was, he should have inferred from his works that he was an ostler, and that for a person of that description, or for a runner at a sponging-house, he might have been thought a genius who would have drawn forth the wish that he had had a liberal education, and the advantage of being admitted into respectable society. This the well-bred Richardson had the good taste to write to the novelist's sister, who, though she had not quarrelled with her brother, was forced by her necessities to be civil to the patronising bookseller. Another of his remarks was, that the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man, and the censure was repeated with approbation by Dr. Johnson. Richardson's appeal to the avenger Time has been heard and dismissed. Could he revisit the earth, he would find his hated rival enthroned high above him, and no flattering Eves would gather round his tea-table to soothe his wounded vanity, or send long epistles of fulsome adulation to gladden his breakfast. Yet he, too, was a genius, though of an inferior order ; but few now wipe away the dust which has gathered upon his voluminous stories, or else, repelled by the tedious trivialities and mawkish prosings which overlay his beauties, they prematurely close the book.

Fielding had no worse motive in parodying 'Pamela' than to  
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produce a work which would sell, but there was another writer whom he ridiculed in 'Joseph Andrews' out of genuine resentment. In the preface to his first comedy he acknowledged his obligations to Colley Cibber. Between a needy dramatist and that pompous theatrical manager there were likely to be abundant causes of dissension, and Fielding laughed at the odes of the Laureate in 'Pasquin,' and in the 'Historical Register' at his alterations of Shakspeare. Colley Cibber, in his egotistical but extremely clever and amusing 'Apology for his Life,' which was published in November, 1739, retorted upon Fielding, and, amongst other abuse, called him 'a broken wit.' Fielding retaliated in the 'Champion' with a mock indictment of the apologist for the murder of the English language. He took the opportunity in 'Joseph Andrews' to hang him upon a higher gibbet. He opened the work with an attack on him; and afterwards, to do justice to two offenders at one stroke, headed the chapter in which he disposed of Peter Walter—'A curious Dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the works of Colley Cibber and many others.' No description of satire could have been more galling to the self-important Cibber, whose 'Apology' might more appropriately have been termed a 'Eulogy,' than this contemptuous pleasantry. It is needless to add that the moral Richardson and the dissolute Cibber became lasting friends.

A genius who has been long struggling in vain to show the world his quality must always feel elated when at last his efforts are crowned with success. Fielding had the greater reason to exult since fame promised to be the harbinger of substantial comforts. Yet it chanced that the credit he derived from 'Joseph Andrews' ushered in the most troubled period of his life. Incapacitated for much exertion by his old enemy, the gout, his wants in the winter of 1742 appear to have grown extreme. Bowed down by ill health and penury, he had to endure the far more poignant distress 'of seeing,' to use his own language, 'a favourite child dying in one bed, and his wife in a condition very little better on another.' A hero for himself, he bore sickness and poverty with the utmost equanimity, but if either touched his family he was distracted with grief. A braver heart and a tenderer never beat. His child expired; and in a tract which he wrote subsequently, on the 'Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of our Friends,' he reveals two touching traits of maternal affection which broke forth, one at her birth and the other at her death. 'I remember the most excellent of women and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering "Good God!

God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!" Some years afterwards I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting that her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented! How vehement was Fielding's own attachment to his daughter may readily be inferred from the passage in the 'Journey from this World to the Next,' in which he narrates his meeting with her as soon as he enters the Elysian gates. What words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness with which we kissed each other, continuing in our embrace, with the most extatic joy, a space which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year! In his Essay on the 'Remedy for Affliction,' he spoke of this prospect of union in everlasting bliss, as the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing which could enter the mind. What! he exclaimed, 'are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting! This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase.'

His wife soon followed her daughter to the grave. Lady Mary Wortley states that he loved her passionately, and 'her death,' says Murphy, 'brought on such a vehemence of grief, that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason.' She was the standing model from which he drew his most attractive female characters—the Mrs. Wilson of 'Joseph Andrews,' the Sophia of 'Tom Jones,' and, above all, Amelia. Even the glowing language he employed did not, according to Lady Mary, do more than justice to her amiable qualities and beauty. If, as the same authority asserts, he painted an accurate picture of himself in Mr. Booth, he must often have tried sorely the patience of his angel. But as his irregularities never produced in him indifference, as he always brought back with him from his tavern-revels his affection and allegiance, she never denied him that place in her heart which she possessed in his. The truth is, that his fondness for his wife and his addiction to conviviality were both intense, and each was probably in the ascendant, according as he chanced to be at home or abroad. It might, had he once sat down to it, have been as impossible to entice him from that celebrated little supper of hashed mutton which his truant ways compelled his Amelia to eat in mournful solitude, as it was difficult for him when away to resist the solicitations of Captain Trent and his companions to pass the evening at the King's Arms.

Mrs. Fielding had a maid who was almost broken-hearted at the

the loss of her mistress. The distracted husband found his best relief in mingling his tears with those of this sympathising servant. The bond of union grew stronger by the constant inter-communication of kindred feelings, and Fielding was induced, through the admiration she entertained for his first wife, to make her his second. She was not handsome, and her only attraction must have been her devotion to himself and his family. Her future conduct, it is said, justified his good opinion; and indeed he has commemorated her in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, as a woman who discharged all the offices becoming the female character—a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse. The novelist lived too disorderly and precarious a life to have his social position much affected by an unequal marriage. If he associated with ladies, it must have been at other people's houses. The frequenters of his own lodgings were likely to be male friends and literary confederates who loved the man, and admired his genius, and who would care little whether his maid handed them their tea as a servant, or made it for them as a wife.

While the first Mrs. Fielding still survived, her husband, to relieve their necessities, took his early comedy of the *'Wedding-Day'* from his desk with an intention to revise it. The danger of his wife interrupted the task which he found himself, through grief, quite incapable of continuing; and the piece was performed, in February, 1748, in its old imperfect condition. It had but a faint success, and he did not realise fifty pounds by the venture. In the same year he brought out by subscription three volumes of *'Miscellanies.'* The members of his profession were conspicuous in their patronage of the work. Murphy says that the bar were always his supporters, and that many lawyers who rose to the first eminence were among his particular intimates. In relating the celebrated reply of Mr. Justice Burnet to the man who complained that he should be hanged for such a trifle as stealing a horse—"You are not to be hanged for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen"—Fielding designates the judge as his "ever-honoured and beloved friend." His manliness, his benevolence, his good humour, his literature, and his wit, endeared him to his associates in spite of vices which some among them must have reprobated, and in spite of imprevi- dences which must have taxed their forbearance and generosity. Joseph Warton testifies to the fascination of his society. "I wish you had been with me last week," he says in a letter to his brother in October, 1746, "when I spent two evenings with Fielding and his sister, who wrote *"David Simple,"* and you may guess I was very well entertained. The lady,

lady, indeed, retired pretty soon, but Russell and I sat up with the poet till one or two in the morning, and were inexpressibly diverted. I find he values, as he justly may, "Joseph Andrews" above all his writings.' 'Tom Jones' was yet to come. Not a single scene of this delightful drama of real life has been preserved. All has perished with the actors; and not one of his 'inexpressibly diverting' flashes of merriment has made its way to us through the mists of time. When we reflect how much we have lost of wit, and wisdom, and learning, how much of the play of heart and intellect, we must acknowledge that the Boswells are almost as important as the Johnsons. There would, indeed, be little reason for regret if we were to receive Dr. Burney's account of Fielding's conversation as its invariable characteristic—that it was coarse, and so tintured with the rank weeds of Covent Garden, that a few years later it would not have been tolerated in respectable society. But this was only one aspect of his mind, though an extremely disagreeable one.

Warton in his letter calls him 'the poet;' but this was a title to which he could lay no claim. To swell his 'Miscellanies' he inserted a number of verses, with the confession that it was a department of literature which he had very little cultivated, and to which he made slight pretensions. Many of the pieces were early love-ditties—the productions, he said, of the heart rather than the head. One is not more perceptible in them than the other, for they are as tame in sentiment as they are clumsy in execution. He did not possess a single element of the poetic art. He has neither sweetness nor strength, neither harmony nor ideas. Swift at an earlier period had numbered him in the 'Rhapsody on Poetry' (1733), among the most wretched scribblers of the age.

'For instance, when you rashly think  
No rhymers can like Welsted sink,  
His merits balanced, you shall find  
That Fielding leaves him far behind.'

'The Laureate' was afterwards put into the place of disgrace, and a note was attached to the Dublin edition of Swift's works, stating that Fielding's name had been maliciously inserted, and that 'the supposed author of the "Rhapsody" manifested a great esteem for his ingenious writings.' This only shows that Swift had changed his opinion of him; but that opinion, when confined to his verses, was not unjust, and the Dean must have been endowed with more than mortal discernment to have detected the great novelist in the miserable poet.

The prose of the 'Miscellanies,' though it cannot be ranked  
with

with the finest productions of the author, was not in general unworthy of him. There is an excellent 'Essay on Conversation,' the greater part of which might more properly be called an essay on good manners, and which all the world might read with advantage. The object of it is to expose the common failings which men bring with them into company, and to show that the essence of sociality consists in the sinking every notion of self in the desire to please others. A second dissertation, on the 'Knowledge of the Characters of Men,' professes to give rules, 'the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which I have myself experienced,' for distinguishing the real propensities of persons in spite of the specious disguises they assume. The performance is below the promise. He might almost as well have boasted that he had discovered the philosophers' stone as that he had found out a substitute for Ithuriel's spear. His directions are not only inadequate to meet numberless cases, but they have the usual fault of such attempts, that they are drawn from a partial experience. He who finds himself mistaken in a man is commonly far too hasty to infer that his outward symbols and his ill disposition are invariably connected. It is obvious that if a few external indications were a certain guide to the thoughts of the heart, dissimulation would long ago have ceased to be a possible art. Every reader will probably be able to recall among his own acquaintances an exception to one or other of Fielding's tests, but the treatise is not without the marks of his sagacity, and contains useful advice.

It was in the 'Miscellanies' that appeared the 'Journey from this World to the Next.' Fielding could not, without the grossest profanity, have borrowed his notions from the Christian religion. He properly confines himself to the fables of heathenism, adjusted to modern usage, and somewhat varied by his own invention. In the early and incomparably the happiest portion of the work he makes the representation of what passes after death the vehicle to convey his notions of what passes upon earth. A few sentences culled from the chapter on 'The Proceedings of Judge Minos at the Gate of Elysium,' which is the best in the book, will give an idea both of the execution and the design:—

'I now got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, "Ostentation," and repulsed him. The next spirit that came up declared that he had done neither good nor evil in the world; for that since his arrival at man's estate he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities, and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which

which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back. He was succeeded by a spirit who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. "What works?" answered Minos. "My dramatic works," replied the other, "which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice." "Very well," said the judge; "if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the gate by your means shall carry you in with him; but if you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you had better return and live another life upon earth." The bard grumbled at this, and replied that, besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things; for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit-night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first he might have spared the remembrance of his plays. The poet answered, he believed if Minos had read his works he would set a higher value upon them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and turning his back to him applied himself to the next passenger. . . . With fear and trembling, he said he hoped Minos would consider that though he had gone astray he had suffered for it; that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteenpence which he had committed, and for which he was hanged; that he had done some good actions in his life; that he had supported an aged parent with his labour; that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father; and that he had ruined himself by giving bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back as he passed by him.

The humour and satire of these passages are both in the manner of Addison; but the portrait of the penitent purloiner of eighteenpence, who gets an approving slap upon the back for his benevolence, is characteristic of Fielding. In his own distresses he had witnessed much of the miseries of others, and knew that men with many excellent qualities were sometimes seduced by temptations into casual error. In the tenth chapter the author meets with Julian the Apostate, whom he supposes to have been condemned for his offences to live many successive lives upon earth in various capacities. From this point the work degenerates. Julian relates his adventures in his several characters; and the scheme promised a satire upon the tendencies of the different nations, callings, and ages of the world; but the narrative is flat and pointless,—a medley of anachronisms, in which there is neither wit nor keeping, and from which the author suddenly breaks off, out of an apparent consciousness that it was a failure. Fielding was only in his element when describing the events and personages of his own time. His good pictures are all drawn from the life.

The

The third volume of the 'Miscellanies' is entirely occupied with 'Jonathan Wild.' He disclaimed the idea of giving a faithful history of the life of this notorious villain. 'Roguary,' he said, 'and not a rogue, is the subject.' Nor was it vulgar roguery alone at which he aimed, but at mean and unworthy actions in every station, however dignified by specious names. In other words, under a narrative of the adventures of common thieves, he meant to brand the general vices and follies of mankind. The notion was borrowed from the 'Beggar's Opera,' but the manner is copied, though with no servile hand, from Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.' Here is a specimen from the scene in Newgate, in which Roger Johnson, who levies taxes on the prisoners under the plea of assisting them in their defence, and who wears a silk nightgown, an embroidered waistcoat, and a velvet cap, as emblems of his supremacy, is opposed by Wild. These two men were intended to represent the leaders of the political factions of England. Roger Johnson is Sir Robert Walpole, who was compelled to resign at the beginning of 1742; and Lord Wilmington, who succeeded him, seems to be pictured in Wild. The *prigs* are the placemen, whether in or out; and the debtors are the people:—

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *prigs* on each side representing their chief or great man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *prigs* had, indeed, very incompatible interests; for whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader, so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with *WILD for ever; JOHNSON for ever*. And the poor debtors, re-echoed the liberties of Newgate, which, in the cant language, signifies *plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other than the inhabitants of the same castle. Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but when it was proposed that he should sell it and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waived that notion, saying it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity; that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences; and within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than that they fitted him much better than they

they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner. This behaviour of Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild, who continued to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown, its outside, indeed, made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him. As to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy that it made his head ache.'

The incompetence of Lord Wilmington for his situation, which is thus happily expressed in the concluding sentence, is notorious to every reader of history, and not less so that the pretended patriots who turned out Sir Robert Walpole broke their promises, and disgusted their supporters. This admirable satire, however, is for all ages; and the Newgate scene had been enacted many times before, and has been repeated many times since. But with numerous excellent passages, 'Jonathan Wild,' on the whole, is clumsy in the conception, and coarse in the details. Part is literal, part metaphorical; some of the incidents are solely applicable to felons, and some have no significance except in their secondary sense. This confusion of plan has involved the narrative in such perplexity that Sir Walter Scott has declared his inability to divine its drift. To preserve the consistency of a long allegorical satire requires more thought and care than Fielding could bestow. What is admirable was due to his genius; what is defective to his haste, with the exception of sundry repulsive particulars, which were due, we fear, to an inherent grossness of taste.

The loss of his wife rendered Fielding incapable for a time of intellectual exertion. His first re-appearance as an author was in a preface to the second edition of the clever tale of 'David Simple,' by his sister Sarah. He denies the report that he was the writer of the work, protests that he has ceased to seek or desire literary fame, and wishes it to be understood that he has applied to his profession with such perfect diligence that he has no leisure for composition. Either the announcement failed to bring briefs, or, as Murphy intimates, he was prevented from holding them by recurring fits of gout. He shortly afterwards abandoned the idea of retaining even a subordinate position at the bar, and in November, 1745, started a weekly periodical called the 'True Patriot.' It was the business, he said, of every man, and especially

cially of an author, to accommodate himself to the fashion of the times; that by neglecting this golden rule Milton remained long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem it has ever seen, while by adhering to it Tom Durfey and many others gained both money and credit. His publisher informed him that nothing was read except newspapers, and as the existing productions of the kind were the work of booksellers' journeymen and every way contemptible, he hoped that a true patriot of no party, a gentleman and a scholar, would meet with support. Authorship in that age was often regarded more as a degradation than a distinction; and Fielding, who must frequently have suffered from the scorn of moneyed and titled ignorance, flings back the contempt, in his opening number, with unanswerable sarcasm, when, speaking of persons being weak enough to be ashamed of writing, he adds,—‘that is of having more sense than their neighbours, or of communicating it to them.’

What Murphy has republished of the ‘True Patriot’ consists of brief essays on the topics of the day. The rebellion of 1745 was in progress, and Fielding, a stout Hanoverian, endeavoured to infuse into the languid public a spirit of active resistance to the Pretender. The author drew terrifying descriptions of the bloodshed, confiscations, and tyranny which would ensue from the success of the rising, and while the alarm lasted the paper sold. The extinction of the rebellion put an end to the ‘True Patriot,’ and at the close of 1747 he entered the field with a new periodical, the ‘Jacobite’s Journal,’ which was intended to complete the discomfiture of the vanquished faction and rally his countrymen round the throne. But this, like its predecessor, had a brief existence. He was not adapted for periodical labour. The spirit of his essays was not sustained, and betray the old procrastination and its attendant haste which beset him in the days when he wrote for the stage.

Every scheme failing, and poverty still pursuing him, he was fain to accept, in December, 1748, what was then considered the degrading office of a Bow-street magistrate. This functionary was paid by fees, and was called ‘a trading justice.’ The enemies of Fielding accused him of the customary venality, but he himself has left a solemn declaration that by composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who would not have had another left, he had reduced five hundred pounds a year of the ‘dirtiest money’ upon earth to little more than three hundred, and of this a considerable portion was the perquisite of his clerk. He had, however, in addition to his magisterial emoluments, a pension from the Government. An anecdote, related by Horace

Walpole

Walpole in a letter of May 18th, 1749, gives us a glimpse of him in his new quarters :—

‘Rigby and Peter Bathurst, t’other night, carried a servant of the latter, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding, who to all his other vocations has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex Justice. He sent them word he was at supper : they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, a woman of the town, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father’s he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs ; on which he civilized.’

Walpole habitually coloured his stories, believing, like many who are ambitious of wit, that point is a quality more important than truth. In the present instance the distortions may be due to the ignorance of his informants. Mrs. Fielding, who, as she was not born a lady, had probably not the appearance of one, was, we may be confident, the equivocal-looking female, when we consider that the scene of the supper was at her own house. The blind man, as Sir Walter Scott has suggested, was her husband’s half-brother, who assisted him in his office and finally succeeded him. The Irishmen, it is likely, were needy brethren of the quill, who had claims on the novelist’s gratitude and compassion. In these comparatively prosperous days, when he had an income of four or five hundred a year, ‘he knew,’ says Murphy, ‘no use of money, but to keep his table open to those who had been his friends when young, and had impaired their own fortunes.’ His want of courtesy to Rigby and Bathurst, Mr. Lawrence justly imputes to resentment at their impertinence in forcing their way into his private apartment. The sluttishness of his supper-table may be true enough. His precarious mode of existence had not been favourable to the elegancies of life, and the habits learnt in prolonged poverty may have been retained when he had newly arrived at a competence. The borrowing of guineas may be considered as confirmed by Murphy, who admits that in his necessities he would sometimes depart from delicacy ; but in all these cases, adds the biographer, his friends were aware how his own feelings reprimanded him. No one can censure harshly a man who battled so bravely with difficulties, who underwent such toil, and who in the midst of penury produced such wonderful works ; but neither is it possible to restrain a wish that he had drunk a few bottles less of claret, maintained his independence, and not been compelled to hold out his hat to acquaintances, who remembered the

the beggar and forgot the genius. 'Men,' he said, and he was an example of its truth, 'do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep.' Not only did his indulgences empty his pocket, they prevented him from refilling it. They broke in upon his industry, threw discredit upon his character, and deprived him of promotion and employment. Generosity itself loses much of its virtue when he who gives one day is reduced to borrow the next. It is related of him that, being pressed by the tax-gatherer, he prevailed on his bookseller to advance the amount. Returning, he met an old college intimate, whose needs were urgent, and bestowed every sixpence on him. When he reached home, he was told that the collector had been twice in his absence. 'Friendship,' said he, 'has called for the money and had it; let the collector call again.' These are the traits of a noble heart; but it would have been nobler still if he had not too often begged with one hand what he scattered with the other.

In the same letter in which Horace Walpole relates the visit of Rigby and Bathurst to Fielding, he mentions that Millar, the bookseller, in consequence of the enormous sale of 'Tom Jones,' had generously given the author 100*l.* in addition to the 600*l.* agreed on. This famous novel was published in February, 1749, and on the 28th of the month a notice appeared in the 'General Advertiser' that, it being impossible to bind sets fast enough to answer the demand, those who pleased might have them in blue paper, or boards. It is a mistake to suppose that there is anything peculiar in the eagerness with which particular works have been received in the present day. Our forefathers, by comparison a small population, and upon the whole less educated, supplied fewer readers; but those who did read had tastes and faculties as keen as our own, and works as worthy to rouse their admiration. The copies sold were not so numerous, but the excitement within the circle of buyers was full as intense. Lady Bradshaigh, who corresponded with Richardson under the assumed name of Mrs. Belfour, tells him in October that the young ladies were charmed with Fielding's hero; that she had been in company with several, each of whom called her lover Tom Jones; that she had a letter from one lamenting the loss of her Tom, and from another rejoicing at her happiness in his company. In like manner the gentlemen had their Sophias, and a friend who insisted upon showing his, produced a mastiff puppy. It would appear, however, from the same authority, that Sophia was thought a trifling and insipid character. There can be no stronger evidence of the extreme popularity of the book than this immediate conversion of its names into household words.

The favour with which 'Tom Jones' was received by the ladies,

ladies, would seem to bear out the assertion of Fielding that he had introduced nothing 'which could offend even the chastest eye.' This sounds wonderful in our generation, and we should suspect that the habits he had contracted and the company he had kept must have blunted his perceptions, if there was not the strongest evidence of the extent to which the good people of that time were wont to carry their toleration. Proofs might be adduced by the hundred of the fact; but there is none so striking and so lively as that which is given in a letter of Walter Scott:—

'A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said, with some hesitation, I believed I could; but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember them being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So I sent "Mrs. Aphra Behn," curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards she gave me back "Aphra," properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London."'

Hannah More, to be sure, relates that the only occasion on which Johnson was angry with her was when she alluded to a passage in 'Tom Jones.' He told her he scarcely knew a more corrupt work, that he was shocked to hear her quote it, and was sorry she had read it. But this was at a later period, and refers more to the moral than to the language and incidents of the book. Johnson, too, was blindly prejudiced against Fielding, to a degree which would almost lead to the suspicion that he had a personal animosity to him. In common with nearly everybody, he vehemently commended the virtuous tendency of 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa,' which, if they are less coarse than 'Tom Jones,' are also much less decorous. Indeed there can be no more conclusive demonstration of the latitude allowed by the age, than that these famous productions should not merely have been suffered for the entertainment they afforded, which would have been nothing surprising, but that they should have been considered a sort of

'Whole

'Whole Duty of Woman,'—a glass in which young ladies might learn to dress their minds with the greatest advantage.

Amid the general applause of 'Tom Jones,' malice, envy, and hatred, in the person of Richardson, affected to regard it with scorn and disgust. He professed himself unable to read it through, and could not conceal his mortification when Lady Bradshaigh commended it and advised him to resume it. With that modesty which distinguished him, he wrote in January, 1751, to M. Defreval, a Frenchman, that 'he had the pleasure of telling him, *without any mixture of vanity*, that "*Clarissa*" continued rising in reputation,' and he had the pleasure of adding in the same letter,—'the run of "*Tom Jones*" is over, even with us.' No one, in fact, who valued his favour, would have presumed to mention the book in his presence except for the purpose of abusing it.

Fielding has stated that his great work was 'the labour of some years of his life.' It bears the internal evidence of long meditation. Genius might have thrown off the characters in haste; but it was beyond human capacity to have extemporised a plot which stands alone in the world for the enormous number of incidents which are brought into it, and all of which are pertinent to the story. No one who does not read it with this view can conceive the art with which it is put together. It is an elaborate and complex mosaic, in which an infinity of pieces curiously dovetailed result in a perfect pattern, and in which nothing could be taken away or displaced without injury to the whole. Workmanship like this requires time as well as skill, and that Fielding should have expended upon it such excessive pains is one of the most curious and instructive facts in his life. There was an interval of seven years between the publication of 'Joseph Andrews' and the publication of 'Tom Jones.' In that dreary interval poverty had seldom left his door. He had the strongest temptation to follow up his success, and put forth novel after novel, as a little while before he had crowded play upon play. But he knew he was a genius; he had discovered the direction in which that genius lay, and stronger than the pinchings of want and the cravings of pleasure, was the love of glory, and the desire to build up a monument which should be worthy of his powers. Whatever was the pressure, he met it with the hasty effusion of the minute, and would not send his incomparable design rough-hewn into the world. He kept it by him till it had received the nicest touches of the chisel, and it was published at last when he was easy in his circumstances. Such instances of patient self-denial are rare in literary history, and is what we should least of all have expected in the careless, festive, spendthrift, and impoverished

ished Fielding. How distinct was the intention with which he worked, and how strong the expectation of the result, appears from his invocation to Fame in the introduction to one of the books into which the novel was divided. 'Do thou fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.' Nay, in the invocation to Wealth, which follows, he seems to anticipate that the reputation of his work will be the best legacy he can leave to his children. 'Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.' He worked, in short, in the same spirit which actuated Sir Christopher Wren, when he said that 'he built for eternity.'

'Tom Jones' was dedicated to Mr., afterwards Lord Lyttleton, who was a schoolfellow of the author, and remained through life his steady friend. Fielding says that it was he who suggested the book, but this, however true, was a hollow compliment. A distressed writer who had produced one successful work needed neither a ghost nor Mr. Lyttleton to advise him to attempt another. But his patron, in conjunction with the Duke of Bedford, had done him the more essential service of supplying him with funds. To Lyttleton, he confesses, 'he partly owed his existence during a great portion of the time he was employed in composing it,' and he speaks of the 'princely benefactions' of the Duke, to whom Lyttleton had recommended him. 'There was a third person who had largely assisted him—the 'humble Allen' of Pope. From him and Lyttleton he states that he had copied the portrait of Allworthy, whose name was meant for an epitome of the characters of these benevolent friends. Many of the allusions to Allen are palpable, as when he says, 'that though Allworthy had missed the advantage of a learned education, he had so well profited by a vigorous though late application to letters, and by much conversation with men of eminence, that he was himself a very competent judge in most kinds of literature.' This was nothing more than the truth; but when Warburton once, at Allen's table, broke out into a panegyric upon some observation of their host, and remarked that, in spite of this want of a 'learned education,' he expressed himself better than

than any of them, Fielding whispered to his neighbour, Dr. Harington, then a mere youth, 'Harkee to that sycophantic dog!' In his distribution, however, of compliments, he did not forget the husband of his benefactor's niece, and begs of Learning 'to give him a while that key to all her treasures which she had entrusted to her Warburton.'

Fielding had secured his fame. In his next novel he may have thought again of profit. Notwithstanding his ill health and his magisterial duties, 'Amelia' was completed on December 2, 1751, less than three years after the publication of 'Tom Jones.' Millar, as Sir Nathaniel Wraxall was informed by Alderman Cadell, his successor, bought the copyright for 800*l*. He got Sir Andrew Mitchell to read the manuscript, who reported it to be good, but inferior to its predecessor. Millar, fearing he might be a loser, told the trade at his next sale that most of the copies were bespoke, and all were eager in consequence to put down their names. Sir Walter Scott gives a similar account, with merely the variation, that the copyright cost 1000*l*., and that Millar's announcement to his brother booksellers was, that the expected competition for the work prevented him from allowing them the usual discount. The fame of 'Tom Jones' would be enough of itself to account for the demand. For once Fielding succeeded in relaxing the frown on Dr. Johnson's brow. He read the book through without stopping, and pronounced Amelia the most pleasing heroine in romance. Mr. Thackeray confirms the verdict, and calls her 'the most charming character in English fiction.' The fastidious Richardson thought both Amelia and her husband 'wretchedly low and dirty,' and, not caring what became of them, could not advance beyond the first volume. To him the most pleasing heroine in romance was Clarissa. The public itself was disappointed. 'That vile broken nose, never cured, ruined,' said Dr. Johnson, 'the sale of perhaps the only book, which being published betimes one morning, a new edition was called for before night.' Fielding fastened this blemish upon his heroine, because his wife had met with a similar accident before they married, and his new novel was intended for an offering to her memory. There is a stage in grief when most men find a melancholy pleasure in speaking of the virtues of those they have lost, and we are not surprised to find him expressing a wish in 'Tom Jones,' that 'the tender maid whose grandmother was yet unborn, might send forth from her heaving breast the sympathetic sigh, when she read, under the fictitious name of Sophia, the real worth which once existed in his Charlotte;' but it is one of the mysteries of the mind that he could bring his memory to recall, and his hand to trace

trace the succession of sorrows his vices had inflicted on her—the long train of domestic trials to which she was subjected through his dissolute habits. He doubtless desired to show how she shone under her multiplied distresses, but it is a wonder that his heart did not burst in the effort. There was little or no exaggeration in the story. Richardson says that Fielding's descriptions of brawls, prisons, and sponging-houses, were drawn from personal experience, and we learn through a less hostile witness—Lady Mary Wortley—that the vicissitudes of his married time included all the evils of the scholar's life,—

‘Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the *gaol*,’—

and that the health of his wife was undermined by their harassing existence.

In January, 1752, Fielding commenced another periodical paper—the ‘Covent Garden Journal’—which was published twice a-week, and lasted just a twelvemonth. He began by declaring war against the swarm of needy writers with whom he had long been a favourite topic of abuse. They were not backward to return the blow, and he was soon involved in an exchange of bad jokes and scurrilous language with Sir John Hill. In many parts of his writings Fielding speaks of envy as the most pernicious and pervading of passions. He seems to have suffered largely from it, and the provocation he had received may have incited him to take revenge. Retaliation, seldom politic, is humiliating unless its success is signal. Gulliver is an object of dignity while he disdains the peltings of a mob of Lilliputians, but if he turns to attack them and is thrown himself into the mire, he is disgraced by the attempt. This was pretty much the fate of Fielding in his contest with Hill. The author of the ‘Adventures of George Edwards, a Creole,’ proved himself a keener controversialist than the author of ‘Tom Jones.’ Some of the future papers in the ‘Covent Garden Journal’ are interesting for their allusions to the usages of the time, and because they contain the opinions of Fielding, but few are marked by talent and not one by genius. He was a second-rate essayist at the best.

The law all this time engaged a considerable share of his attention. He was elected by the Magistrates, in May, 1749, chairman of the Middlesex Sessions. He published shortly afterwards a charge to the Grand Jury, and shows himself extremely zealous against practices in some of which he had greatly indulged, and was himself an example of their ill effects. In 1751 he put forth an essay on the ‘Causes of the late Increase of Robberies, with Proposals for Remedying the Evil,’ in 1752, a warning admonition, entitled ‘Examples of the Interposition

position of Providence in the Detection of Murder;' in 1753, a 'Proposal for making an effectual Provision for the Poor,' in which he partly anticipates the present system; and in the same year a pamphlet on the case of the notorious Elizabeth Canning, whose cause he espoused. But the inevitable hour was now at hand when legal and literary exertions were alike to cease. His latest services in his official capacity are recorded in his own affecting narrative. His shattered constitution continued daily to decline, and he was about to proceed to Bath in August, 1753, when he was desired by the Duke of Newcastle to suggest a plan for putting an end to the depredations committed nightly in the streets. With a few hundred pounds he bribed informers, and dispersed the gangs. While thus employed, his disorders increased upon him, and three diseases—jaundice, dropsy, and asthma—were contending for possession of a body already wasted to a shadow. He held on notwithstanding, till success crowned his efforts, for he had nothing to leave his family, and hoped to establish a claim on the Government which might secure them a moderate provision at his death.

Deriving no permanent benefit from medicines, he was advised to try a warmer climate, and fixed upon Lisbon. The last lines of his narrative of the 'Voyage' to that place, from which he was never to return, were traced within two months of his lingering death, and nowhere shall we find so lively and authentic a portrait of the man. Day by day he recorded the trifling incidents which occurred and the feelings they produced in him. Disease, which subdued his qualities, could not destroy them. As his worn-out body was still the image of his former self, so his mind exhibited in fainter pulses its old propensities. The occasion which led him to commence his journal was an example of the fact. His wife, when on board the vessel which conveyed them, endured agonies from toothache. She fell asleep, and the pause in her sufferings raised his spirits. 'But, unfortunately for me,' he says, 'I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment.' There spoke the passion which had carried him times out of number to coffee-houses and taverns. Solitary, meditative happiness was unknown to him. It must come reflected back from the human countenance. Shut up with half-a-dozen persons, of whom part were sick and the remainder deaf or stupid, he had no resource except in his pen, and he unwillingly took it up to escape the more intolerable evil of total stagnation. It is curious to observe how the black Care, he supposed he had left on shore, embarked with him in the vessel. No longer desirous to write for fame,  
or

or reduced to write for bread, he was still compelled to write for want of company.

'On this day (June 26, 1754),' so the Journal commences, 'the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordbrook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrines of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.'

There again, in this pathetic passage, spoke another undying passion of the tender heart of Henry Fielding.

His dropsy had made such progress that he repeatedly required to be tapped; his countenance was so ghastly that pregnant women avoided the sight of him; he was so lame and weak as to be unable to walk, he had even to be drawn up from the cabin to the deck; and when he was carried, on embarking, to the ship, the sailors and watermen assailed him with inhuman jests on his appearance. A storm arose at sea 'which would have given no small alarm to a man who had either not learned what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable.' Fielding was not only calm for himself; he reflected with complacency that the wife and daughter whom he must shortly leave without a protector would be placed beyond the need of one; yet he who penned these touching sentiments, who suffered so much in body from disease, and in mind for his family, did not disdain to snatch at any of those creature comforts which he could contrive to reach. He is in his Lisbon Journal the same person of whom Lady Mary Wortley wrote—'His happy constitution, even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of Champagne, and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Dinners are 'good cheer' to him, in its literal sense. Fortune sent him a buck, and his favourite venison pasty comes to aid his 'large hamper of wine.' When they are wind-bound off Ryde they get finer fish than 'those which adorn a city feast,' and this afflicted, dying, but never despondent man, talks of 'completing the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal,

with

with more appetite and more festivity than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.' Nor is he affected only by sensual joys. Every beauty of nature fills him with delight. The sea has a peculiar charm for him; he thinks nothing on land can equal it, and a fleet of ships he esteems the noblest object of human art. They are becalmed one beautiful evening as they draw near to Lisbon, and he is hoisted upon deck to luxuriate in the scene.

'Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description; and, while the horizon was yet blazing with his glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these, the pageantry of theatres or splendour of courts are sights almost below the regard of children.'

There is not much in his novels which reveals this part of his sensibilities, and we should not have expected it from one who had long revelled with the intensest satisfaction in the dissipation of the metropolis—who had never failed to find raptures amid the fumes of tobacco, which he chewed as well as smoked, the jingling of glasses, and the noisy chorus of excited voices. His versatile emotions answered to every call of pleasure, animal or mental, and wherever he was, he sunned himself in the ray which was shining at the hour, and, fixing all his attention upon the genial influence, enjoyed it in spite of the surrounding shadows.

His delight in the exhibition of character is everywhere conspicuous in his narrative of the voyage. He discriminates peculiarities with the sagacity of the novelist, and describes them with a novelist's art. When he expected to be drowned, his sole regret was that the world would lose his sketch of a military coxcomb of the very silliest order, who came on board at Portsmouth to visit his uncle, the captain of the ship, and who in his wisdom had that particular hatred of fools that he could not tolerate their company, and would never be seen with two or three officers of his regiment whose misfortune it was to belong to that unhappy family. The captain himself was a curious mixture of kindness and bluster, of good-temper and self-importance. When a kitten fell overboard he had the ship put about to save it, and when the same animal was afterwards suffocated in a feather-bed, his lamentations resembled an Irish howl. Going one day to dine on board another vessel, he ordered a sailor to pack a quantity of small beer in the cabin, which Fielding resisting, because the intrusion was inconvenient to him at the moment, the man took

took boat, and went to complain to his master. Back came the captain, foaming with rage, and vomiting forth oaths. His insolence and abuse grew to a height which made Fielding resolve to quit the ship. He sent for a boy to convey him on shore, and muttered the word law. At that ominous sound, a hero who had braved the roar of cannon (for he had once commanded a privateer) tumbled on his knees and implored for mercy. In their later confidences he confessed to Fielding that 'he feared that with which he had been threatened more than any rock or quicksand.' Neither the captain himself nor anybody on board appears to have had the remotest suspicion how precious was the freight they carried. Genius is appreciated most heartily by those who make the nearest approaches to it, and these people were so far removed from the least participation of the talents which elevated their great companion, that they were lost to them in the distance.

From the time that Fielding set foot on shore we hear no more of him until we are told that he expired on the 8th of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age. It may be conjectured from all which preceded, that, while sense remained, the last spark of life continued to shine brightly, and to assert its predominance over the pain and feebleness which oppressed him, as though that final flicker had been the entire man. Nor did he want, we may venture to hope, the consolations of religion, for even while his conduct was dissolute his faith continued firm. One of the latest works he planned was a refutation of the posthumous and infidel philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke, and he had been at the pains of making numerous extracts for the purpose from the writings of the Fathers and other eminent divines. He is buried in the English cemetery at Lisbon, where a new tomb was erected to him in 1830, with the inscription

HENRICUS FIELDING,  
 LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DATUM  
 FOVERE NATUM.

He left four children, and Allen not only made their uncle an annual allowance to assist in defraying the expenses of their education, but on his own death, ten years afterwards, bequeathed the mother and the three survivors a hundred pounds apiece.

Fielding was over six feet high; and his frame, before he was reduced by illness, corresponded with his height. No portrait of him was taken during his life, but when he was dead his friend Hogarth, to whom he had often promised to sit, endeavoured to draw his features from memory. He failed till he was shown a profile which a lady had cut in paper, when he made what  
 Murphy

Murphy terms 'an excellent drawing, that recalls to all who have seen the original a corresponding image of the man.' The features are strongly marked, the nose extremely long and aquiline, the under-lip and chin unusually prominent, the lower portion of the forehead projecting, and the eyes expressive of a scrutinising acuteness.

'I cannot,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why not show him as he is, not robed in a marble toga and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret-stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments.' What the ill and the good qualities were Fielding has told himself, in his 'Journey from this World to the Next.' 'The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship. I was proceeding, when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues.' The last stroke of humour is delightful, but there is perceptible in this passage, what his other writings equally indicate, a disposition to look leniently upon the vices which were his bane. There is no need to take him for a text, and deduce a moral from his life. No one can have contemplated his shattered constitution, his broken fortunes, his ignoble shifts, his loss of dignity and respect, and not feel that the facts themselves preach far more powerfully than any homily which could be raised upon them. Without adducing his better propensities to palliate his worse, which, indeed, admit of no palliation, we may yet dwell with satisfaction upon his manly endurance, his brave self-reliance, his perpetual cheerfulness, his tender heart, and that instinctive benevolence which could not be surpassed by Allen himself. If one thing more than another could show the evil of the indulgences he practised, it would be to see how low they could sink a man in whom so much of goodness and of greatness had met together.

Walter Scott considered that of all the works of imagination to which English genius had given birth, the writings of Fielding were most exclusively her own. Not only did he pronounce them incapable of translation, but he doubted whether they could be thoroughly relished by Irishmen or Scotchmen who were  
not

not familiar with our country. Foreigners in consequence have little appreciation of them. Voltaire said there was nothing passable in 'Tom Jones' except the character of a barber. This faculty of reproducing national traits is a wonderful merit in Fielding. His men, in their tastes and habits, in their garb and language, possess in the strongest degree the piquant peculiarities of their time and country. But they are something more than national: they are individual also; each is distinguished with surprising skill from the other; it is not only Englishmen that you meet, but the particular Englishman Mr. Abraham Adams or Mr. Thomas Jones. This is an art which, when carried to perfection, is one of the rarest gifts of the writers of fiction. It is easy to mark the personages by caricaturing them; it is comparatively easy to exhibit passions and feelings in abstract nakedness; but to show common propensities in connexion with the identical, unvarnished adjuncts which are peculiar to the individual, is as difficult to accomplish as it is delightful to contemplate. In this power Fielding has never been surpassed by any dramatist or novelist in any age or nation, and hence it is that, as Mr. Thackeray has said, 'we believe in his people,' and think and talk of them as though they were real existences. But there is a higher point still. Characters may be faithful in all their parts and may be distinguished from each other, but they may still be the characters of commonplace people. The grades are infinite, and those delineations are at the top of the scale which represent beings who are at once natural and unique. Such are Falstaff, and Don Quixote, and Uncle Toby. Such are Parson Adams, Squire Western, and Partridge. They are thoroughly original and thoroughly human. They have the raciness and zest of perfect novelty, and, while they surprise by their singularity, they delight by their truth. In none of these cases can we imagine that the characters would have been drawn at all if they had been left unattempted by the identical persons to whom we are indebted for them. No one can suppose that if Cervantes had not created 'Don Quixote' any subsequent author would have hit on the conception, or that Uncle Toby would have existed if Sterne had died before 'Tristram Shandy' was written. This is one of the tests of originality, and nothing can be more striking than its application to Fielding. He is confessedly the earliest novelist who drew from English life; he had the entire field before him from which to choose; and, rejecting everything commonplace, he gave us characters which are exclusively his own, and which but for him would have remained unportrayed to the end of time. It cannot be said of him what has been said of Homer—that he is

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the greatest of poets because he was the first—that he had the world of images from which to select, and is rich because he enjoyed a monopoly. No future novelist was much the poorer for the appropriations of Fielding. Parson Adams and Squire Western, and a score or two more of the minor characters in his stories, would have been dead to literature unless they had survived in his page. Amid this crowd of personages there are no faint and shadowy outlines. The distinctness with which his people are conceived, and the vividness with which they are delineated, could not be surpassed. They absolutely live before our eyes, and no squire or parson of any parish in England could be better known by the parishioners than Parson Adams and Squire Western to the readers of ‘Joseph Andrews’ and ‘Tom Jones.’

Dr. Johnson objected that it was low life which Fielding described. For this he himself has given the reasons. Comedy, he said, was his province, and the lower stations afforded the great variety of humorous characters. Artificial manners, which concealed the real disposition, together with a monotonous round of formal entertainments, produced in high life a smooth insipidity unsuited to his purpose. Of pathos he has not much, and it is truly remarked by Murphy that when he displayed it ‘he operates more by force of situation than by tenderness of sentiment.’ But in his own sphere, which is the rarest, the most difficult, and the most fascinating, he is rich to prodigality. The exuberant humour runs on in an unfailing current, fresh and sparkling to the end. A mere series of grotesque adventures, though he does not disdain them, would degenerate into farce. The larger portion of his comedy is the comedy of character, and, laughable as it mostly is, he does not, wonderful to say, outstep the modesty of nature. The selfishness, the vanities, the tempers, the inconsistencies of mankind, are the principal themes of his ridicule. All the little deceits that we practise upon ourselves, and on others, are laid bare to the eye. ‘His wit,’ Mr. Thackeray felicitously remarks, ‘is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue, and lightens up a rascal like a policeman’s lantern.’ He delights to show us hypocrisy simulating virtue, looseness affecting prudery, foppery pretending to gentility, ignorance boasting its learning, cowardice vaunting its bravery. Pleasantry, he held, should always be made the vehicle of instruction—should be employed to laugh society out of its vices and follies. Lucian, Cervantes, Swift, Shakspeare, and Molière, he honoured for the moral purpose which directed their humour, but he detested Aristophanes and Rabelais, who appeared to him to have had no other design than to lash sobriety, decency, and religion out of the world. There is nothing

nothing cynical in his satire, and its good-humour is part of its charm. He is a smiling and not a frowning corrector of mankind.

There was another particular in which Johnson was accustomed to criticise Fielding. 'Sir,' said he, 'there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. There was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate. Characters of manners are very entertaining, but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the mind. There is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all "Tom Jones." Johnson, from the violence of his hatred to Fielding, is no authority upon his works. He called him a 'blockhead,' and when Boswell expressed his astonishment, he did not improve the assertion by the explanation that he meant 'he was a barren rascal.' He has drawn, however, a just and forcible distinction between the simple delineation of external actions and the description of the internal workings of the heart. Gray, who had a fine discernment in criticism, agreed that the principle was correctly applied to Fielding and Richardson. There is no accounting for his sanction of the judgment except by the circumstance that where a man possesses some quality in a pre-eminent degree it masks others in which he also excels. To us it seems that we should be nearer the truth if we were to reverse the dictum of Johnson, and say that there was more knowledge of the heart in particular chapters of 'Tom Jones' than in all 'Sir Charles Grandison,' 'Clarissa,' and 'Pamela.' Richardson is minute, but his domain is as narrow as that of Fielding is wide; Richardson is constantly trivial and commonplace, Fielding is usually profound and original; Richardson is often false, Fielding is always true. Nothing can be more sagacious, nothing more subtle, nothing more nicely defined than his representations of human motives, and it is because he attaches the doings and sayings of his landlords and village-schoolmasters to the general incentives which pervade mankind that he has communicated an undying interest to what, on the whole, must be called his unromantic and plebeian world. His reflections, which are numerous, would of themselves have ranked him with the Rochefoucaulds and La Bruyères.

Coleridge pronounced him an adept in composition. His style is certainly admirably suited to narrative, for it is translucent and

and flowing, and the language is simple and masculine, but there is frequently a want of polish, a careless repetition of words, and particular mannerisms, such as the incessant use of the phrases 'indeed,' 'in truth,' which have a disagreeable effect. Nevertheless, he is one of the masters of our tongue, and would deserve to be studied for this alone, though in the dialogue of his personages it cannot always be called 'English *undefiled*.'

With a strong general similarity, each of his novels has its distinctive attributes. The purpose with which he commenced 'Joseph Andrews' affected the whole of the work. A comely young footman with no peculiar qualities makes an indifferent hero. The plot is slight, and the movement of the story is little more than the progression of a journey, in which the principal characters meet with incessant adventures. But these adventures are excessively entertaining, and the innkeepers and waiting-maids, squires and clergymen, attorneys and apothecaries, who play a part in them, are brought out with inimitable comicality and force. The central figure is Parson Adams. He is at once ridiculous and respectable; we laugh at him and admire him in the same breath. His athletic prowess, his readiness to use his fist or his crab-stick to resent insult and protect the weak; his absence of mind, his learning tinged with pedantry, his unconscious vanity respecting his sermons, his scholarship and his pedagogic abilities, mixed with an unaffected humility; his hatred of vice, his excellent heart, his liberality, heightened, and often amusingly heightened, by his poverty, combine to make him an exquisite compound of manliness, weakness, goodness, and absurdity. But chiefly he diverts us, and wins upon us, by his simplicity. The only world which he has studied is that of books. Of human beings he is as ignorant as a babe, and he has hardly any other means of judging them than by that which passes in his own breast. He imagines everybody to be as charitable as himself, as unsuspecting and confiding, and it is difficult to say which amuses us most—the trust he puts in strangers, or the trust he expects them to put in himself.

'Tom Jones' is alive with characters and incidents. Every chapter raises curiosity, and makes us eager for the next. All the events are unexpected, yet each grows out of the other in natural sequence. The bulk of the occurrences are of an ordinary kind; and it is the art with which they are disposed, and the bearing they have upon the main action, which sustain the unflagging interest. With the whole of the materials drawn from common life, there is nothing in the details, the personages, or the story, which remind us of any previous writer. This originality in a man who had read so much without appearing to borrow

borrow a hint or a notion, is truly surprising. The plot is as admirable as it is novel. It is perhaps the only instance in which the solution baffles conjecture, and seems indeed impossible to ingenuity itself, and yet is confessed, when it comes, to be perfectly natural. Distresses continue to accumulate upon Jones at every stage of the narrative: he is ruined, as we should suppose, past all redemption, when, at the last moment, the complicated web is disentangled with matchless dexterity, and poetical justice done to all the actors in the drama. The main objection to which the plan is open is the exceeding number of chance coincidences, any single one of which might be not unlikely to happen, but which in their accumulation are most improbable. The defect, however, is diminished by the skill with which these occurrences are turned to account. In following the progress of the tale, even the headings of the chapters must not be overlooked. They frequently embody points of wit, and we select an instance of the kind, which will at the same time serve for a specimen of Fielding's power of humorous narrative, even when relating the commonest events:—

‘ Upon the whole then, Mr. Allworthy certainly saw some imperfections in the captain; but as he was a very artful man, and eternally upon his guard, these appeared no more than blemishes in a good character, which his goodness made him overlook, and his wisdom prevented him from discovering to the captain himself. Very different would have been his sentiments had he discovered the whole; which perhaps would in time have been the case, had the husband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other; but this kind fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and restored all her tenderness and affection towards him.’

#### ‘ CHAPTER VIII.

‘ *A receipt to regain the lost affections of a wife, which has never been known to fail in the most desperate cases.*

‘ The captain was made large amends for the unpleasant minutes which he passed in the conversation of his wife, (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them,) by the pleasant meditations he enjoyed when alone. These meditations were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for, first, he exercised much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole; which calculations he often saw occasion to alter in his own favour; and, secondly and chiefly, he pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and in projecting many other schemes, as well for the improvement of the estate as of the grandeur of the place: for this purpose he applied himself to the studies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both these subjects; for these sciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amusement.

‘ He

‘He at last completed a most excellent plan; and very sorry we are that it is not in our power to present it to our reader, since even the luxury of the present age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a superlative degree, the two principal ingredients which serve to recommend all great and noble designs of this nature; for it required an immoderate expense to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection. The former of these, the immense wealth of which the captain supposed Mr. Allworthy possessed, and which he thought himself sure of inheriting, promised very effectually to supply; and the latter, the soundness of his own constitution, and his time of life, which was only what is called middle age, removed all apprehension of his not living to accomplish. Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy; in calculating which he had employed much of his own algebra, besides purchasing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reversions, &c. From all which he satisfied himself, that as he had every day a chance of this happening, so had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years. But while the captain was one day busied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the most unlucky as well as unseasonable accidents happened to him. The utmost malice of fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing so cruel, so *mal-a-propos*, so absolutely destructive to all his schemes. In short, not to keep the reader in long suspense, just at the very instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy’s death, he himself—died of an apoplexy. This unfortunately befell the captain as he was taking his evening walk by himself, so that nobody was present to lend him any assistance, if indeed any assistance could have preserved him. He took therefore measure of that proportion of soil which was now become adequate to all his future purposes, and he lay dead on the ground a great, though not a living example of the truth of that observation of Horace, which I shall thus give to the English reader: “You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pickaxe and a spade are only necessary; and build houses of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two.”’

Of the characters, Squire Western is perhaps the chief. The materials of which he is made up are few, and are far from promising. He is nothing more than a drinking Jacobite fox-hunter, coarse in his language, and violent in his temper. The rare humour with which his anger, his ignorance, his headstrong wilfulness, and sporting propensities are set forth, redeemed by a certain heartiness of disposition, and a species of selfish fondness for his daughter while she ministers to his pleasure, keeps up our interest in him to the very latest page. The pedantry of Partridge, with his scraps of bad Latin, his babbling, his boastfulness, his cowardice, and kindness, is another exquisitely comical portrait. But it is endless to particularise. Blifil is

one of those hypocritical villains who excite disgust. He is drawn with a masterly hand, and for that very reason his presence is always painful. Jones is truthful, frank, brave, and generous; but Fielding, in assigning him his own virtues, has, equally fathered upon him his vices, and evidently does not feel that they degrade his hero. In his eyes they were simple indiscretions, pardonable improprieties. This is the most censurable blot upon the book; for the coarseness appertained to the age, whereas the easiness with which he treats the misconduct of Jones is an offence against principle. This ill-disguised countenance of a debasing laxity of practice is an exception to the usual maxims of Fielding on morality and religion, of which he is an earnest and often a powerful supporter. Not a word can be breathed against the delicacy of his heroine. Sophia Western is one of the loveliest of beings. She has a bewitching meekness and gentleness which never shine more than in the firmness with which she resists the marriage with Blifil, from whose acted sanctity her simple goodness shrinks with instinctive horror. Like the lady in 'Comus,' she preserves a maidenly modesty amid the 'rudeness and swilled insolence of the wassailers' about her. When the Squire begins to address her after dinner in his gross fashion, she rises from the table, and tells him that a hint from him was always sufficient to make her withdraw. This natural gracefulness never leaves her. She is unobtrusive to that degree that she hardly betrays a consciousness of self, not even of her beauty and charms. The character which Allworthy draws of her is worth transcribing as in itself a delightful sketch of feminine diffidence:—

'I never heard anything of pertness, or what is called repartee, out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom which is the result only of great learning and experience, the affectation of which, in a young woman, is as absurd as any of the affectations of an ape: no dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticism. Whenever I have seen her in the company of men, she has been all attention with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. I once, to try her only, desired her opinion on a point which was controverted between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square, to which she answered with much sweetness, "You will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am sure you cannot in earnest think me capable of deciding any point in which two such gentlemen disagree." Thwackum and Square, who both alike thought themselves sure of a favourable decision, seconded my request. She answered, with the same good humour, "I must absolutely be excused; for I will affront neither so much as to give my judgment on his side."

Still more graceful is the admirable reply by which she turns his own

own argument against Jones, when at the end of the novel he is endeavouring to prevail on her to confide in his protestations of future fidelity. 'Don't believe me upon my word,' he replied: 'I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy which it is impossible to see and to doubt.' 'What is that?' said Sophia, a little surprised. 'I will show you, my charming angel,' cries Jones, seizing her hand, and carrying her to the glass; 'there, behold it there in that lovely figure, that face, those eyes, that mind which shines through those eyes; can the man who shall be in possession of these be inconstant?' Sophia blushed and half-smiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' said she, 'of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight than it will be in this glass when I am out of the room.' Nor were her fears without foundation. In what Booth was to Amelia we see what Jones, after his marriage, would have become to Sophia. She was a vast deal too good for him.

In 'Amelia' Fielding changes his ground. Rural characters had the prominent place in 'Tom Jones;' in his last fiction he gives his London experience, and describes sponging-houses and prisons, sharpers and roués. Had he undertaken the task in the prime of his powers, his town might have rivalled his country portraits, but he was enervated by disease, and gradually yielding to a premature decay. The same hand is visible, but the lines are feebler, and the colouring less vivid. The plot, which is not to be compared to that of 'Tom Jones,' still exhibits his skill in keeping up interest by a series of distresses, in which probability is no further violated than that they are crowded together. Amelia is beautiful in her feminine devotion and patient endurance, but we venture to think that the incessant parade of her perfections by her husband injures their effect. The attempt to exalt her virtue and beauty, by making her a perpetual object of dishonourable pursuit, would now be thought an offence against taste, but the contemporaries of Fielding did not share our ideas. Booth is contemptible. He may be more repentant than 'Tom Jones,' but he is much less manly, and it is plain that he will be duped by rogues and led astray by profligates to the close of his days, in spite of past warnings and his love for his suffering Amelia. Dr. Harrison, with the moral courage, integrity, and benevolence of Parson Adams, is too much below him in raciness not to suffer by the contrast. 'Amelia' throughout is always reminding us of something better from the same pen, and, with its many excellences, we lay down the book with a feeling of disappointment after 'Joseph Andrews'

and 'Tom Jones.' In force of character, in freshness of incident, in wit and humour, it is very inferior to both; in domestic pathos it is superior. Even if it had been altogether unworthy of him, which it is not, his claim to head the procession of English novelists would have remained the same. It is by St. Paul's and not by Temple Bar that we measure the genius of Wren.

ART. V.—1. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans, with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. London, 1855.

2. *Rational Godliness.* By Rowland Williams, B.D., Fellow and formerly Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Hebrew at St. David's College, Lampeter. London, 1855.

SOME twenty years ago, the members of an Oxford Common-room were shocked and scandalized by the reply of a German professor, whom they were hospitably entertaining, to a theological argument adduced by one of his hosts. The Oxonian had enforced his views by an appeal to the writings of St. Paul; the Prussian rejoined, not by denying the relevancy of the citation, but by questioning the authority of the writer. 'Paul!' he exclaimed, 'Paul was a clayver man, but he had his fancies. His letters I have read, but not often I agree with him.' The dead silence which followed the speech expressed the horror and amazement which it excited, and brought a blush of confusion to the cheek of the perplexed Professor, who could not conceive what he had said to shock the company.

If we may judge from the two works at the head of our article, Teutonic guests might now give utterance to a similar independence of thought in the halls of either University without creating so much astonishment, and might even elicit the approbation of some at least among their audience. In the Common-room of Balliol Mr. Jowett might, perhaps, respond with the remark that there was no wonder if a modern thinker found it difficult to agree in the obsolete 'modes of thought' of a writer who himself constantly wavered between opposite views in successive verses, and that 'fancies' might naturally be expected in a brain affected by paralysis.\* Or, if we transfer the scene to Cambridge, and suppose the free-spoken foreigner seated

\* Jowett, vol. i. p. 303.

beneath the ancient roof of King's, Mr. Williams might there support his German friend, by observing that 'the Scriptural writers, after all, were men, and the condition of mankind is imperfection. They spake of old; but all old times represent, as it were, the childhood of the human race, and therefore had childish things, which we must put away.'\*

The notion of such a scene must raise a smile; yet there is nothing to laugh at in the state of things which it illustrates. The authoritative teaching of Christianity has long been set at nought by the Rationalistic schools of Germany, which have now been in great measure superseded in their own land by sounder teachers; but while Neander, Tholuck, and other orthodox theologians, have restored the shaken foundations of belief abroad, we find the errors against which they have contended gradually gaining ground on us at home; and we have now before us the works of two eminent Tutors of Oxford and Cambridge, which increase the mischief.

Yet we are far from thinking that either of these authors has intentionally opposed the teaching of the Church. The characters of both stand high for earnestness and sincerity. Mr. Jowett has long been known as one of the most conscientious, as well as one of the most eminent Tutors in the University of Oxford. Mr. Williams has shown his zeal for religion by abandoning advantageous prospects at Eton in order to devote himself to the instruction of his native church in the mountain solitudes of Wales. We cannot and do not doubt the real desire of such men to promote the cause of religious truth. Nay, it is impossible to read even the works before us without feeling that they were written with this object. If the writers give up, as we conceive, truths essential to Christianity, it is in the hope of winning consent to truths equally essential which they retain. Their minds are deeply occupied with the objections which repel so many of their contemporaries from the faith. They are penetrated with the thoughts and aspirations suggested by Archdeacon Hare in the following passage:—

'The problem of the age is to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion. . . . Among men of intellectual vigour, I will not say the majority, but undoubtedly a very large portion, are only withheld from open infidelity by giving up their thoughts to the business of this world, and turning away, with a compromising indifference, from serious inquiries about religion. In such a state of things it becomes the imperative duty of all who love the truth in Christ to purge it, so far as they can, from the alloy which it may have con-

\* Williams, p. 294.

tracted in the course of ages through the admixture of human conceits, and which renders it irreconcilable with the postulates of the intellect. This is indeed a very delicate work, and accompanied with many risks, and many will go astray in attempting to accomplish it; but still it must be done. The men of our days will not believe unless you prove to them that what they are called upon to believe does not contradict the laws of their minds, and that it rests upon a solid, unshakeable foundation.'—*Hare's Sterling*, i. 221, 230.

Far be it from us to throw obstacles in the way of those who attempt this task in a reverential spirit, and, sincerely believing it to have been the purpose of the writers before us, we have no wish to echo the cry of 'infidelity' and 'dishonesty' which has been raised against them. Of their honesty, indeed, they have given the clearest proof by publishing opinions which necessarily exposed them to censure so invidious—opinions which dishonest men would have carefully concealed; and from the charge of infidelity they are exculpated by the same verdict which acquits them of dishonesty, since, in their position, the latter would be implied in the former accusation.

Their chief mistake we apprehend to have been that they have not fully apprehended the points at issue between Christianity and its modern assailants, nor the absolute irreconcilability of systems which they hope to reconcile. They have not realized the antagonism expressed so truly by Neander:—

'This is no longer a contest between an older and newer mode of conceiving Christianity, but between Christianity and a system in every respect opposed to it—a contest between Christian theism and the principle which defies the world and self.'—*Neander's Life of Christ* (*Preface to the 3rd edition*).

Perhaps, too, they may be more conversant with books than with life, and may imagine that the dreamy speculations of the cloister are capable of satisfying the practical understanding and forming the spiritual food of common men. And they have also, we think, been misled by too eager a desire to merit the praise of candour and liberality in dealing with the popular objections against Christianity.

For there are two ways of meeting the arguments against Revelation, both perhaps equally objectionable. The first is the method of those who, in their resolution to fight for every jot and tittle of the law, raise the jots to the same importance as the statutes; who are willing to peril the faith of their readers upon the correctness of a numeral or the accuracy of a quotation, and defend with mingled obstinacy and weakness positions both untenable and non-essential. Where this feeble rashness is joined with a spirit of unfairness and a bullying style of language, it is  
little

little likely either to work conviction in the adversary, or to save others from seduction. Yet the modern 'easy method with the atheist' is not less urgently to be deprecated. Its principle consists in attempting to conciliate the feelings of the opponent by going along with him as far as possible; and this is too often carried into effect in practice by abandoning to the objector, one by one, every point of difference between Paganism and Christianity. It is bad to defend untenable positions along your lines, but it is worse to give up the citadel to the enemy.

Of these two erroneous systems of defence, the latter is that adopted by our authors. In the following pages we shall give specimens of their incautious concessions, and shall also endeavour to show the real nature of the system which they are unconsciously supporting. But, before commencing our task, we are anxious to explain that the portions of their works which we select for condemnation must not be taken as a specimen of the whole. These selections, indeed, give the system of the authors and constitute their characteristic peculiarities. But there is also much to edify and instruct in their volumes, especially in those of Mr. Jowett. Indeed it would be quite possible to cut out everything objectionable from his book, and leave an expurgated commentary of unusual value. As an interpreter, his great merit is that he endeavours to ascertain the true meaning of St. Paul, without attempting to wrest his words to the support of some preconceived dogma of theology.\* This merit is rare in England, though common in Germany, a fact which admits of an obvious explanation. The German professors, in general, have held the opinions of St. Paul no more authoritative than the opinions of Aristotle; consequently they are under no temptation to extract from his sayings a confirmation of their own. Whereas the orthodox Arminian will inevitably wish to find the apostle an anti-predestinarian; the orthodox Calvinist to identify him with the Westminster Divines. There is, however, on the other hand, a bias to be dreaded in what is called the most liberal school of interpretation. If, namely, a man begins with the foregone conclusion that the apostles must have been frequently mistaken, he will then be under a temptation to prove them so. From this bias we think neither Mr. Williams nor Mr. Jowett are exempt.

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\* We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to recommend to our readers a recently published work which possesses this and most other merits of Mr. Jowett's volumes, with hardly any of his faults. We mean Mr. Stanley's excellent edition of the Epistles to the Corinthians. In careful execution of the exegetical portion, it is not inferior to the best German commentaries; while it adds that vivid realisation of the past, and that richness of historical illustration, distinctive of its author.

In mentioning the work of the latter, we must not omit to notice that though it professes to be a critical edition of the Epistles to the Romans, Thessalonians, and Galatians, yet its more important feature consists in the numerous dissertations on questions ethical, metaphysical, and theological, which are interpolated between the pages of St. Paul, with whom, for the most part, they have a very slight connexion. Most of these essays are written with earnestness and ability, and some of them may be praised, without reserve, as truly valuable contributions to our religious literature. We may specify particularly those on 'the Quotations from the Old Testament,' on 'Casuistry,' and 'on the State of the Heathen World,' the last of which, however, is an abridgment from Tholuck. In criticising the writers before us, then, we hope that we shall not forget the respect due to their character in the animadversion due to their conclusions. Nor will they be so unreasonable as to claim for themselves an infallibility which they do not concede even to the apostles.

There is one portion of his work, however, in which the public might reasonably have believed Mr. Jowett less fallible than he has proved himself. In exegetical research we might naturally have hoped to find his commentary on a level with the time; and in Hellenistic scholarship we should certainly have looked for perfect accuracy. It is, therefore, with surprise as well as regret that we find neither of these expectations fully realised. Thus, in enumerating the exegetical writers whom he has consulted, he omits all mention of the two most eminent names of modern times, De Wette and Meyer; while he notices Olshausen, who, as an interpreter, ranks, except in orthodoxy, immeasurably below them both. Again, we might have hoped from the successor of Gaisford an independent text of the Epistles which he edits; whereas we find him adopting Lachmann's text as perfect, and maintaining it with a servile adherence.\* A far more important blemish, however, is to be found in Mr. Jowett's neglect of accurate verbal scholarship. In this respect his commentary must be regarded as a retrograde step in biblical literature. Up to the end of the last century it was the fashion to treat the grammar of the New Testament in a free and easy manner, very convenient to interpreters. In those days any preposition might stand for any other; prepositions

\* For example, in his note on Rom. xiv. 6 (*καὶ ἡ μὴ κ.τ.λ.*), he says, 'these words are chiefly worth remarking as illustrative of the entire want of authority of some of the readings of the Textus Receptus.' Now, so far from this being the case, the words in question, though they have but little manuscript authority, are guaranteed by so great a weight of patristic authority, that Tischendorf, in his second edition, has retained them in the text.

might govern any case they pleased, without change of meaning; conjunctions might indicate all relations promiscuously; voices, moods, and tenses were equally accommodating; and if still an obstinate sentence refused to yield the proper meaning, a convenient 'Hebraism' was always at hand to cut the knot. Since the great work of Winer this uncritical laxity has been exploded.\* The grammar of the New Testament has been firmly established on a rational basis, and the usages of its writers ascertained by internal analogy. We grieve to say that Mr. Jowett has reverted to the slipshod method of our grandfathers,† whose system has been thus summed up:—

EΙΣ may always stand for ΕΝ;  
ΔΕ is much the same with ΜΕΝ.

Akin

\* We do not mean to deny that in some instances Winer went too far in maintaining a more rigid observance of distinctions than really exists. For example, he almost denies, or at least says that it cannot with certainty be proved, that the aorist is ever used for the perfect in the New Testament; a usage of which there is the clearest proof. Indeed the recent English critics (Mr. Ellicott, Mr. Alford, and others), who nominally profess their adherence to his doctrine on this point, are compelled to violate consistency by frequently themselves translating the aorist as a perfect. But if there be an ultra-scrupulosity in Winer's grammatical conscience, it is a safer extreme than that of laxity.

† A few examples will suffice to justify our assertion. Thus, in a note on Gal. i. 6, we are told that it is doubtful 'whether *ἐν* is put for *ἐν*, or a confusion of *ἐν* and *ἐν*;' and further, that 'in the New Testament prepositions are often transposed.' Again, in Gal. iv. 13, *διὰ* with the accusative is translated as if it had been followed by the genitive; and this is justified by a false parallel with Phil. i. 15, *δι' ἰδοκίαν ἀγαθῆς συνειδήσεως*, which does not mean (as Mr. Jowett supposes), *they preach in good will*, but *they preach out of good will*, just as the preceding *διὰ φθόνου* means *out of envy*. So again, on 1 Thess. iv. 14, we read, 'the only remaining mode is to take *διὰ* for *ἐν*.' Again, in vol. i. 7, *γινώσκωμεν* (2 Cor. v. 16) is translated, 'I will know,' as if it had been *γινώσκωμεθα*.‡ And on this mistranslation a most serious historical error is grounded, which we shall presently notice. Again, in Gal. i. 23, *ἀκούοντες ἤκουον* is translated, *they heard*, the sense of the imperfect being ignored. Again, Rom. i. 1, *κλητὸς ἀπόστολος* is rendered, *called an apostle*, instead of a *called apostle*. Again, on Rom. i. 32, we are told in a note that St. Paul uses *οὐ μόνον* *ἀλλὰ καὶ* simply for 'and,' to which we may reply, if he meant nothing but *καὶ* it would have been easier to write nothing but *καὶ*. But the most startling solecism of all is contained in the note on Rom. vii. 25, *ἀπερ' αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ μὴ νοῦ δουλείᾳ νόμου θιῶν, τῇ δὲ σαρκὶ νόμου ἁμαρτίας*. The difficulty of this verse Mr. Jowett attempts to remove by a novel and original suggestion. He translates it, 'With the mind I myself serve the law of God; [here the interpolated semicolon should be observed] howbeit with the flesh the law of sin.' He adds in a note an explanation, that the first part of the verse (*αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ μὴ νοῦ δ. v. ε.*) means, 'I myself (that is, in my true self) serve the law of God; the remainder of the sentence (*τῇ δὲ σαρκὶ νόμου ἁμαρτίας*) may be regarded as an after-thought, in which the Apostle checks his aspiration, δι being exactly expressed in English by "howbeit." We never remember to have seen a more fatal breach of the fundamental laws of the Greek language than in this suggestion, which involves a violation of the essential idea of the particle *μὴ*. That particle, we need scarcely say, necessarily gives to the

‡ *γινώσκω* is emphatically present; compare 1 Cor. xiii. 12, *ἀπὸ γινώσκω, εἶναι δὲ ἀγινώσκωμαι*.

clause

Akin to this grammatical laxity is the historical and geographical inaccuracy into which Mr. Jowett occasionally falls. As an illustration, we may mention that he informs his readers, in a note upon Rom. xvi. 1, that Cenchreæ (which he calls Cenchrea) was 'the port of Corinth on the Corinthian Gulf;' and to prove that this is not a mere typographical error, he elsewhere calls the same place 'the port of Corinth' (ii. p. 34), implying that it was the only, or the chief port of Corinth. The mistake is much the same as if a Frenchman should say that Hull was the port of Manchester on the Irish sea. Again, while speaking of St. Paul's expressed intention to visit Spain (Rom. xv. 24), he says, 'There is no reason to suppose that the journey was ever accomplished'—apparently forgetting the celebrated statement of Clemens Romanus, St. Paul's disciple, that St. Paul before his death 'visited the extremity of the west.'

These last-mentioned peculiarities enable us to understand Mr. Jowett's opinion, that 'historical and topographical inquiries' are useless to the student of the New Testament (i. 27-30). 'Neither,' he says, 'are the descriptions of particular cities [thinking perhaps of Cenchreæ] or countries at all more instructive . . . . Such inquiries . . . . have no real connexion with the interpretation of Scripture; and they tend to withdraw the mind from the true sources of illustration of the Epistles, and the true nature of the earliest Christianity.' How they produce this effect Mr. Jowett fails to explain. Perhaps, however, some light may be thrown upon the question by the knowledge that 'a geographical idea of all the countries of the earth is quite different from that (shall we say) *spiritual* notion of place which occurs in the Epistles' (ii. 104).

This last remark illustrates the working of an influence which has evidently had a very large share in the production of Mr. Jowett's present work, and in the formation of his peculiar system—his devotion, namely, to the transcendental idealism of Hegel. There are, indeed, many passages of his writing which it is impossible for any one not in some measure acquainted with that philosophy to understand at all. Thus, when he says that, 'Objects considered in their most abstract point of view may be said to contain a positive and negative element; everything is and is not; is in itself and is not in relation to other things' (ii. 488), his readers must be perplexed if they do not happen to know that he is enunciating the famous *Widerspruchslehre*, or *doctrine of contradiction*, by which Hegel has solved all the mysteries of the

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clause in which it occurs an *anticipatory* character, involving an opposition with something which is to follow. The notion that the anticipated member of the antithesis could have been added 'as an after-thought' is a contradiction in terms.

universe.

universe. Again, when he tells us that the opposition between 'God and man, mind and matter, soul and body,' may be lost by our regarding 'these pairs of opposites as passing into each other' (ii. 505), we recognise the Hegelian doctrine of '*Moments*,' by virtue of which the *Seyn* and the *Nichts* pass into each other and form the *Daseyn*. Again, the following remark on the comprehensibility of the Divine nature is purely Hegelian :—

'As in heathen times it was more natural to think of extraordinary phenomena, such as thunder and lightning, as the work of the gods, than as arising from physical causes, so also it is still natural to the religious mind to consider the bewilderments and entanglements which it has itself made as a proof of the unsearchableness of the Divine nature.'—ii. 489.

Among these 'bewilderments and entanglements which the mind itself has made,' Mr. Jowett, following Hegel, places such questions as the origin of evil and the freedom of the will. And the passage we have quoted above implies that it is as absurd to consider the Divine nature unsearchable, as it would be to consider every thunderstorm miraculous. To most of our readers we suspect that such a doctrine will be novel, and even startling; but those acquainted with the modern development of German philosophy will be aware that it is the great boast of Hegel to have made the Divine nature scientifically comprehensible, and to have explained by the rigid application of his 'method' the enigmas above-mentioned, which had hitherto proved insoluble to the human mind. Like Mr. Jowett (ii. 488), he maintained that 'for this complex action of soul and body, of mind and matter, we must find some simple and consistent expression.' And an '*expression*' he found accordingly, which is certainly 'consistent,' though perhaps hardly 'simple.' Whether it be also true, or only a mere verbal juggle, is a more doubtful matter. We may indeed comprehend under the same logical formula (as Hegel does) the evolution of *substance* out of *cause* and *effect*, of *water* out of *oxygen* and *hydrogen*, of *law* out of *free-will* and *necessity*, and of *Deity* out of *mind* and *nature*. Nay, we may go farther and classify, as Oken has done in his Physio-Philosophy, the whole creation under the Hegelian categories. But when we have done all this, several questions still demand an answer: first, whether the analogies which form the basis of our classification are founded on a real identity of relation, or upon an arbitrary caprice of fancy; secondly, whether we comprehend a contradiction at all the better, because we say that we unite both its opposite poles in a single conception; thirdly, whether a *logical evolution*, to which Hegel reduces the Deity, is a more fundamental conception of the mind than a *living being*.

For

For our own part the old question will still recur to us—'Can man by searching find out God?' Nay, the more we contemplate the universe, the more we are inclined to exclaim with the apostle, 'How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.' But we are aware that by this confession we expose ourselves to the reproach from all Hegelians of utter incapacity for scientific method.\*

Besides the above more direct instances of the introduction of Hegelianism, we find the leaven of the same philosophy diffused through the whole mass of Mr. Jowett's volumes. Thus, according to that system, history is the self-evolution of the eternal reason in a perpetual process of development. Consequently the present age cannot realize or comprehend a past age, being itself another thought of the eternal process, and not the same thought. Truths are only true for the age which uttered them; morality is in a state of flux, perpetually progressive. The influence of this theory is palpably felt in the following passage:—

'We cannot imagine an individual separated from his age; no more can we imagine the truths of Christianity separated from the time at which they appeared, or from the stage of language in which they came to the birth.'—ii. 39.

So Mr. Jowett proves the impossibility of our realising the moral condition of the past by the example of the Jews under the old theocracy. Religion, he observes, which, to the believer in Christ, is an individual principle, was to the Jews a national one.

'To think of the Jew, in the earlier period of Jewish history, isolating himself from his fellows, and determining to walk in all the commandments of the law blameless, would be as absurd as to think of an individual forming a state, or inventing a language.'—ii. 494.

Surely when he wrote these words their author must have forgotten that there were such men as David, Samuel, and Elijah.

The following exemplifies the same influence acting in another field:—

'In describing things spiritual, forms of thought are necessarily fluctuating, because they are inadequate; *that which is sometimes the cause being equally, from another point of view, the effect.*'—ii. 141.

In fact, according to Hegel's logic, as we have just men-

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\* This is the reproach made by Hegel against Tholuck, whom he classes among those who obstinately persist in calling God incomprehensible, and refusing to accept the scientific analysis of the nature of Deity which he (Hegel) has provided. See Hegel's 'Encyclopaedie der Philosophischen Wissenschaften' (ed. 1830), p. 593, et seq.—a passage which seems to have supplied Mr. Jowett with a portion of his remarks in vol. ii. pp. 488, 489.

tioned, *cause* and *effect* pass into each other, and form *substance* by their union. This will perhaps render it more easy to comprehend the 'inversion of modes of thought' which has taken place between our age and that of St. Paul, 'so that what is with us the effect, is with the Apostle the cause, or conversely' (ii. 40).

Another most curious illustration of this German influence is the essay on what Mr. Jowett calls 'the *mixed modes* of time and place in Scripture.' In this he maintains that the very ideas of time and space in the apostolic age were different from those in our own minds. We have already quoted one passage from this dissertation, upon the 'spiritual notion of place.' In another we are told that

'this spiritual notion of time and place is not possible to ourselves. . . . These mixed modes of time and place are no longer mixed to us, but clear and distinct. We live in the light of history and of nature, and can never mingle together what is inward and what is without us. We cannot but imagine everywhere, and at all times, heaven to be different from earth, the past from the future and present. No inward conscience can ever efface the limits that separate them. No "contemplation of things under the form of eternity" will take us from the realities of life. We sometimes repeat the familiar language of Scripture, but always in a metaphorical sense.'\*—ii. 105.

In the same spirit we are told (i. 298) that it is quite impossible for us in the present day to realize the spirit or the life of St. Paul. 'Could any one say now *the life* not that I live but *that Christ liveth in me?*' asks Mr. Jowett. We thought and hoped that there had been hours and hours in the life of every true Christian when he could say this; and that the difference was rather, that St. Paul realized perpetually that which, with most of his followers, is but intermittent.

Akin to the above is the assertion that

'the indefiniteness of the language of the New Testament harmonises with the infinity of the subject. It has not the precision of Attic Greek; but could the precision of Attic Greek have expressed the truths of the Gospel?'—ii. 39.

If the truths of the Gospel cannot be expressed in Attic Greek, it naturally occurs to us to ask whether they can be expressed in any of the languages of modern Europe? We sup-

\* The only foundation for the singular notions of this essay is (1) the vivid manner of St. Paul in sometimes, by way of anticipation, speaking of future events as present; and (2) his saying by a natural hyperbole that the tidings of the conversion of the Romans and Thessalonians were spread throughout the world (Rom. i. 8; 1 Thess. i. 8).

pose Mr. Jowett would reply that German is the only tongue in which they can now be shadowed forth.

Still more redolent of Transcendentalism is the discovery that 'the clearness of Paley's style [in the *Horæ Paulinæ*] has given him a fallacious advantage with the reader,' and that 'the perspicuity of the writer [*i. e.* of Paley, not of Mr. Jowett], which flatters the reader into intelligence, makes him ready to admit what he can so easily understand.'—i. 109.

This is the first time we ever heard that the clear statement of an argument tended to hide its fallacy. We had fancied that it was the muddy stream which best concealed the rocks and shoals beneath its surface. We had supposed that a cloudy and confused style best screened the shifting of meanings, the ambiguity of middle terms, and the craft of rhetoric. We have been told before, although we never believed it, that clear writers were necessarily shallow. It was reserved for Mr. Jowett to establish the principle that clearness is equivalent to fallacy. We suppose it follows conversely that obscurity is equivalent to demonstration—in which case it cannot be denied that German metaphysicians are the most irrefragable of reasoners.

We hope, however, that none of our readers will suspect us of joining in the indiscriminate outcry against Germany, which is heard from some of the least reflecting of our religious contemporaries. The whole civilized world owes an immense debt of gratitude to German men of letters. Their patient and honest industry, their zealous determination to penetrate to the bottom of every subject of their investigation, their untiring devotion to a life of laborious truth-seeking, may well shame our own shallow and superficial research.\* And they have been rewarded by a rich harvest of truth in almost every field of human inquiry. The rest of Europe must learn from them the facts which form the basis of all historical, grammatical, ethnological, and exegetical speculations. But though they supply the materials for the edifice of human knowledge, they are less successful in rearing the superstructure. They want that practical wisdom, clear insight, and sense of proportion and congruity, which are essential to such a task. They are rather the lexicographers

\* There is much truth in a saying of Elmsley, the Greek critic, who, when he was asked 'how it was that the Germans beat the English in scholarship,' replied, 'because they never go out to tea.' In point of fact, a German professor will toil patiently at his desk for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, never quitting it except to eat the simple meals which the Frau Professorinn has cooked for him. His literary work supplies to him the place which in the mind of the Englishman is shared by politics, society, and money-getting—engrossing pursuits, which usually drive literature into the corner.

than the encyclopædists of the intellect. They are not the legislators of the human understanding, but only commissioners of inquiry. The most boasted fabrics they have raised have not endured, but are perpetually toppling over, undermined by later scepticism, or melting away into mist:—

‘Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought.’

Therefore we regret to see a man of Mr. Jowett’s ability led captive by the boasted *Method* of Hegelian metaphysics; a method which seems to us near akin to that μεθοδεία τῆς πλάνης spoken of by the Apostle. Not that we should have wished him less conversant with German letters, but only more familiar with a different department; we wish that he had devoted himself rather to German criticism than to German metaphysics; that he had read Hegel less and Winer more.

We believe that Mr. Jowett would have been less ready to follow his German masters whithersoever they led, and that both he and Mr. Williams would have been more cautious in their admissions, had they fully realized the true nature of that system of infidelity which some of their statements support. That system, which Neander truly calls ‘in every respect opposed to Christianity—a system which deifies the World and Self’—may be named indifferently either Pantheism or Atheism, either Ultra-idealism or Ultra-materialism; for these terms denote the same views under superficial or merely nominal differences. It would be easy to prove this substantial identity; but at present we shall confine ourselves to that aspect of the question which bears immediately upon revealed religion. In connexion with this subject the common consent of modern Pantheists may be embodied in the following series of propositions:—

Axiom 1. ‘All the physical changes and all the moral changes which occur throughout the universe, are unalterably determined by antecedent necessity, so that they follow each other by invariable laws.’

Ax. 1. Cor. 1. ‘The chain of physical causation is eternal and excludes a creator.’

Ax. 1. Cor. 2. ‘A miracle, being by definition an interruption of the physical laws of the universe, is impossible.’

Axiom 2. ‘The will of God is only another name for the laws of nature.’

Ax. 2. Cor. 1. ‘It is absurd to suppose sin offensive to God, for sin is a manifestation of the laws of man’s moral nature, and as such is a part of the will of God.’

Ax. 2. Cor. 2. ‘All religions are equally from God, being equally

equally developments of the moral laws which determine the moral progress of mankind.'

Ax. 2. Cor. 3. 'Revealed Religion (so called) is identical with Natural Religion in origin and authority.'

In these articles of faith, Schelling and Hegel, Harriet Martineau and Auguste Comte, are all agreed. This agreement we shall illustrate by some quotations, arranged *seriatim* beneath each of the articles in question. And we shall then consider how far the Christian writers before us have inadvertently seemed to concur with this *consensus infidelium*.

Ax. 1. 'All the physical changes and all the moral changes which occur throughout the universe are unalterably determined by antecedent necessity, so that they follow each other by invariable laws.'

So the idealistic pantheist Fichte says—

'Whatever actually exists, exists of absolute necessity, and necessarily exists in the precise form in which it does exist. It is impossible that it should not exist, or that it should exist otherwise than as it does.' . . .  
—(*Fichte on the Origin of History*, Lecture 9.)

So Schelling in his 'Transcendental Idealism' views the universe as the necessary self-evolution of the infinite mind, and Hegel regards it as an eternal mathematical process, or an animated series of propositions, every step of which is linked to the preceding by unalterable law.

Thus the Hegelian Oken—

'As the whole of mathematics emerges out of zero, so must everything which is a singular have emerged from the eternal, or nothing of nature.'—(*Physio-Philosophy*, p. 9.)

Thus again Humboldt in the 'Cosmos'—

'In submitting physical phenomena and historical events to the exercise of the reflective faculty, and in ascending by reasoning to their causes, we become more and more penetrated by that ancient belief that the forces inherent in matter, and those regulating the moral world, exert their action under the presence of a primordial necessity.'

And to the same effect speak the disciples of materialism, of whom we may take Miss Martineau and the author of the 'Vestiges' as the English exponents. In the words of the latter—

'The human being, a mystery considered as an individual, becomes a simple and natural phenomenon when considered in the mass.' And 'Morals, that part of the system of things which seemed least under natural regulation or law, is as thoroughly ascertained to be wholly so

as the arrangement of the heavenly bodies.'—(*Explanations of Vestiges*, p. 26.)

To the same effect Martineau and Atkinson declare that

'drunk or sober, mad or idiot, a man is at all times the result of his material condition and the influences without. Some men are, as it were, a law unto themselves, while others by their nature are disposed to thieve and to murder. Some men are wolves by their nature, and some are lambs, and it is vain to talk of responsibility, as if men made themselves what they are. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" "We do not quarrel with the stone that strikes us," says Bacon, nor shall we quarrel with man when we know man's nature, and that he merely exhibits the law of his being.'—(*M. and A.*, 131.)

'I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature, and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled.'—(*M. and A.*, 132.)

It is unnecessary to quote Auguste Comte on this subject, since the whole of his four volumes is one continuous exposition of the 'Axiom' which we are considering. His purpose throughout is to show how '*la grande notion des lois de la nature, enfin appliquée à l'étude même de l'homme et de la société,*' is certain ultimately to extirpate '*le système théologique.*'—*Comte*, tom. iii. p. 271.

Of course we need not say that we believe Mr. Jowett would sincerely repudiate the views above cited. But might not the following passages be interpreted so as to appear to countenance them?—

'The relation in which science stands to us may seem to bear but a remote resemblance to that in which the law stood to the apostle St. Paul. Yet the analogy is not fanciful, but real. Traces of physical laws are discernible everywhere in the world around us; even in ourselves also, whose souls are knit together with our bodily frames, whose bodily frames are a part of the material creation. *It seems as if nature came so close to us as to leave no room for the motion of our will:* instead of the inexhaustible grace of God enabling us to say, in the language of the Apostle, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," we become more and more the slaves of our own physical constitution. And as the consciousness of this becomes stronger, and the contrast between faith and experience more vivid, there arises a conflict between the spirit and the flesh, nature and grace, not unlike that of which the Apostle speaks. No one who, instead of "hanging to the past," will look forward to the future, can expect that natural science should stand in the same attitude towards revelation fifty years hence as at present. . . . Doubtless God has provided a way that the thought of Him should not be banished

from the hearts of men. And habit, and opinion, and prescription may "last our time," as men say; and many motives may conspire to keep our minds off the coming struggle. But if there ever be a day when our present knowledge of geology, of languages, of the races and religions of mankind, of the human frame itself, shall be regarded as the starting-point of a goal which has been almost reached, we can hardly anticipate, from what we already see, the nature of the conflict that will then arise between reason and faith. The cry of the soul to God, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death," may be the entrance to a new life.'—ii. 444.

'Extending our conception of Nature by fixing our minds solely on its highest operations, we are reconciled to the thought that even the workings of our hearts and the acts of our lives are subject to this order; and that wonderful as the human will is, nature, or the God of nature, will not allow it to interfere with the structure of the world in which it is placed.

'Looking at ourselves from within, we seem to be the heirs of a boundless freedom; with a glance at the material world "our nerves are all chained up in alabaster." Fixing our minds again on "those portions of matter in which we are more nearly interested," we seem to be the subjects of an imperfect necessity. Turning our thoughts to others, were it not for the illusion of their resemblance to ourselves, mere observation would probably lead us to regard their volition in the same way that we think of the motion of animals. What is the inference? It is this, that so wavering and indefinite a sense as our own internal consciousness cannot be brought as a witness against facts of outward experience. These remain as they are, whether we admit them or not. Still we cannot deny that there are two ways in which the world within and the world without may be considered. We may set a great gulf between them; so that it is impossible to pass from one to the other, opposing *God to man, mind and matter, soul and body*. We may speak of mind as the correlative of matter, and describe the soul after the analogy of the body. Morality and religion often seem to require that we retain such distinctions, *even in opposition to experience*. Or we may regard *these pairs of opposites as passing into one another; the opposition of the will of God, and the free agency of man, being lost in the idea of a communion of the Creator with His creatures; that of soul and body in a higher conception of nature; that of necessity and freedom in the notion of law, which seems to partake of both.*'—ii. 505.

The preceding 'Axiom' obviously involves the following corollary:—

AX. 1. Cor. 1. '*The chain of physical causation is eternal, and excludes a creator.*'

This is expressed by Fichte as follows:—

'If, therefore, any one should say that the world might also not exist—that at one time it actually did not exist—that at another time it arose out of nothing—that it came into existence by an arbitrary act  
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of God, which act he might have left undone had he so pleased, it is just the same as if he should say that God might also not exist—that at one time he actually did not exist—that at another time he came into existence out of non-existence, and determined himself to be by an arbitrary act of will, which he might have left undone had he so pleased. . . . Has man been created? Then he could not have been present, at least with consciousness, at that event, or been able to observe how he passed over from non-existence into existence; nor can he relate it as a fact to posterity. . . . As to the origin of the world and of the human race, neither the philosopher nor the historian has anything to say, *for there is absolutely no such origin*; there is only the one necessary being raised above all time.’—(*Origin of History*, Lecture 9.)

So, according to the oracle of Miss Martineau—

‘Philosophy finds no God in nature; no personal being or creator; nor sees the want of any; nor has a God revealed himself miraculously; for the idea is in the mind of most savage nations, because under like ignorance like effects will recur. The human mind, whenever placed under similar circumstances of ignorance, will form similar conceptions, and have similar longings and superstitions.’—(*M. and A.*, 173.)

‘There is no theory of a God, of an author of nature, of an origin of the universe, which is not utterly repugnant to my faculties.’—(*M. and A.*, 217.)

The same author makes the following remarks upon the evidence of a Creator derived from final causes:—

‘Thus deluding themselves, they wander after final causes, and by an inverted reason see their own image in nature, and imagine design and a designer, creation and a Creator; as if the laws of matter were not fundamental and sufficient in themselves, and design were not human, and simply an imitation; or, as Bacon designates it, “a memory with an application.” To call Nature’s doings, and the fitness and form of things design, is absurd. *Man designs; Nature is.*’—(*M. and A.*, 176.)

We regret to say that Mr. Jowett not only echoes this often-refuted objection, but enters into a long dissertation to prove the futility of the teleological argument, which seems to show that he himself does not comprehend it.\* For instance, he calls it ‘a defect in the argument’ that it ‘fixes our minds on those parts of the world which exhibit marks of design, and withdraws u. from those in which marks of design seem to fail;’ and again,

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\* We are surprised to find Mr. Jowett attributing the invention of this argument to Aristotle (p. 407); we should have thought every one must have remembered the well-known passage in the ‘*Memorabilia*,’ where Socrates is represented as employing it.

that 'it leads us to suppose that all things are made in the best manner possible.' As though a man should call it a defect in the argument of the Asses Bridge that it has led some mistaken persons to suppose that they had squared the circle. Again, he objects to it as giving 'an imperfect conception of the Divine Being'—as if any one ever supposed that it could give a perfect conception of the Divine Being. But his main objection is the same which has been so often made and answered, that we are amazed at meeting it once more in his pages. He says:

'In the case of a work of art it [the argument] has an intelligible meaning; what meaning can we attach to it in the case of natural objects? As certainly as the man who found a watch or piece of mechanism on the sea shore would conclude, "here are marks of design, indications of an intelligent artist," so certainly, if he came across the meanest or the highest of the works of nature, would he infer, "this was not made by man, nor by any human art and skill." He sees at first sight that the sea-weed beneath his feet is something different in kind from the productions of man. What should lead him to say, that in the same sense that man made the watch God made the sea-weed?'—ii. 407.

To which it may suffice to give the reply made by Dr. Whewell twenty years ago:—

'How came we to know the existence of human design and purpose *at first, or at all?* What we see around us are certain appearances, things, successions of events. How came we ever to ascribe to *other men* the thought and will of which we are conscious ourselves? How do we come to believe that there *are* other men? How are we led to elevate in our conceptions some of the objects which we perceive into *persons*? No doubt their actions, their words, induce us to do this. We feel that such actions, such events, must be connected by consciousness and personality; that the actions are not the actions of things but of persons. In arriving at such knowledge we are aided only by our own consciousness of what thought, purpose, will are; and possessing this regulative principle, we so decipher and interpret the complex appearances around us—that we receive irresistibly the persuasion of the existence of other men, *with thought, and will, and purpose like our own.* And just in the same manner, when we observe the adjustment of the parts of the human frame to each other and to the elements, the relation of the properties of the earth to those of its inhabitants, or of the *physical* to the *moral* nature of man, we infer the existence of a personal Creator. . . .

'If any one ever went so far in scepticism as to doubt the existence of any other person than himself, he might (as far as this argument is concerned) reject the being of God.'

Mr. Jowett goes on to refute all the other common arguments for

for the being of a God (which are all more or less inconsistent with the Hegelian conception), and then concludes (p. 410)—

‘The arguments from first or final causes will not bear the tests of modern metaphysical inquirers. *The most highly educated minds are above them, the uneducated cannot be made to comprehend them.*’

We should have thought the minds of those writers who, in the present day, have urged the argument from final causes, including Brougham, Herschel, Whewell, Sedgwick, and Owen, were not among the least highly educated of our generation. But this is a matter of opinion. Mr. Jowett's other assertion, that ‘the uneducated cannot be made to comprehend’ that argument, is only a fresh proof that the seclusion of the cloister has hindered him from estimating the forces which act upon the common understanding. We can venture to assure him, that by the great mass of his countrymen the argument from design is held irresistibly conclusive; that none is more easily comprehended by the poor; and, moreover, that if he were to succeed in convincing mankind in general of its futility, he would produce a larger crop of atheists than the world has ever witnessed.

We now come to the second of the above-mentioned corollaries, viz.:—

Ax. 1. Cor. 2. ‘*A miracle, being by definition\* an interruption of the physical laws of the universe, is impossible.*’

On this subject the following is the utterance of the Hegelian Strauss:—

‘We may summarily reject all miracles, prophecies, narratives of angels and of demons, and the like, as simply impossible, and irreconcilable with the known and universal laws which govern the course of events.’

And to the same effect his brother idealist Emerson:

‘The word *Miracle*, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression—it is *Monster*.’—(Emerson's *Christian Teacher*.)

The opinion of Miss Martineau is equally summary:

‘I hold that there never has been or can be any miracle or interruption of the laws of nature.’

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\* It has been often remarked that this common definition of a miracle is faulty. So Coleridge exclaims ‘Suspension—Laws—Nature—Bless me! a chapter would be required for the explanation of each several word in the definition, and little less than omniscience for its application in any one instance.’—(*Notes on English Divines*, ii. 227.) He proceeds to give a definition of his own, which is liable to nearly the same objections with that which he rejects. Bishop Butler has observed that miracles may really be not suspensions of the laws of nature, but manifestations of certain more general laws; and Mr. Babbage has illustrated this view in his ‘Ninth Bridgewater Treatise,’ by showing from his calculating machine how an intermittent law may appear to be a violation of law.

And again:

'Strange as it may appear, and impossible as it may seem to so many, the Christian religion is in fact, and will soon be generally recognised as no better than *an old wife's fable*.'—(*Martineau and Ath.*, 239, 241.)

In order to meet such views, and get rid of such objections, many apologists for religion in modern times have tried to construct a Christianity without miracles. And some who have themselves firmly believed the Christian miracles, have yet been very anxious to eliminate them from the 'evidences' of Christianity. Coleridge was the first in England to set this fashion, in which he has been followed by so many in recent times, who have repeated his maxim, that 'the doctrine proves the miracle, and not the miracle the doctrine.' We need not now inquire into the degree of truth which this opinion may contain. But we must express our sorrow that it should have led to a tone of depreciation and disparagement, which some even among Christian writers do not hesitate to adopt concerning the external evidences of Christianity. Thus, Mr. Williams, in the work before us, states, that those who agree with him 'would never be so illogical as to make *these remote and often obscurely attested events* the proof of things being true which they know by experience.' (*Rational Godliness*, p. 398.) Whence it would seem to follow that nothing can be a Christian truth which we cannot 'know by experience.' In the same spirit Mr. Jowett repeats that 'Miracles are not appealed to singly in Scripture as evidences of religion, in the same way that they have been used by modern writers.' The qualification makes it difficult to deal with this assertion; but it is certainly *primâ facie* opposed to the fact that our Lord is frequently represented in the Gospels as appealing to his miracles in proof of his divine commission; and not less so to the practice of St. Paul, who, in writing to the Corinthians, makes miracles a proof of his apostleship (2 Cor. xii. 12); and appeals to the same test as an evidence of the truth of his teaching to the Galatians, in a passage which is paraphrased by Mr. Jowett himself as follows: 'I say then again, did he who supplied you the Spirit, and gave you miraculous powers, work by the deeds of the law, or by the hearing of faith.' (Gal. iii. 5.)

We now come to the second 'Axiom,' namely:

Ax. 2. '*The will of God is only another name for the laws of nature.*'

Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, notwithstanding their minor differences, all unite in the opinion of the last, that 'Apart from  
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the universe is no God.' The most popular expositor of Transcendentalism in our own language expresses this view in his vivid manner as follows:—

'All the universe over, there is but one thing. This old *two-face creator-creature, mind-matter, right-wrong*, of which any proposition may be affirmed or denied.'—(Emerson, *Essay on Nominalist and Realist.*)

'The true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God re-appears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil. If the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.'—(Emerson, *Essay on Compensation.*)

So the oracle, or *δαίμων*, of Miss Martineau declares—

'I cannot believe in a manufacturing God as implied in the idea of a Creator and a creation; nor can I believe in any beginning or end to the operations of nature. The cause in nature or of nature is eternal and immutable. The earth and stars may pass away into other forms, but the law is eternal. Man, animals, plants, stones, are consequently in nature. *The mind of man, the instincts of animals, the sympathies (so to speak) of plants, and the properties of stones, are results of material development—that development itself being a result of the properties of matter, and the inherent cause and principle, which is the basis of matter.*'—(*M. and A.*, 240.)

Such are the utterances of a system which, as Neander truly says, is the direct antithesis of Christianity. Yet it might be thought by a hasty reader that they received some countenance from the following passage:—

'Past and present strive together in our minds; *the modes of thought which we have derived from Scripture and from antiquity are at variance with the language of science.* It is our duty as Christians and as reasonable beings to lay aside such *illusions*. Language and religious feeling supply many blinds which we may interpose between ourselves and truth. But there is no resting-place until we admit freely that *the laws of nature and the will of the God of nature are absolutely identical.*'—ii. 413.

When Mr. Jowett wrote this, he surely forgot that the existence of moral evil is 'a law of nature,' but yet cannot be supposed a part of 'the will of God' by those who are taught to pray 'Deliver us from evil.' He also could not have remembered that those who hold the axiom which he seems here to concede, virtually identify God with the Devil, by deducing from it the following consequence:—

Ax. 2. Cor. 1. '*It is absurd to suppose sin offensive to God; for sin is a manifestation of the laws of man's moral nature, and as such is a part of the will of God.*'

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This was a favourite sentiment of the Pantheistic Goethe, and it has been rendered familiar to the English public by his disciple Mr. Carlyle,\* in his essays and elsewhere. So we read in Hare's Life of Sterling,—

'I find in all my conversations with B. [Mr. Carlyle], that his fundamental position is *the good of evil*. He is for ever quoting Goethe's epigram about *the idleness of wishing to jump off one's shade*.'—i. 74.

On the same theme Emerson copiously declaims after this fashion:—

'Nature as we know her is *no saint*. The lights of the Church, the ascetics, Gentoos, and Grahamites, she does not distinguish by any favour: she comes eating and drinking, and *sinning*. Her darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law; do not come out of the Sunday school; nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments. *If we will be strong with her strength, we must not harbour such disconsolate consciences*, borrowed, too, from the consciences of other nations. We must set up the strong present tense against all the rumours of wrath, past or to come.'—(Emerson on *Spiritual Laws*.)

'My friend suggested: "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, they do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live, then, for the devil; no law can be sacred to me but that of my nature: *good and bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this*. The only right is what is after my constitution; the only *wrong*, what is against it. . . . My life is not an apology, but a life: it is for itself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. . . . I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear these actions which are reckoned excellent; I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right.'—(Emerson on *Self-reliance*.)

Miss Martineau, we need scarcely say, entirely coincides in the same view:—

'Knowledge sees no more sin in a crooked disposition than in the crooked stick in the water, or in a humpback, or a squint. Ignorance conceives its will to be free; a strange arrogance, if it could see it. Knowledge recognises universal law, and that nothing can be free, or by chance; no, not even God; but that God is the substance of law, and origin of all things.'—(*M. and A.*, 141.)

'Of course, as a part of nature, as a creature of necessity, as governed by law, man is neither selfish nor unselfish, neither good nor evil, worthy nor unworthy, but simply nature, and what is possible to nature, and could not be otherwise.'—(*M. and A.*, 232.)

Mr. Jowett expresses himself on this subject as follows:—

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\* See the Essay on Goethe in Carlyle's Essays.

'He [God] is within and without at the same time; *present in our good actions in one way; also in our evil actions in another way*; as the Author of good, and the Permitter of evil; \* the Fountain of all physical, moral, and spiritual laws; or rather, as we may say, the law of all other laws, the person, idea, principle, fact, in which they are gathered up.'—ii. 501.

'In modern times we say God is not the cause of evil: he only allows it: it is a part of his moral government, incidental to his general laws. *Without considering the intimate union of good and evil in the heart of man*, or the manner in which moral evil itself connects with physical, we seek only to remove it, as far as possible, in our language and modes of conception from the Author of good. *The Gospel knows nothing of these modern philosophical distinctions*, though revolting, as impious, from the notion that God can tempt man. *The mode of thought of the Apostle is still the same as that implied in the aphorism:—"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."*'—ii. 58.

We cannot quote this passage without an earnest protest against the last assertion. Surely Mr. Jowett could not have made it, had he written down the aphorism in English instead of Latin:—'*God first maddens the man whom he wishes to destroy*'! Is this the doctrine of the Gospel? Is this the thought of the Apostle? Does he, indeed, teach us that God is worse than the Devil? Or is it any justification of such an assertion that St. Paul describes God as punishing sin by the infliction of judicial blindness? Have not all moralists, from Aristotle downwards, recognised the existence of the law by which the repetition of sin is punished by hopeless subjugation to habitual vice? And is there any further difficulty in this doctrine than that necessarily involved in the existence of evil? a difficulty which we do not pretend with Hegel to render comprehensible by any logical formula, but which we need not increase by making God himself the minister of sin.

It may be added that those who hold the Pantheistic doctrine that God is the author of evil, cannot consistently object to any doctrine of any religion whatever, on the ground of its contradicting our ideas of morality; for no doctrine can so utterly contradict our ideas of morality as this.

We now proceed to consider a further consequence of the preceding principle, namely,—

Ax. 2. Cor. 2. '*All religions are equally from God, being equally developments of the moral laws which determine the moral progress of mankind.*'

This is thus enunciated by Emerson:—

\* In another place (vol. ii. p. 59,) Mr. Jowett says that he rejects the distinction between God causing and God permitting evil. But some inconsistency may be permitted to a believer in the 'Doctrine of Contradiction.'

‘Our colossal theologies of Judaism, Christism, Buddhism, Mahometism, are the necessary and structural action of the human mind.’—(Emerson’s *Representative Men*.)

Sterling, the faithful disciple of Schelling, gives the opinion of himself and his master as follows:—

‘All beliefs have followed each other, in the history of the world, according to a fixed law, and are connected by the same with all the circumstances of each generation; and in obedience to this law they emerge, unfold themselves, pass away, or are transmuted into other modes of faith.’—(Hare’s *Sterling*, i. 281.)

And, as usual, these Transcendentalists are in perfect harmony with the materialising Martineau, who thus pronounces:—

‘In material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, and “spiritual conditions and influences,” in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases and of all insanities in material conditions and causes. I have followed Bacon’s method, because there is no other that can lead to any discovery and practical results, or represent nature.’—(*M. and A.*, 8.)

Mr. Jowett compares the laws of the moral with the laws of the physical world thus:—

‘The second [the Progress of Mind] has been regarded, even in our own day, as a series of errors capriciously invented by the ingenuity of individual men. We [*i. e.* Hegelian philosophers] know it to have a law of its own, a continuous order *which cannot be inverted*; \* not to be confounded with, yet not wholly separate from the law of nature and the will of God.’—ii. 414.

‘The same harmony and regularity extend also to the religions of mankind. Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should give law and order to the spiritual no less than the natural creation? that the same strata or stages should be observable in the religions no less than the languages of mankind, as in the structure of the earth.’—ii. 411.

‘Nor should the want of morality in the oldest heathen religions be regarded as equivalent to immorality, but rather as something different in kind. So unconscious are they that we cannot even venture to censure them for their indecency.’—ii. 397.

To all this we will give the following answer, from an author who must be familiar to Mr. Jowett. Herodotus thus describes

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\* If it be true that the laws of man’s moral and religious progress are thus unalterably fixed by the will of God, how wrong it must be to attempt the conversion of heathen savages. For, in such a case, the missionary, if he succeed, actually disturbs the designs of Providence, and suddenly transfers the barbarous race *per saltum* from one extremity of the scale to another, without suffering them to pass through the intervening ‘strata or stages’ which the laws of progress require.

the worship of Pan as it was celebrated by certain Egyptian Pantheists:—Καλέεται δ τε τράγος καὶ ὁ Πάν Αἰγυπτιστὶ Μένδης. Ἐγένετο δ' ἐπ' ἐμεῦ τοῦτο τὸ τέρας· γυναικὶ τράγος ἐμίσγητο ἌΝΑΦΑΝΔΟΝ.—*Herod. ii. 46.*

Can we really suppose that the unnatural bestiality and wickedness of such idolatry as this, which we dare not even describe in any language of Christendom, but must veil in the obscurity of a heathen tongue,—can we imagine that this was, indeed, a manifestation of spiritual laws, given by God to man? Or, again, can we think that the infernal cruelties of idolatrous rites, their human sacrifices, their burning and burying alive of men and women—can we think these diabolical atrocities were the necessary steps of a progress ordained by the fountain of love? As well might we say that the tortures of the Inquisition were a necessary development of Christianity. Is it not easier and more philosophical to suppose such things the work of a disturbing power in nature or in humanity, different from and hostile to the will of God? Do we, indeed, gain a higher conception of the physical or moral universe by confounding God with the Devil?

The next proposition in the system we are illustrating is the following:—

Ax. 2. Cor. 3. '*Revealed religion (so called) is identical with natural religion in origin and in authority.*'

The infidel, of course, supposes that what we call revealed religion is nothing more than one of the forms in which man's instinct of worship displays itself. If he admits the truth of any of its teaching, he refers such truths with Mr. F. Newman to a faculty of 'spiritual insight,' or with Mr. T. Parker to the 'absolute religion.'

So Mr. Emerson—

'We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term *revelation*.'—(Emerson's *Over Soul*.)

It might at first be feared that Mr. Jowett concurred with this deduction from the preceding theorems. For he says that—

'Natural and revealed religion, in the sense in which it is attempted to oppose them, are contrasts rather of words than of ideas.'—vol. ii. p. 392.

And again, that—

'the opposition of natural and revealed religion is an opposition of abstractions, to which no facts really correspond.'—*Ib.*

Yet we are thankful to find him afterwards acknowledging, though perhaps not quite consistently, that 'there is one stream of

of revelation only, the Jewish.\* And still more do we rejoice to read that although—

‘The germs of almost all ideas, even of most Christian ones, are to be found in the writings of Plato’—yet that ‘the gulf, however, which separates Christianity from philosophy is not thus spanned. For philosophy was but speculative, that is, not merely unpractical, but also sceptical. It had no influence over the heart and character; it did not flow from the life and actions of an individual; it was sectarian, not universal; the religion of the few, not of the many. It exercised no creative power over political or social life.’—ii. 401.

We regret that our space does not allow us to quote the remainder of this passage, which works out the above contrast at some length. The above, however, may suffice to prove that Mr. Jowett does not in reality agree with those who regard Christianity as the mere product of human reason; however some portions of his speculative system would seem to necessitate such a conclusion.

The above series of propositions is, as we have said, considered axiomatically true by Pantheists of every school, and consequently it is established by the *à priori* method alone. But many writers have sought to confirm it by *à posteriori* reasoning likewise, and have for this purpose availed themselves of the labours of more ancient objectors. The results which they profess to have obtained may be classed as follows:—

Prop. 1. ‘*The evidence of the Christian miracles is insufficient.*’

Prop. 2. ‘*The doctrines taught by the writers of the New Testament are erroneous.*’

Prop. 3. ‘*The morality of the New Testament is erroneous.*’

The arguments by which the champions of infidelity have sought to establish these propositions branch out, of course, into infinite detail; and though both the Idealistic and Materialistic Pantheists agree in the conclusions, yet they differ much as to the details. Some of them, for example, regard the Miracles as Mesmerism, others as myth; some of them with Fichte regard the doctrines of St. Paul as ‘Jewish dreams,’\* others as the sole truth in Christianity; and with regard to the Christian code of morality, they are still more hopelessly at issue.

We need not, however, cite their conflicting statements on these details, and it is superfluous to quote, as in the former cases, the utterances in which representatives of the different schools of Pantheism have enunciated these *à posteriori* theorems. But we must inquire how far the incautious statements of the

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\* Fichte's lecture on the Doctrine of Religion.

authors whom we are reviewing have given an apparent sanction to these propositions of infidelity. And first let us consider—

Prop. 1. '*The evidence of Christian miracles is insufficient.*'

On this question we find Mr. Jowett's tendency to waive every disputed point peculiarly unfortunate in its results. His facile candour is illustrated by a remark which he makes on the conversion of St. Paul:—

'It is not upon the testimony of any single person, even were it far more distinct than in the present instance, that we can venture to peril the truth of the Christian religion.'—i. 232.

Now, as all testimony is made up of the testimonies of single persons, this admission might lead to awkward consequences. As though a man should say 'it is not upon the firmness of any single pillar that we can venture to peril the security of the temple, and should proceed to cut away one pillar after another, till the roof came down upon his head.

Another and even more dangerous instance of the same peculiarity is his acknowledgment that modern criticism has tended to discredit the value of historical testimony 'by indicating the manner in which, though false, it may, without falsehood, have sprung up, in the course of nature, by the workings or impressions of the human mind itself' (i. 108). A statement in which the hasty reader might well find a sanction to the mythical theory of Strauss.

Again, he tells us, with regard to St. Paul's conversion, that 'not a hint is found in St. Paul's writings that he regarded "the heavenly vision" as an objective evidence of Christianity' (i. 231). A strange assertion, indeed, when we remember that St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, reminds them that he had been suddenly converted from a persecutor into a preacher of the Gospel by that 'revelation of the Son of God' (Gal. i. 15, 16) on his way to Damascus; and again that he appeals to his having 'seen Jesus Christ' in testimony of the truth of our Lord's resurrection.

Mr. Jowett further says that—

'If we submit the narrative of the Acts to the ordinary rules of evidence, we shall scarcely find ourselves able to determine whether any outward fact was intended by it, or not. Such is, indeed, the impression at first sight conveyed; but we must remember that this impression is gathered from an author to whom *the distinction of the spiritual and supernatural, which is so familiar to ourselves*, had scarcely an existence; who, if he had been asked the question which we are now considering, would probably have replied, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."—*Ib.*

To

To which he adds that the contemporaries of St. Paul, who had known him in youth and in age,—

‘when they heard the narrative of his conversion from his own lips, might have remarked that to one of his temperament only could such an event have happened.’—i. 292.

Still more dangerous is the following remark upon the distinction between an ‘outward and inward fact’—

‘(1.) An outward fact is one which is seen either by more persons than one, who cannot be supposed to be under any common impulse, or by a single person in an unimpassioned state of mind. (2.) From this an inward fact is distinguished, not by a less degree of reality, but by taking its origin within. In the one case we begin with a sensible impression; in the other, we may sometimes end with one, which is, of course, a mere creation of imagination, and proves nothing about its objective truth. *It may even happen that from sympathy several persons may agree in supposing themselves to have seen—that is, may have imagined—the same external appearance.* Nothing of this kind can serve as a criterion of a true internal fact.’—i. 232.

It is but too evident that a person inclined to unbelief might distort this passage into an admission of the possibility that the testimony to our Lord’s resurrection may be resolved into a sympathetic illusion.

A similar bad use may be made of Mr. Jowett’s expression of doubt ‘whether, in the modern sense of the term, St. Paul was capable of weighing evidence’ (i. 300); especially when we remember, that if he was indeed incapable of weighing evidence, our strongest and most direct testimony to the truth of our Saviour’s resurrection is broken down. For after telling the Corinthians that if Christ was not raised from the dead, their faith was vain, he proves that Christ was raised, by appealing to the evidence of Peter, of James, and five hundred other disciples (1 Cor. xv.); many of these witnesses were living at the time he wrote, and some of them, especially the chief apostles, were known to himself. The only way, therefore, of rejecting his explicit testimony is by supposing him incapable of weighing evidence. Accordingly, Mr. F. Newman has made this very accusation against St. Paul, ‘How can I believe at second hand,’ he asks, ‘from the word of one whom I discern to hold so lax notions of evidence?’ (*Phases*, 122.)\* It is sad to find Mr. Jowett concurring in such an imputation.

\* The objections of Mr. F. Newman in the passage here referred to all depend upon his assumption that St. Paul was writing to the Corinthians a *treatise to prove the resurrection of our Lord*; whereas he was only reminding them of its principal proofs, which most of them knew in fuller detail already from his personal teaching.

Those who in recent times have sought to eliminate the supernatural character of Christianity, have been much perplexed and embarrassed by the Acts of the Apostles. Its sharply defined historical outline obstinately refuses to melt away into a myth, and its record of miracles is clear and decisive. In order to rid themselves of this obstacle to their theory, some German writers have invented an arbitrary hypothesis, without a shadow of evidence, that the Acts ought to be dismembered into certain supposed original documents. This chimera, we are sorry to say, Mr. Jowett mentions as if it were a plausible supposition (i. 109). Moreover, he seems to take peculiar pleasure in going out of his way to discredit the narrative of the Acts; accusing its author, for instance, not only of differing from St. Paul in details, but also of regarding 'the question of Jew and Gentile' in a different point of view (i. 352, and also note on Gal. i. 22). But Mr. Jowett has gone yet farther than this, for he has inserted two separate dissertations upon the *Horæ Paulinæ*, in which he attempts to destroy the credit of that great work, which has for ever established the historical accuracy of the narrative of St. Luke.\* We have already noticed Mr. Jowett's extraordinary opinion that Paley's perspicuity of style concealed the fallacies of his argument. The other cavils in the above-mentioned dissertations are worthy of this strange paradox. We wish that our space permitted us to go through them one by one, in order that we might show their feebleness; yet we think the question between Paley and Mr. Jowett may safely be left to the judgment of any candid reader, even on Mr. Jowett's own statement of it. We cannot help, however, noticing one of his most perverse objections. He states it as a discrepancy between the Acts and the Epistles to the Thessalonians, that the Epistles represent the Church as Gentile, whereas the Acts represent it as consisting of Jews, Proselytes, and Gentiles (Acts xvii. 4; *Lachmann's Text*). Now he ought surely to have remembered that St. Paul habitually writes to Churches in one part of an Epistle as exclusively Gentile, which yet in another part of the very same Epistle he addresses as exclusively Jew; he turns himself, as it were, now to one section of his readers, now to another. The Epistles to the Galatians and Romans afford instances of this

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\* An additional confirmation of the historical fidelity of the narrative in the Acts has recently been given by Mr. Smith's very admirable work on 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul.' This work not only removes all the difficulties in the narrative of the shipwreck which had perplexed former interpreters (entirely from their ignorance of ancient navigation in general, and the navigation of the Levant in particular), but it also gives a demonstration, which may be called rigidly mathematical, from minute and undesigned coincidences in the narrative with itself, of St. Luke's fidelity as an historian.

which Mr. Jowett himself has noticed. And moreover, he ought not to have forgotten that, even though the narrative of the Acts did not exist, we might have been quite certain that in a great commercial city like Thessalonica the nucleus of the Christian Church must inevitably have consisted of Jews and Proselytes, although these may soon have been outnumbered by the great multitude of Greeks (πολὸν πλῆθος Ἑλλήνων), mentioned Acts xvii. 4. Not only does he blame Paley for omitting this imaginary 'discrepancy,' but he accuses him of falsely turning a difference connected therewith into a coincidence, in 1 Thess. ii. 14. This verse represents the Thessalonian converts as persecuted 'by their own countrymen,' i. e. Greeks by Greeks; whereas the first impression from Acts xvii. is, says Mr. Jowett, that the Thessalonian converts were Jews persecuted by Jews. Let the reader turn to the passage, and he will see that though the Jews are indeed mentioned in the Acts as the *inciters* of the tumult against the Christians of Thessalonica, yet the active *agents* in it are Greeks (τῶν ἀγοραίων τινὰς ἄνδρας πονηροὺς (verse 5), τὸν δῆμον (ib.) τὸν ὄχλον (verse 8). And the very fact of Mr. Jowett's 'first impression' justifies Paley in calling this an *undesigned coincidence*.

We are at a loss to conceive the object which could have possessed Mr. Jowett to introduce irrelevantly into his book this most gratuitous assault upon a work which commands the universal respect of Christendom. The only excuse for it is, that he really seems unable in many places to comprehend Paley's argument. Thus he blames Paley because 'he has worked out in separate details a subject which can only be regarded philosophically (by Hegelian philosophers, we presume) as a whole.' As if the argument from *undesigned coincidences* could be 'worked out' anyhow except in 'separate details.' Thus again he says (i. 125) 'the fallacy of Paley's argument lies in the rejection of the *primâ facie* meaning of the Acts.' Now whenever the same events are recorded in a narrative, and alluded to in contemporary letters, there will inevitably arise cases where *primâ facie* narrative seems to be contradicted by some allusion in the letters. Any connected account of the Crimean campaign, for example, compared with the private letters published in the papers, will furnish fifty such instances. But in such cases it will generally be found, on examination, that the statements require some other explanation different from our first impression, by which the apparent contradiction is reconciled and turned into an *undesigned coincidence*. Of course there may be other cases where the narrative and the letters really contradict one another, without involving any want of veracity (but only

only want of full information) in the writers. We quite agree with Mr. Jowett that the occurrence of such contradictions, if detected, between the Acts and the Epistles would not shake the truth of Christianity. But we cannot discover the advantage of creating such discrepancies where they do not exist. Mr. Jowett, however, seems determined to show his candour and liberality by acknowledging inaccuracy in the narrative of the Acts wherever such inaccuracy has been alleged by any infidel writer.

Let us now pass on to the consideration of—

Prop. 2. '*The Doctrines taught by the writers of the New Testament are erroneous.*'

We have already seen that Mr. Jowett thinks St. Paul mistaken in resting the being of a God on the argument from final causes. He also enters into a long dissertation to show that the Apostle was in error in pronouncing the heathen blameable for their idolatry (Rom. i. 18, 19).—ii. 384-394. And, again, he says:—

'We acknowledge that there is a difference between the meaning of justification by faith to St. Paul and to ourselves. . . . The law is, indeed, dead to us, and we to the law, and yet the whole language of St. Paul is relative to what has not only passed away, but has left no trace of itself in the thoughts of men.'—ii. 459-460.

But yet more startling is his assertion, that 'a future life, as distinct from this, was not a part of the first preaching of the Gospel:—

'We naturally ask, *Why a future life, as distinct from this, was not made a part of the first preaching of the Gospel?* Why, in other words, *the faith of the first Christians did not exactly coincide with our own?* There are many ways in which the answer to this question may be expressed. The philosopher will say that the difference in the *modes of thought* of that age and our own rendered it *impossible*, humanly speaking, that the veil of sense should be altogether removed. The theologian will admit that Providence does not teach men that which they can teach themselves.'—i. 99.

We never read a passage which supported a more false philosophy by a more gross historical misconception. What! a resurrection not taught by him who wrote the 15th chapter of the First of Corinthians? '*Impossible*' that the minds of St. Paul and St. John should grasp the idea of a future life distinct from this? And men, forsooth, 'can teach themselves' some higher notion of immortality than could be grasped by the sensual minds of the Apostles!

Akin to the above astounding revelation is the discovery that St. Paul, at the date of his first visits to Thessalonica, Athens,

and Corinth, made *the essence of the Gospel* consist in the hope of our Lord's immediate advent:—

'*It appears remarkable,*' says Mr. Jowett, with great *naïveté*, 'that St. Paul should make *the essence of the Gospel* consist, not in belief in Christ, or in taking up the cross of Christ, but in the hope of his coming again. Such, however, was the faith of the Thessalonian Church; such is the tone and spirit of the Epistle.'—i. 45.

We do not mean to deny that the Apostolic Church did anticipate the return of Christ in their own generation; but did they make *the essence of the Gospel* consist in this anticipation? God forbid! And this assertion has no foundation but the fact that the two very short letters to the Thessalonians are occupied chiefly with the coming of our Lord, and do not bring prominently forward the more usual topics of St. Paul. Let Mr. Jowett look at the life and writings of the late Mr. Bickersteth, who also believed that our Lord's second coming was immediately at hand. He will find many of his letters and tracts exclusively occupied by the second Advent; but would it be true to infer that Mr. Bickersteth made the essence of the Gospel to consist in this expectation?

In connexion with this strange theory, Mr. Jowett teaches us that St. Paul entirely altered his views of the Gospel during the four years which intervened between his first visit to Corinth and his writing the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The Apostle himself confesses as much, it seems, in 2 Cor v. 16: 'Yea though I have known Christ according to the flesh, yet now I I know him no more.' Mr. Jowett translates the last part of the verse, '*henceforth I will know him no more*' (i. 7). We have before remarked on his mistake in making *γινώσκωμεν* future; besides which he interpolates *henceforth*, which though in the Authorised Version is not in the original. The immense majority of commentators, both orthodox and heterodox, are agreed in thinking that St. Paul, when he says he had once 'known Christ according to the flesh' (or entertained carnal notions of the Messiah), is speaking of the time before his conversion. Mr. Jowett, on the contrary, tells us that 'it is the obvious intention of the Apostle to speak . . . of his manner of preaching among those very Corinthians' (i. 7); and again 'he was aware of a time when he had more nearly approximated to their Judaising tenets, or, in other words, had known Christ according to the flesh. That time must have been when he was known to them; when he was last at Corinth; that is to say, the very time when he was probably writing the Epistle to the Thessalonians' (*ib.*).

In order to help out this conclusion, the following subsidiary argument is adduced:—

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‘It is remarkable also, that long afterwards, in writing to the Philippians, he should have described this very time, the time, that is, of his writing the Epistle to the Thessalonians, though more than fourteen years after his conversion, as *the beginning of the Gospel*, iv. 15.’—i. 9.

This is a specimen of exegesis perfectly unique. St. Paul reminds the Philippians that they had sent him money ‘in the beginning of the Gospel;’ that is, when the Gospel first came among them. According to Mr. Jowett, he meant to say, *when he (Paul) preached an imperfect Gospel*. Who ever dreamed before of an interpretation so whimsical as this?

In answer to the hypothesis itself, we will only remind our readers that the Galatians received the Gospel from St. Paul a short time *before the Thessalonians*; and that when he wrote his Epistle to the Galatians (about the same time with 2 Cor.) he certainly was not aware that his views of the Gospel had altered so fundamentally. On the contrary, he tells them, ‘Though I myself (*ἡμεῖς*) or an angel from heaven should preach to you a Gospel different from that which I preached to you, let him be accursed.’ And throughout the Epistle he repeatedly recurs to this assertion, that the Gospel which they at first received from him was the true and the only Gospel. If Mr. Jowett’s opinion were correct, how easily might they have retorted upon the apostle: ‘When you first came among us, you made the *essence of the Gospel* to consist, not in the belief in Christ, but in the hope of his coming again.’

Since, however, Mr. Jowett believes that St. Paul so rapidly and fundamentally changed his own doctrines, there is no wonder that he should believe him to have differed from the doctrine of the other Apostles. This opinion he thus expresses:—

‘Amid such fluctuation and variety of opinions we can imagine Paul and Apollos, or Paul and Peter, preaching side by side in the church of Corinth or of Antioch, *like Wesley and Whitfield* in the last century, or Luther and Calvin at the Reformation, with a sincere reverence for each other, not abstaining from commenting on or condemning each other’s *doctrine* or practice, and yet also forgetting their differences in their common zeal to save the souls of men. Personal regard is quite consistent with *differences of religious belief*.’—i. 337.

It may be replied that there is no evidence of any *difference of religious belief* between the Apostles. Nay, on the very occasion when St. Paul rebuked St. Peter for his timid practice, he founded his rebuke upon their *agreement* in doctrine. See Gal. ii. 14-17.

Mr. Williams, in his ‘Rational Godliness,’ gives an estimate of the authority of the Apostles no higher than that of Mr. Jowett. His view may be gathered from the following passages:—

'On this ground that the Apostles generally saw our Lord, and had the best means of information as to his religion, their writings seem to be properly added to those of the Old Testament, which they explain. They were men, indeed, compassed with infirmities like ourselves, and they professed only to know in part, and to prophesy in part. Yet God has not given us any higher written authority.'—(*Rational Godliness*, p. 59.)

'Nor would it be modest to weigh the personal authority of even the most spiritual teacher now against that of the Apostles who followed Christ; but yet we need not suppose that the arm of the Eternal is shortened, or that His Holy Spirit ever ceases to animate the devout heart.'—(*ib.* p. 298.)

'If that Spirit by which holy men spake of old is for ever a living and a present power, its later lessons may well transcend its earlier; and there may reside in the Church a power of bringing out of her treasury things new as well as things old.'—(*ib.* p. 289.)

'It may be that the Lord writes the Bible on the same principle as the Lord builds the city; or that He teaches the Psalmist to sing in the same sense as He teaches his fingers to fight; thus, that the composition of Scripture is attributed to the Almighty just as sowing and thrashing are said to be taught by Him.'—(*ib.* p. 292.)

Whence it follows that the doctrines and precepts of the Apostles are as likely to be incorrect as the methods of rural economy practised by their contemporaries; and that they may be surpassed as completely by the modern church as the agriculture of Palestine is surpassed by the agriculture of Scotland.

After all this, it is really a comfort to be informed that—

'The Church of our own land has stamped it [the Scriptures] with authority, by adopting it as her written law.'—(*Rational Godliness*, p. 288.)

So that we may still regard the New Testament as invested with the same authority as the Canons of Convocation.

Some theologians have attempted to draw a distinction between the written and the oral teaching of the Apostles. The authors before us make no such separation, but think the founders of our religion equally fallible, whether they wrote or spoke. Mr. Jowett's estimate of St. Paul is lower in this respect than any we have before seen. He tells us of the Apostle, that 'in his manner of teaching he wavers between opposite views or precepts in successive verses' (i. 291). And, again, that 'he seems to desert his original standing-ground, and to alternate between the two sides of his own mind' (ii. 110); with many other statements to the same effect, which, however, may perhaps be meant only to indicate that St. Paul unconsciously acted upon the Hegelian 'doctrine of contradiction.' But he is also guilty, we are told, of frequent 'awkwardness of expression' (ii. 124); was 'incapable

capable of mastering the language in which he wrote' (ii. 146); 'could not distinguish argument from illustration' (i. 284,\* and ii. 180); and is constantly guilty of 'the opposition of particles, not of ideas' (ii. 63). He was remarkable for an 'absence of human knowledge' (i. 295).† He could not, 'consistently with the modes of thought of his age,' distinguish between moral evil and ceremonial impurity' (ii. 118); ‡ and it is very doubtful, as we have seen, whether he was 'capable of weighing evidence' (i. 300).

Besides these defects, most of which he derived, we perceive, from 'the modes of thought of his age,' other peculiarities personal to himself are ascribed to the Apostle. In the first place, he is represented as absorbed in a continual state of vision and ecstasy, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell; § living in a 'twilight' between this world and the next. He 'must have appeared to the rest of mankind like a visionary,' and is compared to the ecstatic saints of the middle ages (i. 298). And the 'revelations' which he received for his personal guidance are likened to the intimations of the Demon of Socrates. || We confess that this, together with a note on the term *Revelation* at Gal. i. 12, reminds us painfully of the following utterance of Mr. Emerson:—

'We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term *Revelation*. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime; for this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. . . . The character and duration of

\* This incapacity, however, he shared (we are here told) with his contemporaries; for 'to an Alexandrian writer of the first century the question itself [whether this is an argument or an illustration] could hardly have been made intelligible.' Such is the power of 'modes of thought!'

† This is another example of the rash assertions with which this book abounds. St. Paul, far from being destitute of human knowledge, had received the most elaborate Rabbinical education, under Gamaliel, the most celebrated of the Jewish Rabbis; and that he was not ignorant of Greek literature is proved by the occurrence of three quotations from Greek poets in the extant portion of his works.

‡ 'It may be further maintained, not only that there was no such distinction in the mind of the apostle, but that, consistently with the modes of thought of his age, there could not have been such.

When a Jew spoke of the law, it never occurred to him to ask whether he meant the moral or ceremonial law; or when he spoke of sin, to distinguish whether he intended moral evil or ceremonial impurity.'—ii. 118.

§ St. Paul uses this expression once, to describe his impression of a single vision; Mr. Jowett constantly refers to it as representing the apostle's *habitual* state of mind.

|| 'Κατὰ ἀποκάλυψιν, by revelation. Comp. i. 12, and Acts xvi. 8. The apostle means, that he went up, not because he was sent for, but because it was revealed to him that he should go. Compare, so far as a heathen parallel is in point, the δαίμωνιον ὁρμήσιον of Socrates, which in the same way gave intimations respecting his going out and coming in.'—Note on Gal. ii. 2.

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this enthusiasm varies with the state of the individual ; from an ecstacy, a trance, and prophetic inspiration, to the faintest glow of virtuous emotion. A certain tendency to insanity has always attended the opening of the religious sense in men, as if blasted with excess of light. The *trances* of Socrates, the *union* of Plotinus, the *vision* of Porphyry, the *conversion* of Paul, the *aurora* of Behmen, the *convulsions* of George Fox, the *illumination* of Swedenborg, are of this kind.\* — (Emerson's *Oversoul*.)

Connected with this topic is Mr. Jowett's singular suggestion that the Apostle was 'afflicted with palsy' (i. 303). From what he says in vol. ii. p. 206, it appears that he grounds this hypothesis on St. Paul's use of the words 'fear and trembling,' as describing his own state during his first visit to Corinth. But Mr. Jowett surely forgot that this peculiarly Pauline expression occurs four times (1 Cor. ii. 3 ; 2 Cor. vii. 15 ; Eph. vi. 5 ; Phil. ii. 12) ; and that once only is it used of St. Paul himself. In all the four passages it is used to express *eager anxiety*, such as would be sometimes called in English '*tremulous eagerness*.' For instance, the Philippians are exhorted to 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling,' which Mr. Jowett could hardly interpret as a desire that they might all be smitten with paralysis. Had he remembered that palsy impairs the mental powers, we think he would have abstained from this suggestion.

Not less painful are the following negations :—

'He who felt *the whole creation groaning and travailing together until now*, was not like the Greek drinking in the life of nature at every pore. He who through Christ was crucified to the world, and the world to him, *was not in harmony with nature, nor nature with him*. The manly form, the erect step, the fullness of life and beauty, *could not have gone along with such a consciousness as this* ; any more than the taste for literature and art could have consisted with the thought, "not many wise, not many learned, not many mighty."—i. 299.

Had Pascal no taste for literature? Nay, have we not lately learned how Ampère lived and died with the *Imitatio Christi* in his heart and on his lips?—Ampère, whose capacious intellect comprehended the whole cycle of human knowledge, while to the mathematical and physical sciences he added a new and vast province, conquered by his own genius. Again, are men of 'manly form and erect step,' physically incapacitated from sharing in that 'death with Christ,' whereof, according to St. Paul, not himself only but all Christians are partakers? Is a man in truth out of harmony with nature who feels the

\* See the biographical notice of Ampère in the *Éloges* of Arago, noticed in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*.

whole creation groaning and travailing together, in expectation of a more glorious birth—who feels in his inmost heart the pain and sickness, the wrong and cruelty, the pangs of hopeless anguish which desolate the world, and by the very depth of his sympathy is raised above the gloomy present to the anticipation of a brighter future, where sin and evil shall be no more? Is not such a feeling in truer harmony with nature than that heartless optimism which denies the wretchedness that we see, which stops its ears against the groans of the creation, and can prophesy nothing better than an eternal repetition of this miserable existence? \*

We now come to the third and last of the above-mentioned subsidiary propositions, namely—

Prop. 3. ‘*The morality of the New Testament is erroneous.*’

Unbelievers, though differing infinitely among themselves upon all questions of practical morality, yet are agreed in thinking themselves competent to sit in judgment upon the Christian standard of ethics, and to pronounce it defective. And even the Christian writers before us have expressed themselves as though they meant to concur in such an imputation. Thus Mr. Jowett says—

‘Many are the texts which we either silently drop or insensibly modify, with which the spirit of modern society seems almost unavoidably to be at variance. The blessing on the poor, and the “hard sayings” respecting rich men, *are not in accordance even with the better mind of the present age.* We cannot follow the simple precept, “Swear not at all,” without making an exception for the custom of our courts of law. [An exception made by our Lord himself, when he answered on oath before the Sanhedrim.] We dare not quote the words, “Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor,” without adding the caution, “Beware, lest in making the copy thou break the pattern,” [as if this had ever been given as a general precept].—ii. 314.

So in the note upon the precept, ‘Revenge not yourselves,’ we read—

‘The principle here laid down may be sometimes a counsel of perfection; that is to say, a principle which, in the mixed state of human things, it is impossible to carry out in practice.’—ii. 308.

Is not St. Augustine’s principle of interpretation a truer key to such precepts; the principle, namely, that they apply not to

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\* Mr. Jowett, as we see by his commentary, has not apprehended the argument of St. Paul in the noble passage to which he refers—an argument no less original than profound. The very struggles which all animated beings make against pain and death show, says the apostle, that pain and death are not a part of the proper laws of their nature, but a bondage imposed upon them from without; and thus the very struggle is a prophecy of future triumph.

the outward act, but to the spirit in which the act is done; according to the maxim, 'the malice makes the murder.'

Mr. Williams seems to think the standard of Pauline morality much below that to which we have at present attained. He repeats the often refuted calumny that St. Paul defends slavery—as if one could defend that which nobody attacked—with the observation—

'Some have defended slavery, because they truly observe that St. Paul's Epistles do defend it, and even condemn attempts to abolish it as the work of men "proud, knowing nothing" (1 Tim. vi. 2-4).'

This is a very glaring misinterpretation, as a glance at the original will prove; though the faulty translation of *ἐτεροδιδάσκαλεῖ* in the Authorised Version may seem to countenance it. St. Paul, in the passage referred to, is speaking of the heretical teachers against whom the epistle is directed. There was no 'abolitionist party' in the Roman Empire under the reign of Nero. And as to 'defending slavery,' while St. Paul speaks of the duties of slaves and masters under their existing relations, he lays down principles destined to abolish it; and in the very epistle here misquoted, he classes *slave-dealers*\* among the worst of criminals (1 Tim. i. 10). Mr. Williams, however, shuts his eyes to this, and endeavours to make St. Paul a defender of slavery, for the sake of establishing the position that 'our religion is one thing, and the books which record it are another.'—(*Rational Godliness*, p. 303.)

Mr. Jowett also appears to countenance the belief that the morality of the Gospel is behind that of the age, in the following passage:—

'There are lessons of which the world is the keeper no less than the Church. Especially have earnest and sincere Christians reason to reflect, if ever they see the moral sentiments of mankind directed against them.'—ii. 420.

And hence he claims the right to

'read the Scriptures by the light of those principles, whether of criticism or of morality, which, in our own age, we cannot but feel and know.'—ii. 144.

Nay, further, he seems anxious to sweep away every trace of an ethical code from the New Testament by the following proposition:—

'The truth seems to be that the Scripture lays down no rule applicable to individual cases, or separable from the circumstances under which it is given.'—ii. 314.

\* *ἑτεροδιδάσκαλος*, which is inadequately translated in the Authorised Version.

Is this true? Let us recall to mind some of the moral rules of Scripture. The first that occur to us are such as these—'Lie not one to another'—'Forgive your enemies'—'Put not away your wives'—'Steal no more, but rather labour'—'Be ye kind one to another'—'Fornication and all uncleanness, let it not be once named among you.' Is it true that these rules are not separable from the circumstances under which they were given? Is it true that their applicability is restricted to the cases of the first converts? Is it true that they are now not applicable to individual cases? Nay, is not the reverse of Mr. Jowett's maxim true? Should we not rather say, the moral rules of the New Testament are universal rules, and may still be applied as of old to our own individual cases?

It is certain that a complete ethical code, entering into almost all the duties of domestic and social life, may be compiled from the New Testament; nay, many single epistles of St. Paul would furnish a large contribution to such a code. Can we suppose that this body of morality was incorporated into the Christian canon by accident? or merely put there to mislead mankind?

But it is argued that morality is immutable, and cannot be altered even by Divine enactment; and this, no doubt, is the feeling which inclines Mr. Jowett and others to deny the existence of a code of positive morality in Scripture. We do not dispute the immutability of morality; but the question is, whether men are immutably moral? Can they, in the first place, from the moral instincts or intuitions (which confessedly give no verdict on details) infallibly deduce the concrete rules of duty? And if they could, would not the sanction of an authoritative code be, even then, a great help to human weakness? On this point we may surely appeal to experience. Is there any Christian who has not felt his evil passions checked by the recollection of some such verses as those we have just quoted? In the hour of temptation, when revenge, or pride, or selfishness, has well nigh gained the victory over his better impulses, does he not instinctively cling for support to such words as these?—'Love your enemies'—'Be not high-minded'—'In honour preferring one another'—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' At such moments it is not from the elaborate deductions of ethical treatises, but from the accents which we believe to be the voice of God, that strength is furnished to the soul.

The only result of such views as those of the authors before us,\* is to reduce the Christian revelation to the level of a human philosophy.

\* It is needless for us, after the discussion it has provoked, to say a word on Mr.

philosophy. If we ascribe no positive authority to the teaching of Christ and his Apostles; if we refuse to submit our private opinion to their doctrine, our private practice to their precepts; if, in short, we refuse to yield them the same submission which would reasonably be demanded from a human child towards his earthly father; it can only be because we do not really believe that they were commissioned to declare the will of God to man. If the founders of our faith were supernaturally empowered to found it, their faith must be received in silence as our own; if not, they are no more to us than Plato or Confucius. It is vain to say with Mr. Jowett, 'he who leads the life of Paul has already set his seal that Paul's words are true,' if we only mean that Paul's words are true when we happen to agree with him. It is vain to say with Mr. Williams (after denying that our faith rests on miraculous evidence), 'Where then are our evidences? It may be answered in two words—the *character of Christ* and the *doctrine of Christ*' (p. 394). For, according to these views, the doctrine of Christ is false, unless it be countersigned by the approval of our understanding; and even the character of Christ may be consistently disparaged by those who start from the premises of Mr. Newman.\*

But are we contending then, it may be asked, for that exploded doctrine of *verbal inspiration* which denies all human authorship to the sacred canon? Do we think it necessary for the safety of Christianity that the Apostles should have been infallible in all the matters of historical, archæological, astronomical, or topographical information to which they may casually allude? That be far from us. On the contrary, we quite agree with Mr. Williams, that the advocates of such a notion, which was utterly unknown to the primitive church, are most effectually doing the work of infidelity. There is much truth in what he says of them, that

'as for the many inquiries of great literary and historical interest

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Mr. Jowett's Dissertation on the Atonement, which has excited more sensation than any other portion of his book, further than to remark that it is taken almost *verbatim et literatim* out of the 'Aids to Reflection' of Coleridge (pp. 257-270). Mr. Jowett might perhaps have expected that the reading public would recognise a portion of so remarkable and so well-known a work. But the immense overgrowth of modern literature is continually burying itself ('*Romam sub Româ*'); and not one book in a million can now be remembered twenty years after it is published. There is, however, one difference between Coleridge's mode of treating the subject and that of Mr. Jowett, viz., that the former speaks with reverential awe and gentleness of the received opinions, which the latter might at least have imitated. Nor can we even fully understand the consistency of Mr. Jowett's objections; for Justice, Mercy, and Expiation form a triad in precise accordance with his own philosophy.

\* See the chapter on the Moral Imperfection of Christ, in Newman's 'Phases of Faith.'

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which the criticism of the sacred volume involves, they have so prejudged such questions, that they either will not acquire the knowledge requisite to answer them, . . . or they even raise an outcry against the investigation of any more consistent student, as if it were a triumph of infidelity—and thereby they most unwisely make it so.\*

The opinion which we maintain is very different from that of these worshippers of the letter. Our ground is briefly this: that if Christianity be a Divine revelation at all, then the messengers divinely commissioned to reveal it must be authoritative in the subject matter of the revelation—that is, in religious and moral truth.

But it may be alleged that, if we give up the verbal infallibility, we cannot accurately distinguish, in every case, between the two elements, the human and the divine, which we acknowledge to co-exist. As this difficulty was answered in an Article which appeared not long since in the 'Quarterly Review,'\* we need now only say, that it may safely be left to the conscientious judgment of the Christian to draw the line of separation; and that, if in some cases of minor importance some uncertainty may exist as to where the line should fall, a similar or greater difficulty will encounter him upon any other theory of inspiration. For we must never forget that a creed without a difficulty is an impossibility. We may be Pyrrhonians if we please, and suspend our judgment altogether; but if that dreary blankness of soul cannot satisfy our spiritual instincts, then, in choosing our standing-point, the only question we have to answer is—where are the difficulties the fewest? Unless, indeed, we imagine that we can escape, with Hegel, from the perplexities which baffle our reason, by reducing them under a new denomination, and baptising them '*the moments of the idea*.'

But we must not ignore another argument which is brought in defence of the free criticism of our modern teachers. 'You admit,' they say, 'that the Apostles declared the teaching of the Old Testament to be imperfect, and its ethics to be superseded by a higher morality; why may not we claim the same liberty of judging the teaching of the Apostolic age, which that age itself exercised respecting the inspired teachers of their fathers?' We answer that, if our new instructors possess the same divine authority as the Apostles, then, but not otherwise, they have the right to supersede the Apostolic teaching by their own. When St. Paul announced that the Law was done away in Christ, he claimed to speak with the voice and in the power of God. When our Lord passed sentence of imperfection on the moral precepts

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\* On the *Eclipse of Faith*, in the Quarterly Review for September, 1854.

of Moses, it was because He was greater than Moses. But as that sentence which pronounced the Law imperfect virtually abolished Judaism, so would the revelation of religious error in the Gospel virtually abolish Christianity.

Nor, if we may venture to judge of the future by the past, will any such new religion ever fix the belief, or even arrest the attention of mankind, unless it appeals to some supernatural attestation. Metaphysicians may tell the world that it ought not to ascribe spiritual value to outward wonders; they may even allege that no external revelation can be authoritative in matters of religion or morality. But they will talk in vain. They are refuted by the whole course of history, and by the nature of man. And thus we see, in fact, that those who adopt the system we have described—those who think the doctrines of the Apostles obsolete, and their morality erroneous—do in the infinite majority of cases (indeed in all cases but those of one or two exceptional and solitary speculators) openly reject Christianity altogether. They may, perhaps, express their opinion in terms less coarse than those of Miss Martineau, but substantially they agree with her, that 'the Christian religion is no better than an old wife's fable.' Such unhappy attempts as those before us to reconcile contradictions, and blend together creeds diametrically opposed, are spurned by the common sense of mankind. Cobwebs like these, spun in the meditative brain of monastic philosophers, are too fine-drawn for the perception of the multitude, and are brushed aside by the rough reason of the world. Not thus are practical understandings reconciled to religion—not thus is solved the problem of the age. Nor should it be forgotten that, after all, this, in the view of all patriotic and religious men, is not to create a faith for the educated units, but to Christianise the uneducated millions. And the publication of these transcendental doctrines, far from lending aid to such a task, renders its accomplishment more difficult, by exciting suspicions of insincerity against the teachers, and of rottenness against the creed of Christendom.

The tendency which has produced the works before us is nothing new in the history of the Church of England. The revolution of the wheel has brought us once more into the same current of opinion which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The tolerant and catholic Christianity which seems for the moment in the ascendant, may lapse into the rejection of all fixed belief, or into cold indifferentism—just as the spirit of Tillotson was superseded by the spirit of Hoadly. The pantheism of Lord Bolingbroke is once more popular; many an utterance of Emerson may be found under a poetical

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form in the 'Essay on Man;' and Pope's 'universal prayer' to 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' would serve as a summary of Theodore Parker's 'absolute religion.'

It is not useless, therefore, to remember what were the fruits of such theories in a former age; what was the effect upon the national morality of substituting a mutilated Christianity for the preaching of the Faith. Is it not a matter of history that the social regeneration for which England in the present century has reason to thank God, was inaugurated by the restoration of an earnest faith in Revelation; that the suppression of the slave-trade, the abolition of slavery, the education of the poor, the conversion of the heathen, originated in the revival of religious zeal and love? In remembrance of these things, we repudiate all expurgated editions of the Gospel. And if any good men have been tempted to mutilate Christianity in the hope of making religion easier to the atheist, we trust that they may open their eyes in time to the true nature of the problem which they have vainly sought to solve; we trust that their talents may no longer be employed in paving the way for a retrograde pilgrimage to the shrines of Paganism, which can but end, as it did before, in turning the ministers of Christ into 'the apes of Epictetus;' we trust that they may learn ere long to recognise the eternal truth contained in the question of St. Paul—'*What communion hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?*'

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ART. VI.—*Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque, with an Essay on the Origin of Taste, and much Original Matter by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.* Edinburgh and London, 1842.

IN the revolution of taste which took place in the course of the last century, a new theory of laying out pleasure-grounds was invented, which, under the name of 'Landscape Gardening,' for the first time professed to apply the principles of painting to heighten the beauties of nature. It is, in fact, the art of producing a picture with the natural materials, and has reasonably adopted the word 'picturesque' to designate the elements and combinations best suited to its purpose. At first the word was timidly introduced, with the apology of italics and inverted commas; but soon it figured boldly in capitals, and upon title-pages, an acknowledged denizen of the English vocabulary.

On its first appearance the picturesque engrossed no small share

share of public attention. Its relation to beauty, the theory of which was the fashionable problem of the day, and its application to gardening, about which nobody was agreed, became the favourite theme of all who pretended to taste, and supplied the matter for countless pamphlets, 'epistles,' and essays, both in prose and verse. It is singular that at the present time, when the taste for gardening is so widely diffused, few or no attempts have been made to illustrate the theory of the art which all are practising. Yet it cannot be said that the subject has been exhausted. Our predecessors assuredly have left us no immutable standard for imitation; for, recent as is the revolution which they cried up as the triumph of refinement, we are now far advanced in a counter-revolution. The modern improver is replanting the avenue and replacing the mullions which his grandfather removed with universal applause; or in digging out his new parterre he excavates the foundations of his ancestor's terrace; that very terrace which his predecessor levelled to make way for the curves and the sweeps which he was told would 'bring nature to his parlour windows;' and so far are the controversies of the last age from supplying us with any fixed principles for our future guidance, that, though many of the works to which they gave rise contain tasteful remarks and useful suggestions, their reasonings for the most part are grounded on a false hypothesis of the nature and character of the picturesque, an error which still survives to perplex our judgment and vitiate our practice. Among the many who have adopted this mistaken theory, Sir Uvedale Price is distinguished by his practical knowledge of his subject, and the charm of style and richness of illustration with which he has adorned it. The moment seems favourable for reviving the discussion, inasmuch as the public is enough interested in all that relates to the garden to consider the subject with attention, and free enough from controversial bias to entertain it without prejudice.

It is remarkable that, strongly as the love of nature is implanted in the human breast, the power of appreciating her highest beauties, the taste for '*landscape*,'—that is to say, the scientific taste—was not developed till a comparatively late period, and the garden for many ages was considered chiefly as a means of supplying the wants, and of ministering to the luxuries of life. Among the remains of antiquity we find but few traces of picturesque feeling; and of the garden so little is said that the many blanks which occur in its history must be filled up by conjecture, from our knowledge of the common instincts of humanity, rather than from any notices left us by the classic writers.

In the great monarchies of the East, indeed, we have reason for believing that the garden at a very early date formed an item in the inventory of royal luxuries. The hanging-gardens of Babylon supply the first instance of the modern terrace, and of a triumph of art over nature, which it then required the resources of an empire to achieve. In the rich, well-watered plains of Assyria large enclosures were planted with every variety of tree and shrub, where the luxurious monarch shut himself up to forget the cares of the world in the pleasures of the chase; and if anything like the English pleasure-ground, or rather perhaps the royal hunting-forest of the Continent, is to be found in antiquity, these 'paradises' supply the type. But the Greek notion of a garden must have been very simple. In the rocky soil of Greece water was the great desideratum for horticulture, and irrigation without labour formed the ideal of all luxury. Fruits and vegetables to gratify the palate, flowers to please the smell, and trees to afford a shade, comprise all that can be wanted for sensual enjoyment; and the combination of these forms Homer's notion of an enchanted garden:—

'Its size,' says Horace Walpole, 'was four acres; and the trees were apples, figs, pears, pomegranates, olives, and vines. Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal summer, and, no doubt, an effort of imagination surpassing anything he had ever seen. As he has bestowed on the same happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver, he certainly intended the garden should be proportionably magnificent. We are sure, therefore, that as late as Homer's age, an enclosure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard, and kitchen-garden, was a stretch of luxury the world [Homer's world] at that time had never seen.'

But, in truth, we hear little of gardening in Europe till the supremacy of a single master had secured peace abroad, and silenced the struggles of ambition at home. Horace's complaints of the luxury of the age indicate that in the frugal period of the republic, and the turbulent times of the triumvirs, men's thoughts were otherwise engaged.

The Roman villa of imperial days resembled the Italian villa of the sixteenth century, to which it served as model; exceeding it, perhaps, in length of portico and extent of buildings, but falling short of it in the magnificence of the garden decorations, the vastness of the waterworks, and the extent of the walks. We might, perhaps, draw a contrary inference from the threat which Horace holds out of a deficiency of corn, wine, and oil, to be caused by the spread of princely palaces, with their groves of planes, and their beds of violets, myrtles, and all the wilderness of sweets; but as in another ode on the same subject

subject\* he expresses an apprehension that the fishes will be seriously inconvenienced by the stately piles of masonry built out into the sea, we must set down the whole as a poetical exaggeration, too light to weigh against the minute account which Pliny and others have left us of their villas.†

Extensive pleasure-grounds for exercise are the creations of colder climates, and of modern habits. The Romans were content with the narrower limits of the 'gestatio' or open walk—the crypto-porticus for wet weather; the cool arcade for the summer heats. And there the great and wise at certain hours of the day took their pompous stroll, followed by some secretary, who read to them, or by some rhetorician, who 'disputed' with them, or more probably made philosophical discussion the vehicle for administering his daily dose of flattery.

To suppose that sites could be so exquisitely chosen as were those of the Roman villas, and buildings so tastefully constructed, except by men who had a strong perception of beauty, is impossible. Even now the broken arcades running along the sides of the hills embellish the views they were built to command. The basements, whose ruins are yet visible, projecting into the calm bright bays of the Mediterranean, and crowned with porticoes of marble, must have produced an effect of singular beauty and luxury. But it is nevertheless true that there is nothing in classic literature to mark that the ancients had analysed the cause of their enjoyment, or even that they had been close observers of visible objects. We remember no description of atmospheric effects, no allusion to purple mountains or grey distances; scarcely even any mention of the blue sky. Among the remains of ancient art we have no indications of landscape painting. The few approaches to it which are to be found on the walls of Pompeii display perspective that is positively Chinese in its extravagance.

Horace professes himself—and no doubt he was—a passionate admirer of the country; witty or sentimental, he raves about it. He was vain of his taste, vain of his eloquence in defending it; but in his self-provoked controversy with Priscus,‡ as on all similar occasions, he talks only of mild winters, cool groves, odorous turf, and limpid waters. His raptures about Tibur and Tarentum end in oil and honey, vines and orchards. Sir William Temple gravely regrets that Virgil § 'had not time' to give us his notions on the art of gardening. But, an author

\* Lib. ii. 15, and iii. 1.

† Occasionally, however, the gardens of the great (those of Sallust and Pompey, for instance) were of considerable size.

‡ Epist. x. lib. i. *Ruris amatores*, &c.

§ Georgic. iv. 116.

himself,

himself, Sir William should have understood that when a poet complains he wants time, he means the subject wants interest; and when Virgil intimates that gardening was inferior in poetical capability to agriculture, he shows clearly how little he associated with it the idea of intellectual pleasure; and, indeed, in the sketch which he gives of what he *would* have told us, 'had his limits allowed him,' he mentions little but the raising of pot-herbs and the treatment of fruit-trees.

The first landscape gardener, of whom we have any clear and distinct account, was the Emperor Nero, whom we have always suspected of being a man of much greater taste and accomplishment than his historians have been willing to allow. To punish the tyrant for his cruelty, they have denied him when dead the praise which, above all else, he coveted when alive. We learn from Tacitus that the ruins of Rome, after the fire, let in views of the distant country, and supplied bold masses of foreground, which pleased his cultivated eye. To enjoy this new pleasure he built a house, and surrounded it with what has since been called a landscape.\* But he was before his age. The idea was obviously not understood even by the historian who records its execution: his landscape garden perished with him. A prejudice naturally existed against all he had done; and to turn Rome into one of Pannini's groups of ruins was beyond the power even of the Cæsars.

Adrian, in his gigantic villa (the ruins of which present such a tangled mass of romantic beauty beneath the hills of Tivoli) endeavoured to reproduce all that he had most admired in his ceaseless journeys, and accordingly he contrived an imitation of the vale of Tempe: but vast as is the circuit of the enclosure, his Tempe must have wanted size to give it the truth of nature. It cannot have much exceeded the proportions of a *jardin Anglais* at Versailles; and probably the rowing up and down in the shade, which Ælian dwells on as the chief charm of the original, realized the impression which the gorge of the Peneus had left on the Imperial landscape gardener. Ælian's account, which is very minute, suggests a thousand striking images of deep recesses, of dark woods, and graceful trees bending over the placid river as it dimples on its way, 'like oil,'

'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

We cannot suppose the writer quite insensible to the beauties he describes; but when he boasts that the rocks are completely con-

\* Tacit. Annal. xv. 42.

cealed by the shrubs and the grass,\* he shows at least that he is no landscape painter. Whether Adrian was more advanced in critical taste can never be known, but he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt; and, at all events, he stands conspicuous among the first who attempted to create a landscape.

The villa of Diocletian, at Salona, is said to have been magnificent; but if his answer to Maximian is rightly reported, when the restless old man urged him to resume the reins of the Empire, it was not the glorious view of the blue Adriatic, and the graceful lines of the distant mountains; nor even his terraces and plane trees, to which he pointed to justify his love of his retreat; he showed, says Gibbon, the cabbages planted by his own hand; and, with a smile of pity, 'refused to relinquish happiness in pursuit of power.'

In times of barbarism and insecurity the garden is necessarily neglected, but the love of it is never extinct. In the worst days many a sorrowing and anxious heart has found a solace in cultivating a plot of flowers; on the sternest battlements the hand of beauty has cherished a solitary rose. The few ornamental gardens, mentioned in the scanty literature of the dark ages, were in the hands of fairies and enchanters, and on their territories Fancy could safely revel in creations of which she found no types on earth. On the revival of civilization, Italy, which led the van of improvement, rapidly developed its system of gardening. The faults were copied and exaggerated by those who wanted the taste to imitate the magnificence; and the Italian garden, in all its grandeur and beauty, is the lawful parent of the Dutch, with all its littleness and ugliness. The citizens of Florence were among the first who planted these luxurious retreats. The petty princes of the Peninsula, the Pios at Carpi, the Viscontis at Milan, the Estes at Ferrara, amidst all the agitations of their restless policy and disorderly lives found time to construct gardens such as the great transalpine sovereigns might have envied in vain. Rome, whose hierarchy were then enriched with the spoils of the credulous world, surpassed all competitors in magnificence. Nothing can be nobler than the general plan of the best specimens of the Roman villa. No stereotyped pattern was in use, for the design was varied to suit the exigencies of the site. Where a slope could be obtained, as at Tivoli or Frascati, magnificent terraces, extending laterally, prolong the

\* It is difficult to reconcile Ælian's description with the actual appearance of the gorge; but if he thought it right to keep the rocks out of sight, and to exaggerate the growth of the shrubs that cover them, it would only prove more strongly how little of picturesque feeling he had himself or expected to find in his readers.

line of the house, and, connected with each other in a descending series by flights of steps and architectural centres, bring down, as it were, the base of the edifice to the bottom of the descent. On a plain, the inferiority of the site is redeemed by a greater variety and intricacy of plan. A profusion of water, often brought from a great distance, supplies an infinite variety of hydraulic works, the design of which, it must be confessed, especially in later days, sometimes degenerates into the fantastic and puerile. The various casinos and porticos were adorned with the remains of ancient art, and with the contributions of contemporary genius—frescoes by the best painters, marbles and terracottas by the best sculptors. To imitate this profusion, less favoured countries studded the ground with ‘statues thick as trees;’ but alas! for the most part of lead cast in a mould, and often of very mean and grotesque design. The Italian climate does not allow turf, the chief ornament of the English garden, and to secure the necessary shade, the groves and avenues of ilex, in many parts of the enclosure, are cut into symmetrical masses. Hence were copied by our ancestors their ‘gardens of all greens,’ which, being extended too far, threw an air of gloom and damp over our northern pleasure-grounds. Mock ruins, too, are to be found, but formed of the genuine fragments of antiquity, and so graceful for the most part in their composition, that they are at once distinguished from the fantastic littlenesses of other countries which claim them for their model. Though men in those days had not begun to dispute about the picturesque, it is clear that the idea had occurred to the architects of presenting, at certain points, a picture composed of natural materials; and the landscape painters, on their part, as we perceive by many of their compositions, had discovered that scenes of an artificial character, which would have been rejected by our painters of the last century, were excellent subjects for their art.

Till lately, these glorious specimens of the magnificence of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had no enemies to contend against but neglect. Happily their owners did not attempt to improve them, and neglect their massive construction almost enabled them to defy. But civil broil, in the year 1848, destroyed what even foreign invasion had spared. The Villa Borghese at Rome, the most finished attempt to realize a fairy dream on earth; and the Villa Doria, at Genoa, profuse in its stately decorations as the drop-scene of an opera, where architectural embellishment costs nothing, have been all but annihilated.

In France the Italian garden was copied on a larger scale, and perhaps with greater success, than in any other country of Europe, but with such modifications as the difference of climate

and of national taste suggested.\* The attempt of Louis XIV. to improve on his model, and to attain greater splendour by exaggerated dimensions and enormous extent, was a failure. Many objects, when swollen to gigantic size, lose their distinctive character, and with it their grandeur. If the due proportions of a broad terrace are exceeded, it is turned into a barrack-yard; if a marble basin approaches the extent of a natural piece of water, it loses its fitness, and provokes a disadvantageous comparison with nature. An architectural garden, if it be not confined within the limits which the eye can recognise as an uniform whole, becomes a formal wilderness; and endless variety at last produces the sensation of monotony. At Versailles walk after walk leads to central fountains, and these again are connected with others, in tiresome succession; Dolphins, Tritons, Nereids, Neptunes, Venuses—all the monsters of the deep, all the synod of Olympus spurt, splash, and sputter in every contortion of attitude, and every variety of device. Ingenuity can no longer surprise, nor novelty amuse; and the spectator, however delighted at first, is soon overcome by satiety, and longs for the repose of natural scenery.

Sir William Temple extols the gardens of France and Brabant, as combining the advantages of coolness and cultivation, which he seems to consider the two great objects of northern and southern gardening respectively. Beauty he does not acknowledge as the aim or result of either. He tells us that the English 'gardens were laid out wholly for the advantage of fruits and flowers, and the products of the kitchen garden;' and these he contrasts with the gardens of Italy, where no care of cultivation is needed—(whence could he have derived so preposterous a notion?)—and all the art of man is employed to obtain coolness by shades of trees and frequency of living streams and fountains, and by statues, and by pillars and obelisks of stone, which all conspire to make any place fresh and cool.' Consistently with these views, he relies mainly on his fruit-trees for the gaiety of his own garden; and indeed, in this over-estimate of the effect of fruit-trees he is by no means singular. Bacon, who gives a receipt for a cycle of cultivation which is to make the garden bloom with perpetual spring, disappoints us by mentioning scarcely any flowers from August to December, and ekes out the promised spring with the ripening of plums, services, and medlars.

But we cannot reconcile Temple's view of English gardening with his description of Moor Park. We regret we have not space to extract it. The architect might draw his plans from it,

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\* Such, for instance, as making avenues in summer of oranges and oleanders, grown in huge tubs for the purpose, and removed in the winter.

it is so clear; and it conjures up an image of enjoyment and grandeur which (in spite of Horace Walpole's ridicule) he could not easily improve. Moor Park, however, was by no means a solitary specimen of magnificence. Had Sir William been less engrossed by his own fruits (for five years he boasts he never came to town, though he saw its spires from his windows), and more willing to appreciate the labours of others, he would have been aware that many fine gardens had already been made in England in the Italian taste. For it must be observed, that on the first introduction of ornamental gardening into England the Italian was the only model known, and was universally adopted, though in many instances a little modified by the taste of the native architects. But even in Temple's time the spirit was at work which was to sweep away all the creations of the past in the most violent revolution recorded in the history of Taste. The following passage from his 'Essay on Gardening' is remarkable, as showing the progress which the new idea had made in his day, and how little, in spite of his refinement, he was capable of comprehending it, or of finding words in which to clothe it:—

'There may be other forms wholly irregular that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others. . . . Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chineses, a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe as their country does. Among us, the beauty of building and planting is placed chiefly in some certain proportions, symmetries, and uniformities; our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances. The Chineses scorn this way of planting, and say, a boy that can tell an hundred may plant walks of trees in strait lines, and over against one another, and to what length and extent he pleases. But their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures where the beauty shall be great, and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly or easily observed. And though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it; and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the Sharawadgi is fine, or is admirable.'—*Essay on Gardening*, p. 186.

He goes on to dissuade the reader from making an attempt, in which, though success will be very creditable, it can scarcely be attainable. The passage is further curious, as it helps to settle the dispute respecting the originality of the English garden. Whether the idea of imitating the graceful irregularity of nature was first suggested by the report which travellers brought from China is uncertain. But unquestionably it was much encouraged  
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by the belief that in a distant country there existed the very type of that for which the public fancy was searching. Direct imitation, however, was impossible; and the results produced in the two countries are utterly unlike. The French, unwilling to allow the honour of any invention to such near neighbours, have long hesitated between the names of 'Jardin Anglais' and 'Jardin Chinois.' They would do well to retain both. The Chinese garden, with which Fortune's works have now made us familiar, and the English garden, in the form it ultimately assumed, present two distinct types. The one is nature dressed by art; the other is an artificial imitation, or rather parody, of nature, cramped and dwarfed to bring her beauties within the compass of a narrow enclosure. The English garden in its failure degenerates into the Chinese.\*

The progress of the new idea was rapid. Literature seemed to lead—perhaps it only expressed—the public feeling. In every department of taste the magnificent was denounced, and the natural was extolled. The poets sighed for nature; the satirists denounced uniformity. The 'Spectator' (No. 414), laughed at green sculpture. The ludicrous catalogue of trees cut into grotesque shapes, contained in No. 173 of the 'Guardian,' and attributed to Pope, nearly ruined the trade of Messrs. Loudon and Wire, the fashionable layers-out of grounds, and the chief artificers of verdant statuary. As is usual in revolutions of greater importance, the defenders of the old system hesitated, seemed doubtful of their own principles, and tried to compromise. Bridgeman, Horace Walpole tells us, 'attempted a chaster and simpler style,' and Eyre, one of his pupils, laid out the gardens at Houghton on a plan that attempted to combine the beauties of both systems:—

'But the capital stroke,' says Horace Walpole, 'the leading step, to all that followed, was—I believe the first thought was Bridgeman's—the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fosses, an attempt then deemed so astonishing that common people called them Ha! ha's! to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unexpected check to their walk.'—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. ii. p. 535.

The extreme of trimness, and the extreme of roughness, could not co-exist in juxtaposition. The impulse to dress the park and ruralise the garden was irresistible, and the work of destruction

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\* Sir W. Chambers, who had a personal quarrel with 'Capability Brown,' endeavoured to bring the Chinese garden into fashion, and wrote a pamphlet, in which he has given the reins to his fancy; and under the pretext of describing a Chinese garden, gives the model of an Utopian garden, such as he conceives it might be made. For this he was ridiculed by H. Walpole and Mason.

was carried on with iconoclastic fury. But in the kingdom of taste, as in the body-politic, no revolution can be effected unless excited by great existing abuses and defects; and it is not without practical interest to inquire what these defects were now that Fashion is leading us rapidly back to the old model.

To do justice to our predecessors, we must bear in mind that the few formal gardens which have escaped the hands of the improver, and which to us possess all the charm of variety, and all the *prestige* of antiquity, were wearisome to *them* by their universal sameness and monotony. From the palace to the cottage the same formality reigned. Few attained the magnificence of the Italian garden; the grotesque meanness of the Dutch was within the reach of all. The topiary work, as it was called, which had become universally fashionable since the accession of William, was gloomy at the best, and when out of order was intolerably shabby. The flower-garden wanted brilliancy. The system of bedding out exotics, renewed every summer and removed in the winter, by which such a blaze of brilliancy is given to the parterre, is of very recent invention. The principal entrance to the most stately mansions was inaccessible to a carriage, and seemed to have been studiously made inconvenient. Flights of steps, a series of platforms, and iron gates, retarded admission to the shelter of the house. The stables and offices occupied a position of unseemly prominence. The high partition-walls, now no longer needed for security or for privacy, obstructed the free circulation of air, and caused artificial damp and cold, covering the flags in summer with green mould, and in winter with an impalpable coating of ice. It cannot be denied that comfort and convenience were in many important points promoted by the change.

Nature was now the universal worship; and the high-priest was Kent, a feeble painter, and worse architect; but Walpole says he was 'painter enough to taste the charms of landscape; and bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate,' an important quality in one who has to make his bread by judging for others. His contemporaries speak with great applause of his works (of which Esher and Claremont are said to be the best specimens), especially of his management of water. But even his admirers complain of his littlenesses; and we may judge what extravagances he was capable of committing in the attempt to make 'natural pictures,' when we are told that at one time he actually planted dead trees to diversify his compositions. He was succeeded, though at some interval of time, by Brown, a man of greater talent and more fertile invention. Brown, in fact, was a man of genius, but he was a coxcomb, and had 'a system.'

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His followers fell short of his genius; but they imitated his coxcombry, and slavishly adhered to his system.

Thomson's poem on the Seasons is said to have had a great effect in encouraging a taste for the beauties of nature. Literary men practised what they professed to teach: they laid out grounds for friends; and, where they had the opportunity, for themselves. Pope, with arrogant humility, professed to be prouder of his garden than of any other of his works, and is said to have given many hints to Kent. Shenstone 'planted groves rural' (according to his Anglo-French epitaph), where a stream, which boasts its perennial murmurs, is 'taught to flow' over small pebbles, when the gardener turns a key, and the Naiads are invited, in a pompous inscription, to bathe their tresses in a crystal lake which his admirer Gilpin is obliged to confess is a muddy pond of diminutive dimensions. Kent had brought 'objects' into fashion; and he set the example of building them as he would have painted them, apparently forgetting that they could be approached, and that they could be viewed in other combinations than those for which they were designed. All styles, all mythologies were confounded. Here elves and fairies are invoked; there fauns and hamadryads. A Chinese pagoda looks down on a Christian hermitage. The ruins of a Gothic priory stand in salient opposition to a bran-new temple, with statue and altar all complete, to Bacchus or to Pan; and Whatley, from the *fourth* edition of whose *Observations on Modern Gardening* we quote (p. 127), thinks these heterogeneous objects sufficiently assimilated and amalgamated by the decorative character which pervades them all. The votaries of Nature had their affectations as well as the pupils of art. Lilliputian groves were made to boast their deep solitudes and invite the visitor to forget the world. The whole garden was turned into a school of moral sentiment or a museum of the tastes and sympathies of the owner. To soothe 'blest shades,' or to please 'pale ghosts,' shabby urns with fulsome inscriptions are erected in the greenest and dankest corners of the walks. Abstractions enjoy a large share of deification. Here a portico is owned by Friendship and the earwigs; there a grotto beplastered with brown moss is occupied by Somnus, who in a Latin epigram promises sleep, and he might add, a severe cold. Temples to poets and obelisks to statesmen mark the owner's literary and political predilections. Lord Temple's gardens at Stowe were political; and as his politics changed, it is said he changed the objects of his vistas and the deities of his shrines. His 'Elysian fields' were studded with busts of the British worthies, and his worthies retained their titles and their pedestals by virtue of their

their votes in Parliament. When the spaces were considerable and the architecture handsome, this style of gardening produced considerable effect; but when attempted with insufficient means, nothing can be conceived more 'paltry' and affected. It was the day of shams and surprises: views were blocked out by ugly walls or dense plantations, till they 'burst' on the spectator at some favoured corner; mock towers embellished 'a prospect;' Druidical temples of brick or timber (Mr. Whatley gives a receipt for making them) 'added horror' to the woods; false bridges concealed the termination of artificial water, or disguised the absence of water altogether; a miniature castle or artificial ruin read a lesson on sublunary grandeur, and masked a tool-house; and all this was done in the name of nature and simplicity.

In Italy, villas\* are often, perhaps generally, intended merely as places of temporary resort at certain hours of the day, or it may be in certain moods of mind. At the villa Chigi at Cettinale, near Siena, the 'genius loci' accosts the stranger on his entrance with a Latin inscription to this effect: 'What to you may appear a gloomy wilderness, is to the owner solace and retirement: if you like it, you may stay without intrusion; if you like it not, go without offence.' But in England the garden surrounds the dwelling-house, and should be general enough in its characteristic sentiment to be in harmony with the ordinary feelings of all its inhabitants and visitors. A man of sound mind goes into his garden to breathe the fresh air—to get health by exercise—to enjoy the hues and fragrance of his flowers—not to cultivate his moral sensibility; not with a preconcerted plan to rake up the sorrows of his life, nor to feed his melancholy by meditating on the follies of his species and the advantage of shunning them by retirement.

Hitherto formal avenues had been supposed the only legitimate approaches to a considerable mansion, and accordingly, without any regard to the character of the ground, they had been carried through romantic scenery, which they concealed with their monotonous screen, and across undulations which agreed ill with their undeviating straightness; now at a not less sacrifice of sense, in situations most proper for them, where their ancient and stately masses gave feature and dignity to an uninteresting flat, they were ruthlessly condemned as 'a remnant of the old formalities.' The 'improver,' in fact, once admitted, took possession of the

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\* In Italy the whole enclosure is termed the 'villa;' the house upon it is the 'casino.' The villas which are intended to serve as residences in the time of 'Villeggiatura' (such, for instance, as those at Frascati and Albano) are planned very differently from those which are meant only for occasional resort.

mind of the owner and of the whole place. His leading principles, the air of high keeping and that of extent, both of which have great merit in their way, are easily understood, and appeal not less to the vanity of ownership than to taste.\* He divided his task into four parts—the garden, the park, the riding, and the farm, or the *ferme ornée*, as it was called. The puerilities which disfigured the latter have been amended by time, or have been swept away by the business-like earnestness of modern agriculture—of ridings the very name has been disused. They were nothing more than rides and drives about the neighbourhood of the mansion, carried as much as possible through the property of its owner, and supplied at intervals with striking objects, which were buildings manufactured for the purpose or dressed up in what was supposed to be a becoming and sufficient disguise. In moderate-sized places, where they were contrived with difficulty, they have for the most part been obliterated by time, and the headlands, which had been left in turf to form rustic roads, have been restored to the plough. In places of great extent these drives have generally and very properly been retained. For the most part they lead through the best scenery the neighbourhood affords, to the most striking points of view, and the plantations to which they gave occasion have grown into picturesque woods. But they have also left less agreeable traces; and if the tourist chanced to stumble on some village decorated with pointed windows, ogee arches, quatrefoils, and battlements, or some staring public-house on the top of a hill, whose sign protrudes from the wonderful architecture that in the last age was meant to designate a Norman castle or Gothic abbey, he may be sure he sees the once-admired ‘embellishment’ of one of these ridings.

The park, however, or ground about the house, by whatever name denominated, was the chief theatre of the ‘improver’s’ operations. As the demand for persons bearing this ambitious title was great, the supply was proportionably plentiful, and many men of little education were ready in all good faith to undertake the responsible charge of ‘improvement.’ Even genius is apt to fall at last into mannerism. Mediocrity has nothing but mannerism to rely on from the first. Price complains that the so-called ‘improvements’ were characterized by universal sameness. They consisted of an artificial piece of water, levelled and smoothed ground, formal clumps, and a belt which was intended to conceal, but in fact only marked the boundary. To produce

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\* To increase the extent the books on gardening contain recommendations which we should hardly have thought in the gardening province—such as putting the arms of the family on milestones or town-hall of the neighbouring town, on country ale-houses, &c.

the eternal repetition of this invariable type, not only the venerable remains of ancient magnificence were levelled, but the bold and romantic features of nature were ruthlessly swept away. Price tells us (p. 437) that an improver, whom in mercy he does not name, proposed to blow up with gunpowder the bold ledge of rock, the natural terrace, which projects from the base of Powis Castle, and forms so magnificent a foreground for its view, and that the ruthless destroyer might perhaps have carried his point if the resistance of the noble owner had not been fortified by the advice of his friend, Mr. Payne Knight.

It is no wonder that the dashing self-sufficiency of such reckless improvers moved the spleen (*sæpe bilem, sæpe jocum*), and at last roused the spirit of resistance of persons of taste. Mr., afterwards Sir Uvedale, Price took up the pen in no compromising mood, and wrote his 'Essay on the Picturesque.' Mr. Repton, who hardly conceals that he considers his professional interests affected (much as the goldsmiths of Ephesus did of old) by the new doctrine, wrote an angry reply. Repton was a man of talent, as far as we can judge from such of his works as we have seen; but he certainly walked (perhaps a little too slavishly) in Capability Brown's footsteps. He was the first, as we learn from Price's reply, who assumed the title of 'landscape gardener;' and this style gives his opponent no small advantage in urging upon him the necessity of studying the principles of landscape. Much of their controversy is merely verbal. In many of their principles they are professedly agreed; but we doubt not that, in spite of their apparent agreement in theory, they would, in most practical points, have been completely at variance—just as a modern Whig and Tory, who do not differ in private conversation on any great constitutional point, go down to 'the House' to give diametrically opposing votes on the question of organic change. On the subject of the picturesque, however, a little confusion and inconsistency was allowable. The tide of fashion had made it the popular topic. In everything the picturesque was sought out and worshipped; but while everybody was talking of it, nobody could tell what it was. Price and his friend Payne Knight, who agreed in all else, differed here. Price, who is followed by Gilpin, and many others, thought that all difficulties would be solved by drawing a distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque, which, according to his theory, are not only essentially distinct but antagonistic qualities. Smoothness is the character of beauty; roughness produces the picturesque; but this in its excess degenerates into harshness and ugliness, as the exaggeration of smoothness becomes tameness and insipidity. He maintains that picturesqueness is an ingredient which must be mixed  
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up with beauty, like lemon with sugar (the simile is his own), to produce the highest relish; and actually goes so far as to say, that the beauty of a pretty woman might be relieved from insipidity by the 'piquancy' of a squint, an absurdity for which he is abundantly ridiculed by his friend Payne Knight. This theory has at least the merit of pliability. In every beautiful object the ingenious theorist could not fail to point out the just proportion between the antagonist elements; in every case of deformity it was easy to detect excess or defect.\* Smoothness, it was conceived, produced a pleasurable sensation by soothing the optic nerve; roughness, on the other hand, by exciting it. And thus the discussion was diverted from green lawns and woods to the desert of metaphysics. But of all the endless solutions of the enigma of taste which were then offered, we shall notice only the theory of association, to which Sir T. Lauder devotes the whole of his preliminary chapter.

According to this hypothesis, which was first distinctly announced to the world in his very pleasing essay, by Mr. Alison, in 1790, the emotions of taste are excited, not by any qualities inherent in the objects themselves, but 'by the associations which may have connected them with the ordinary affections or emotions of our nature' (p. 5). This hypothesis involves two truths of universal notoriety, which nevertheless, in their practical application to questions of taste, do not seem to us to have met the attention they deserve.

— In the first place then, among the associations which most powerfully excite in us the emotion of beauty, there is a large class which connect certain qualities or relations of objects with the tastes and instincts of our moral nature, such, for instance, as the love of fitness, utility, symmetry, truth, and many more, besides the love of variety and the love of uniformity, of excitement and repose, and others which seem antagonistic to each other, and by their alternate play promote our enjoyment. When our preferences can be traced up to these sources of beauty, we venture to believe that our taste is good; when they depend on arbitrary associations peculiar to ourselves or our age, we must distrust it as unsound. Thus, for instance, when, in the last century, Mr. Walpole came down in 'his chaise' to visit a friend's seat, and in order to improve a prospect, 'clapped on' a farm-house a spire of lath and plaster, he delighted the whole neighbourhood with his fertility of resource. In modern days we should condemn the cheat, and we presume that our

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\* Especially as the metaphorical use of rough and smooth, borrowed from the sense of touch, gives rise to a confusion which no care can entirely prevent.

taste is good, because it is founded on the love of truth, of usefulness, and durability. In its own day the fraud was associated with the ideas of modern improvement, and Mr. Walpole's talents, genius, and the fashion of the day—and we fearlessly pronounce the taste bad.

The sense of fitness and utility affects us so powerfully, that many reasoners have referred to it as the sole source of beauty, a foundation obviously too narrow for so large a superstructure. Its value, however, cannot be overrated as a guide to check the extravagance of capricious taste. If it will not lead us to excellence, it will always save us from absurdity. In proportion as the sense of fitness is outraged, beauty is impaired or destroyed, and when the improver finds his projects thwarted by it he should at once give them up.

In the next place, the arbitrary and accidental associations have a power which every man's hourly experience tells him is all but unlimited of modifying and subverting our perceptions of beauty. It is to their influence we must attribute the apparent want of fixed principles which is so discouraging to the inquirer when he approaches any subject connected with taste. It is mortifying to find that while science advances in a right line taste revolves in a circle. But yet as long as we possess any power of regulating our own minds we may apply the remedy. If we cannot altogether stop these fluctuations, we may moderate and control them. If a man associates with any particular style of architecture, the triumph of his own theory, or, in defiance of sense and history, superior purity of life and doctrine, he will soon learn to think all other styles monstrous, he will be ready to put up a Doric skreen in a Gothic cathedral, as our ancestors did in former days, or to adopt Mr. Ruskin's suggestion in the present, and insert geometrical tracery in a house of the new town of Edinburgh. Sir Joshua Reynolds laughs at those who endeavour to bolster up an arbitrary 'standard of beauty' by fanciful analogies.\* By a re-action as certain as the laws of gravitation, such extravagances will be succeeded by their opposite extremes. If the present generation should choose to believe that the 'Early English' is the only style of building which is consistent with the condition of man, because leaves (*most* leaves, we presume, not all) are pointed,† the next age will as certainly and quite as reasonably hold that all arches should be circular, because the sun and moon are round.

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\* The immediate object of this attack was Hogarth's 'Line of Beauty,' in which its inventor thought he had found the essence of abstract beauty.

† See Ruskin's Lectures on Architecture.

It was: under the delusion of an arbitrary association that our predecessors destroyed their gardens. Where their taste was not perverted by the prevailing fashion of the day, it was correct and reasonable. If we can flatter ourselves that the taste of the present age is better than that of the past, it is because it is more tolerant. For the most part the public is able to appreciate the merit of all the various styles of architecture, and to judge them not by reference to some type from which they have deviated, or to some model of which they have fallen short, but, as in fairness they should be judged, by their agreement or disagreement with the more durable laws of taste. We can now admire the Elizabethan or Jacobæan which succeeded the Gothic. If compared with the Gothic which it deserted, it is miserably debased; if with the classic which it imitated, it is still more corrupt: yet considered by itself, it presents a rich, varied, harmonious whole. Thus too the revived Gothic of the last generation,—the collegiate mansions, the cathedral palaces, and the anomalous castles of our immediate predecessors—will, in spite of their many and heavy faults, obtain credit for whatever of grandeur, massiveness, and picturesque effect they possess. Their imposing size secures them a place in the history of architecture, and the ‘Georgian Gothic’ and ‘Wyatville castellated’ will hereafter have their admirers, and perhaps, though we can hardly go the length of desiring thus much, their imitators.

The theory of association, as Sir T. Lauder observes, entirely overturns the hypothesis that there exists any *essential* difference between the beautiful and the picturesque; and it may well seem surprising that he should prefix a dissertation to upset the main principle of the book he edits, or that he should edit a book of which he finds it necessary to confute the leading doctrine. But when we say that, notwithstanding this reasonable objection, the book is well worth the care he skilfully bestows on it, we have said much. The play of Hamlet must be very good indeed, if it is worth reading when the part of the Prince of Denmark is to be omitted.

But what, then, is the picturesque? M. Guizot remarks that the general acceptance of a word is often more precise and more comprehensive than any philosophical definition of it that can be given. The picturesque, in spite of Price’s recommendation that it should be detached from all reference to painting, never has had any other meaning than ‘that which is pleasing to the eye, and may be expressed by the painter’s art.’ It serves to denote any kind and every degree of beauty. Man’s natural indolence and the poverty of language have brought it into very general favour. Discriminative epithets require thought; the  
terms

terms to qualify landscape scenery are few, and picturesque may be applied with equal propriety to the subjects of Hobbima or Salvator Rosa. The only real difference between the beautiful (in its widest sense) and the picturesque is that which must necessarily exist between the reality and its motionless representation on a plane surface. There is much of beauty that is beyond the reach of art. The picturesque comprises only that part of beauty which painting can represent; and, moreover, the word implies, that the beauty which it expresses will be found, when rigorously examined, to be visible beauty addressed to the eye. How often in Switzerland does the tourist, after toiling up a steep ascent, come upon some bird's-eye view of immense extent. The snowy peaks of the Alps indent the blue sky like the teeth of a saw. Below them are spread long intermingling lines of pine-covered ridges. Beneath his feet two or three little lakes, bright and unruffled as mirrors, gem the surface of the richly-cultivated plain. To represent this, art could do nothing without the mechanism of a panorama. Who would not exclaim, 'How beautiful!' and yet is it visible beauty, strictly speaking, that so much affects him? The grandeur and majesty of nature, the silence and repose of the scene, the vast expanse bounded by an horizon of snows that have never melted since the creation, thrill him with awe. Yet the colouring wants richness and variety; there is no air-tint to mark distance; the forms are monotonous by their repetition, and the equality of the masses deprives them of effect. Compare this with some well-remembered scene, where, from the hills in the neighbourhood of Rome, the eye gazes on the plains of the Campagna varied by the richest tints, and bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by the purple Apennines which gradually melt into it by the softest and the grandest undulations. Does not the Swiss view affect us rather by the emotions it excites than the elements of beauty it presents? but when beautiful is applied by mankind to everything that impresses them agreeably, from an Epic poem to a pot of beer, can we urge that it should not be applied to an object which gives us such exalted pleasure, and that, too, through the medium of the sight? The word picturesque comes to our relief, and the discussion is closed by admitting that the Swiss is *poetical* but not *picturesque*.

Again, let us call to mind the reach of a placid English river; its banks fringed with willows and alders, a mere watery avenue. The scene is delightful; the shade, the tranquillity, the silvery light, all suggest the most pleasing images; but the painter throws down the pencil in despair. All is uniformity. There is no variety of form or of colour; no play of light and shade; nothing

nothing that he technically calls subject. But let him send for the woodman with his axe, and we have an immediate illustration of the application of the principles of painting to the improvement of natural scenery. The fringe of trees is broken into groups, whose varied forms and unequal masses contrast with and support each other. The turn of the stream is gracefully revealed; distant objects of interest are brought in, and at once a picture is formed.

In speaking of portrait painting Wilkie remarks that the painter finds so much in a beautiful face which is beyond his art—the play of countenance, the ‘lampeggiar dell’ angelico riso’—that, if he does not flatter the traits which it is in his power to express, he produces a caricature. In landscape likewise the painter must improve his subject as far as its elements admit, not merely in order to do justice to the beauties of nature, but to bring them within the reach of his powers of expression; thus in composition, a foreground, whence the eye passes over a succession of intermediate distances till it reaches the horizon, is necessary to enable the artist to give the gradations of space, and hence his rule, that a picture must consist of foreground, distance and middle distance. In reality it often happens that one of these constituent parts of the landscape is wanting; and what nature gives will still remain beautiful, in spite of the absence of what she denies. But if the landscape-gardener is able to supply the element which is deficient, he will immeasurably heighten the beauty of the scene. In such cases he is, in fact, painting; he needs the rules of art as much as the painter himself. But laws of fitness press on him much more rigorously than on the painter, and he must be influenced by considerations of which the painter knows nothing. If a foreground is needed, the painter may supply it from the treasury of his fancy. The landscape-gardener must see that it agrees with the general character of the site, and the objects in immediate juxtaposition with itself. Both painter and landscape-gardener may improve the middle distance by introducing trees and buildings; but the latter is bound to consider their effect from other points of view. Thus, too, judicious thinning will often let in a distance; but the trees must be such as can safely be spared. To make one picture, the improver must not mar many; and in all he does he must attain that perfection of art which conceals its exercise. No wonder that, beset with such difficulties, he often fails; and hence we so often hear the remark, that it is rather his business to apply the principles of painting than to produce pictures; but, if his pictures are such as seem painted by Nature herself, they cannot be too frequent.

In

In various ways the imitation of objects on a plane surface of limited extent presents them to the eye, and even to the imagination, in an aspect somewhat different from that which the reality bears. Many an object which has no beauty in itself is agreeable in combination. Why, it is often asked, do we admire in a Dutch picture an old woman peeling carrots, or boors carousing, though the old woman is the ugliest and the boors the coarsest and clumsiest that even Holland produces? The modern amusement of 'Tableaux Vivans' supplies an illustration which was wanting to our predecessors. The old woman and the boors possess no beauty in Teniers' picture, which a real group similarly arranged would not display. In both the reality and the representation, the contrast and harmony of colour are delightful, the breadth of effect striking, the grouping admirable; the *picture* is beautiful, the materials of which it is composed are in both equally ugly.

The following difficulty forms a perpetual subject of discussion in the domestic circle. Some half-ruined paling, some dock-covered bank has excited the improving zeal of the Lord of the mansion. Perhaps near his gates is some cottage ruined and forlorn, its thatch covered with lichen and houseleek,

‘ All confused in radiance mellow,  
Gray, red, green, and golden yellow ’—

—the whole overshadowed by dense foliage, and reflected in the Claude Lorraine glass of a sleepy pool. All such objects the utilitarian owner condemns as ugly; the lady (be she wife or daughter) pleads for them as ‘picturesque.’ Both parties are right, the scene is beautiful, when transferred to canvass, and only then. The sentiment of loneliness and decay with which it is impressed, is highly poetical and touching to the imagination, when it is separated from all objects which oppose that sentiment; but when brought into collision with the air of opulence, comfort, and beneficence, which should characterise the residence of a wealthy proprietor, it is positively painful; and so entirely does the association of fitness override the sense of beauty, that the man of real taste will not hesitate for a moment to condemn these picturesque improprieties. We have often felt surprise at the perplexity which such cases occasion. When the question is, whether a given object in a given place has a good effect, we are bound to consider it as it stands with all its accessories about it. And on this plain simple survey it is often condemned by the man of no pretensions, while the ‘man of taste’ pleads for it as ‘picturesque.’ Yet if the man of taste will pause to examine his meaning, it will appear he does not think the disputed object looks

well in its actual position; but he knows that under other circumstances the painter might turn it to account; and so entirely has he subjected his natural taste to artificial schooling that he positively would retain a thing in a situation where it is a disfigurement, because it suggests to him other possible combinations where it would be an ornament.

The following is a strong illustration of the influence exercised over the picturesque by the association of fitness. We have always considered a bower planted in a drawing-room an absurdity, which may be pardoned only as a passing fancy to a spoilt Russian 'petite maîtresse,' cooped up in her air-tight palace for the long months of an arctic winter—the combination is pretty in itself, but it is rejected by good sense.\* Yet the chief beauty of the Crystal Palace was caused by the fine elm tree enclosed within its ephemeral walls. It was universally known that the architect had not been allowed to remove the tree; it was hoped that it might survive its temporary incarceration; and under these circumstances the eye acquiesced in the apparent incongruity, and enjoyed, without self-reproach, the beauty of the combination.

Many of the difficulties which seem to have occasioned most perplexity to the writers on the picturesque arise from the limited range of subject taken by some of the popular painters of the last age. It will be difficult for the contemporaries of Landseer to conceive that Sir U. Price was involved in an angry dispute on the question, whether deer are picturesque; but we can easily conceive why they were unfitted for the fore-grounds of Morland's or Gainsborough's landscapes. Deer should be introduced only into some scene of forest, park, or moor, which harmonises with their presence, and they would have assorted but ill with the rustic home-scenes in which those charming painters excelled. Another reason, of a more general character, may be given why deer should be introduced with great caution as accessories to any landscape,—their slender limbs and delicate proportions require an accuracy of drawing, and a delicacy of execution which it is difficult to keep subordinate† to the general

\* We confess, for our own parts, we have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the quantity of plants growing in pots which our fair readers are fond of introducing into their drawing-rooms. The plants languish, and the rooms are infected with the smell of earth.

† The want of due subordination of one element to another is the reason why 'landscapes and figures' do not form a pleasing combination. The figures in a landscape ought to be correctly drawn or indicated, but not so elaborately finished as to attract attention. The figures in the landscapes of the late Mr. Turner spoil the effect of his compositions, because they did attract too much attention, and that in the worst of possible ways,—by their ludicrously bad drawing, and their preposterous extravagance.

effect of the scene, while sheep or cattle supply the bright rich colour or dark mass which the painter needs to balance his composition or enliven his foreground.

If it were not a common error even now to suppose that a ruin, as such, must have something attractive to the painter, it would hardly be worth noticing Sir U. Price's blunder, when he asserts that a Palladian mansion of the most exquisite architecture is a beautiful object—but it is not till its smoothness is roughened by vegetation, discoloured by weather-stains, and broken by rents of ruin, that it becomes picturesque. It is strange that the critic did not call to mind pictures by Claude, which show that architecture may possess this quality in the highest degree without being out of repair, and also the many tasteless prints, such as abound in topographical works, which prove, that of all ugly things the elevation of a ruin is the least really picturesque. The error, however, was by no means uncommon. Among Piranesi's etchings there is a view of the town of Tivoli, in which the artist, under the persuasion that he was doing no more than was necessary to render an inhabited town a fit subject for the artist, has introduced little tufts of vegetation in every part of every building, on the thresholds of the doors, on the sills of the windows, on the tops of the chimneys, and, by this preposterous absurdity, he violates all propriety, and destroys the sentiment and meaning of his picture.

This misconception of the true nature of the picturesque affected all the works of taste of the day. The meannesses and prettinesses of landscape gardening did not arise from an improper imitation of painting, but from the same errors which infected painting itself. Breadth of effect is indispensable to the painter; he should reject every part, however pretty in itself, that does not contribute to set off the whole. The landscape gardener should act with no less boldness; and though the want of breadth does not destroy the beauty of a natural scene to the same extent to which it injures a work of art, yet from the necessity for 'breadth' in a picture, we may learn its value to heighten the beauties of nature. Boughs, however graceful, which intercept a view—ivy concealing rich tracery—weeds disfiguring the surface of bold rocks—moss covering with verdure what the painter's eye would prefer seeing in its native colours,—all must be remorselessly swept away. This is not sacrificing the beautiful to the picturesque, but the lesser beauty to the greater, the separate beauty of the parts to the combined beauty of the whole.

The notion that the picturesque consisted in a 'certain roughness and unstudied negligence,' had the double ill-effect of

not only introducing a great deal of elaborate affectation which was intended to pass for unstudied negligence, but also of excluding all effort to produce a result such as would satisfy the painter's eye, where negligence, studied or unstudied, can have no place. The principle of the picturesque, properly understood, should be applied to the arrangement of the most formal garden, not less than to the treatment of the most romantic scenery.

The first practical question which presses on every improver for his decision is the laying out of the garden. In the last century it was the fashion to be 'sick of magnificence, and to sigh for nature.' But the arguments derived from the superiority of art to nature, which our predecessors adduced to disparage the formal garden, might just as logically have been applied to justify a preference of caves for houses. They did not even pause to consider whether the nature they sighed for was within their reach—whether the new ideal of a garden, with its meandering walks and its protuberant borders, was not as unlike the freedom of nature as balustrades and geometrical parterres. The 'improver' was called in, and forthwith the garden was made as natural as clumps of every size and curves of every form could make it. Brown had taste enough to perceive that a garden of this kind did not harmonise with a building of architectural pretensions, or even of any considerable size; and the flower garden was accordingly banished from the house to some remote spot, where it could be planted out as a thing unfit to be seen. But he did not discover that a handsome mansion set down in a bare field contrasts disagreeably with the wildness around it, and that a certain amount of formal garden near the house is as necessary to set it off as the frame to a picture, as the setting to a jewel, or the pedestal to a statue. Nor did he see that the banishment of the garden from the spot where its dry walks, its fragrance, and its brilliancy were most needed and could be most enjoyed, was, in fact, a practical refutation of his system. Yet even Walpole feels the loss of the terrace and parterre so strongly that he seems half inclined to sacrifice 'taste' to sense, and he hints that the owner will scarcely be reconciled to compliance with the new fashion, except on days when he is called on to show his place to visitors and to hear his taste applauded. Poor Sir Uvedale Price, in one of the most eloquent passages of his book, tells us how, in the days of his youth, he was drawn in by the vortex of fashion and persuaded to destroy his Italian garden. Diffident of his own judgment, he never dreamed of distrusting the oracles to whom everybody else deferred. He levelled to the ground the broad terraces

terraces and their architectural embellishments which made so striking a foreground to the noble woods and distant views of Foxley. After much trouble, much expense, and some years of dirt and confusion, he made the immediate vicinity of his house similar in character and almost equal in beauty to other parts of the grounds. Never again could he restore what he had destroyed; and every year, as his taste improved, his regrets grew more keen.

In the most formal days the gardener always displayed a lurking fondness for nature, though it was not more judicious in its manifestations than the indiscriminate nature-worship. Pliny in the midst of his parterres boasts of a tiny bit of wildness, '*velut illati ruris imitatio*.' Bacon encloses a wilderness in his formal garden. At Versailles the Jardin Anglais was masked by rectilinear avenues. The solution of the problem is so simple that it seems incredible our grandfathers did not hit on it. Instead of destroying the architectural garden, how much more agreeable to good sense and good taste does it seem to surround it with grounds of a more natural though still highly dressed character, and to permit these again to melt gradually into the bolder and wilder scenery of the wood or park!

Such is the disposition now generally adopted, and it seems so agreeable to good sense that we may hope it will be lasting. From some portion in this allotment we cannot hope to banish altogether 'rockeries,' 'stumperies,' 'rustic,' Swiss, Chinese, or other fantastic decorations; but we admit them reluctantly, and on two conditions,—first, that these flimsy creations shall not appear in juxta-position with handsome architecture; and secondly, that they shall not intrude themselves into romantic or even pretty scenery. Yet even in these faulty embellishments there is a better and a worse. They can scarcely be so managed as to deserve in the lowest sense the praise of 'picturesque,' yet by attending to the principles of the picturesque in the massing of the component parts, a more pleasing effect may be produced. Rockwork can never look like rocks, but it need not look like a larded chicken.

In designing the architectural garden, we must derive instruction from the warning of the past. It must not be so vast as to lose the effect of unity of design and to cause satiety. Every part should manifestly have its use. Balustrades should be employed only where some fence is intended or some protection needed. A balustrade drawn across a plane surface, whose inutilty is further marked by the absence of gates where it is intersected by the walks, is an offence against common sense. On the other hand, we remember to have seen the portion of a  
balustrade

balustrade removed from a position where it was indispensably needed to prevent the careless visitor from falling into the water, and this merely on the ground that it obstructed the view from the windows. No addition of beauty can justify an absurdity. The contrivances for coolness and for warmth, for shelter and for shade, should be exactly suited to the requirements of the climate and the circumstances of the site. In the grouping the masses of the architecture and arranging the lines of the composition, the laws of the picturesque, that is to say, the laws by which the painter regulates his design, will be found the only true guides.

To secure the best effect, a due proportion between the house and the garden should be observed. If the garden greatly exceeds the house in taste and in style, it only furnishes a standard whereby to measure the deficiencies of the object to which it should be subservient. If it greatly falls short of the house in massive grandeur and richness of effect, it suggests a painful idea of disproportion and perhaps too of declining taste and diminished means. The fault is by no means uncommon; the terraces and balustrades of the Crystal Palace are crushed by the weight of the superincumbent pile. When the formal garden is added or restored to some stately mansion, it seems to be thought enough that the design should be regular and the decorations architectural. It often appears to have been forgotten that the house is to be seen from the garden, and that the garden should not be inferior in boldness and massiveness of design in order that it may form a fitting base on which the house may rest. Even when the general plan and the architectural decorations are all that can be wished, it not unfrequently happens that the details are disfigured with prettinesses greatly below the general conception. When a magnificent platform is to be filled with flower-beds, the patterns should be large, and the masses of flowers sufficiently important to aid with the richness of their colour the grandeur of the forms. Intricate scrolls and fantastical flourishes (however beautiful on paper) are meagre and confused in such a position, and the multitude of little columnar shrubs with which it is the fashion to stud the surface, are mean and shabby if they grow ill, and, if they grow well, in a few years they produce the effect of crowd and confusion: they obstruct the view and throw a shade of gloom where, above all things, the character of lightness and brilliancy is demanded.

Whether the kitchen garden should be placed in the immediate neighbourhood of the flower garden is a question which must be decided in each case by the site and character of the buildings, and, above all, by convenience. The chief beauty of which

which it is susceptible is trimness, but by the admixture of flowers great gaiety and brilliancy of effect may be obtained, and architectural embellishments may be introduced to any extent which the circumstances render desirable. The various frames, stoves, and hothouses of all descriptions, though all such glass-houses must be ugly in themselves, from the magnificent conservatory (the first building of the kind) which Mr. Decimus Burton built for the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, down to the glass hovel which the market gardener builds for himself, may yet in their general arrangement be so grouped together as to produce a not unpleasing effect.

Whether the school of 'Capability' Brown did all the mischief of which Sir Uvedale Price accuses them, it is hard to decide. It is not easy at the present moment to discover precisely what changes they made, and time has mellowed their labours. He has magnified their clumps into stately masses of timber. He has given roughness to their banks and variety to their slopes. On the whole, we are disposed to believe that where there was no venerable antiquity to deface, and no romantic scenery to tame down, they improved the face of the country. Brown's own works often show great fertility of resource, and great power of invention. At Blenheim he has produced a noble effect.

To Brown we must assign the credit of sweeping away the little-nesses which had crept in between Kent's time and his own. He substituted bold, and not unnatural nor ungraceful, sweeps for the absurd corkscrew and zigzag walks which were supposed to represent the line of beauty. His masses of shrubs and trees were well placed (as, for instance, in the gardens of some of the colleges at Oxford), and he showed great dexterity in concealing the boundaries of a small enclosure. Unfortunately at Blenheim (where in other respects he did so well) he removed the magnificent platform with which Vanburgh (who of all architects had the most picturesque eye) had surrounded his stately pile. If there and everywhere else Brown had been content to modify the architectural garden instead of demolishing it, and then to begin his own peculiar labours beyond its precincts—if in the park he had been content to dress nature less, and to consult the character of the site more, he would have deserved our unqualified praise. He would have been a 'reformer who renovates without destroying'—but then he would not have been Capability Brown.

Few attempts are made in the present day to 'improve' on the extensive scale that was adopted by Brown and his school. Plantations indeed are made, and fences are removed and concealed,  
but

but we hear little of the spade-work which was then employed to make rivers and lakes, and to change the face of nature with swells and slopes of the landscape gardener's designing. It shows an improvement in public taste that modern projectors are more ready to avail themselves of the advantages which the site offers than to force on it a character which nature has denied. The notion that every fine place must have water led to many absurdities in the last century. Rivers carried horizontally along declivities looked like ill constructed canals. Lakes, whose margin was as artificial as if it was rectilinear, and a great deal less picturesque, spread damp and gloom over the dwelling-house, and even now we occasionally see sheets of water so placed that they look as if they might burst their banks and flood the gardens and house.

The care which many of the writers of the day bestow in considering the proper positions, outlines, and terminations of plantations might be imitated with advantage by the modern improver. The notion is too prevalent that every tree planted is a discharge of the debt we owe to our ancestors by an obligation conferred on our posterity; and that a tree is so beautiful an object, that in no place where there is room for it to grow, can it be stationed amiss. The owner is apt to fancy that the lawns and glades which so advantageously diversify his park 'look bare,' and by the annual process of planting he not only destroys all picturesque beauty, but also all variety, and with variety all the effect of space and extent.

But so much was done in the way of planting in the last century that in most cases the more urgent need is thinning. In this operation the first point to be studied is the comfort and convenience of the house; nor let it be supposed that in so doing the picturesque is sacrificed. True picturesqueness, like true beauty, cannot result from the discordant association of damp and gloom, with the dwelling of opulence and comfort. Trees should be left where they afford a shelter—where they exclude light and air they should be removed, and if the owner persists in leaving them where they block out a fine view, he is sacrificing the greater beauty to the less.

There is nothing that the eye resents more than an elaborate effort, when detected, to please it by combinations that are meant to look natural. A formal avenue which is terminated by some distant tower or spire professes to be nothing more than it is, and the 'vista' gives pleasure. A straight cutting in a natural wood to let in a view of the same object is disagreeable, and it becomes necessary to thin the trees on each side of the cutting,

ting, and dexterously to imitate the irregularity of nature. Many an old place is bounded on one side by a ridge more or less distant, covered with a mass of dense foliage, indenting the sky line with its magnificent undulations. Perhaps the proprietor longs for a 'more cheerful look out.' Tasteful friends, in the name of the picturesque, in many such instances taken in vain, wish to 'break the line.' In most such cases it would be well to consider first and foremost whether the defects complained of can be obviated by anything short of removing the house to another site. But where this remedy is out of the question, and the proprietor's restlessness is not to be appeased, we sometimes see that a vast gap is made with the axe in the noble wood, which does indeed break the line, but with much the same effect that would attend an attempt to give expression to a meaningless mouth by drawing two of the front teeth. The bank has lost its own peculiar beauty and has gained none other. When a mistake of this kind has been committed there are but two remedies. The first, an alarming one, is to continue the havoc for a certain space, and to give the bank the air of a capriciously wooded ridge; the other involves a great exertion of moral courage; it is nothing less than to plant up the opening with all convenient speed, and in such a manner as soonest to conceal what has been done. As far as a general rule can be given, the first expedient may be adopted where the thinning has really let in a view; where it has not, it will generally be advisable to recur to the second.

We have already adverted to the extravagant use, or rather abuse, of buildings of all sorts which characterized the gardening of our predecessors, but no one can doubt how much these accessories, judiciously introduced, may heighten the beauty of natural scenery. Wherever the habitation and works of man are brought into contact with fine or romantic scenery, the picturesque will be best consulted by giving them a character of reality and solidity. If solidity is too expensive let the most unpretending simplicity be substituted for it. Nothing is more destructive to picturesque beauty than the tortuous abominations which were once called 'rustic,' together with all the trumpery of ornamental garden architecture. If a bridge is to be thrown over a romantic ravine or a brawling brook, let it be a solid bridge of stone, more or less dressed, according to the nature of the scene. If this cannot be done, the simplest planks and posts are the least objectionable. Rustic, trellice, or Chinese work, are especially to be avoided. They betray the wish to be ornamental, and the inability to be grand. In his own romantic place, in the most striking part of the rocky valley, which forms its

its most conspicuous feature, Payne Knight put up a series of irregular planks, now ascending and now descending, to the infinite danger of the passenger, and thus left a warning to what extravagancies a man of talent and undoubted taste\* may be betrayed by a false theory.

We have never seen any blunder of like magnitude in recent days, but there is much diversity of practice, as well as confusion of thought, as to the amount of 'dressing' which nature requires or admits in the grounds of a country seat. No strict rules can be laid down. The degree of roughness and wildness that may be tolerated must be regulated by the nearness to the house and the general character of the scenery; but, above all, the error (not an uncommon one) should be avoided of placing the prettinesses of the flower garden in combination with the bolder features of nature. Geranium beds encased in rustic basket-work should not be found straggling into wild woods, nor reposing at the foot of romantic rocks. Price contrasts a trim 'approach' designed by Brown's followers with a wild lane such as we might expect to find occupied by gipsies boiling their kettle. This is not fair. The trimness he describes does indeed resemble the smugness of a cockney villa, but his picturesque lane would make but a sorry approach to an opulent mansion. The most difficult problem which the landscape gardener has to solve, is how to reconcile the wildness of nature and the smoothness of cultivation and habitation? The only principle which can be laid down is not to force nature into forms not her own, to leave her bolder and grander features uninjured, and to remove petty roughnesses which remind us only of her own decay or man's neglect. In the lane as described (p. 25), it would probably be right to respect the old trees and the high banks, but assuredly the edge of the road ought to be clearly defined, nor should its centre be disfigured with patches of grass.

If on the banks of an ornamental piece of water a tree should gradually sink, or rudely be blown by the wind into the stream, it should instantly be removed. Let no friend armed with a sketch-book persuade us that it is 'picturesque.' Even granting that *in itself* it is so (which in most such cases may boldly be denied), the wind-fall carries with it the sentiment of desolation and neglect, and is directly at variance with the associations which ought to belong to the place. For a similar reason, withered trees should generally be removed. Decayed oaks may be so majestic and so venerable, that even in their ruin it may be advisable to

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\* Men are no more consistent in their taste than in their moral character. Payne Knight's judgment of the Elgin Marbles proves he was no judge of art; but in many respects it cannot be denied he had real taste.

retain them, or dead trees may occasionally stand in some position so striking that it may be right to let them keep their place.

It is a misfortune, as we think, when fine ruins stand in immediate juxta-position with a dwelling-house. At Hardwicke, in Derbyshire, the massive remains of the Old Hall rise close to the beautiful and fantastic Italo-Jacobæan structure, which its foundress, Lady Shrewsbury, meant for an Italian villa. At Newstead Abbey, the ruined church of the best period of English Gothic adjoins the noble mansion which has been formed out of the conventual buildings. In such cases there is nothing to be done. The sentiment of ruin and of opulence, it is true, are brought into painful contact; but the imagination is in a great measure reconciled by the obvious impossibility of the proprietor's either abandoning his dwelling or destroying his ruin. What, however, shall we say of the absurdity of our predecessors, who built a ruin as a pleasing prospect from the drawing-room windows? The mock ruin, in spite of all receipts that could be given for manufacturing ruins, always betrayed its artificial origin, but in fact it was more tolerable as the caprice of misguided taste than as the genuine and melancholy record of decadence and decay.

Having said so much of the arbitrary and accidental associations which are common to all, it may not be quite superfluous to caution the improver against those which may be peculiar to himself—such as the unreasonable dislike or liking for particular objects and combinations—certain assumptions which he has never examined, but has always acted on, such as that oaks must be preferred to all other trees—that yews and cedars are sacred—that thorn trees and fruit trees cannot be cut down. It would surprise those who have no practical acquaintance with the difficulties of this kind, which a professional man has incessantly to encounter in his intercourse with his clients, by how very trivial and frivolous motives the most important changes in the most important designs have been made, and we may add, the most expensive undertakings have been marred.

It would have led us too far, and into a different branch of our subject, if we had attempted to discuss the rules of picturesque composition. We have assumed them as granted—and in truth it is rather as to their application than their principles that there exists any difference of opinion. They have been derived, like the rules of literary criticism, from observation of the practice of the greatest masters. The amateur landscape gardener would do well to study them. If they do not serve to guide him, they will be a stumbling-block to perplex him. When he once comprehends them he need have no misgiving in applying them,  
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with this only caution, that while the painter has to produce a single composition, he has to produce a gallery—a series—each one of which must harmonise with its predecessor. Whatever offends against this rule turns an English into a Chinese garden.

In many instances it would have been more satisfactory to illustrate our meaning by examples. It would have given us pleasure to pay our tribute of admiration to some creations of modern times, which may be ranked with the best efforts of Italian gardening in its best days; and it would have given point to our censures to notice instances where we conceive that our rules have been infringed. But we have purposely refrained; we cannot permit ourselves to consider private grounds and gardens as 'published works,' because the liberality of their owners makes them accessible to the public.

ART. VII.—1. *Zoological Sketches, made for the Zoological Society of London, from Animals in their Vivarium in the Regent's Park.*

By Joseph Wolf. Edited, with Notes, by D. W. Mitchell, B.A., F.L.S., Secretary to the Society. London. 1856.

2. *A Popular Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By D. W. Mitchell. London. 1855.

3. *The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London. 1854.

TO furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organised life, is the aim of the science of zoology. Its professors have explored the wilds of Africa, and have penetrated far into the interior of South America; have endured the last extremities of hunger and thirst to catch some curious humming-bird; have been consumed by fevers to the very socket of life, in order to pin an unknown beetle, or to procure some rare and gorgeous-coloured fly. The passion for this science seems to have long dwelt in the English race: our love of field-sports, and keen relish of rural life, coupled with a habit of minute observation, have all had a tendency to foster an acquaintance with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and scarcely a village but boasts of some follower of White or Waterton. This taste we carry with us to our vast colonial possessions, and to that chain of military posts whose morning guns echo round the world. With such splendid opportunities for observing and collecting animals, we have succeeded in gathering together a menagerie which is by far the first in existence, and which includes typical forms of most living things—from the chimpanzee, in whose face  
and

and structure we trace the last step but one of the highest form of mammal, to the zoophyte, which shakes hands with the vegetable world.

Ancient Rome, it is true, in her degenerate days witnessed vaster collections of animals, and saw hippopotami, ostriches, and giraffes, together with the fiercer carnivora, turned by hundreds into the arena. But how different the spirit with which they were collected! With the debased and profligate Roman emperors the only object of these bloody shows was to gratify the brutal appetite of their people for slaughter; with us the intention is to display the varying wonders of creation.

Most of our readers in the full flush of summer have leaned over the balustrade of the carnivora terrace. From this elevated situation the whole plan of the south side of the grounds is exposed. To his right, fringing a still pool whose translucent waters mirror them as they stand, the spectator sees the collection of storks and cranes: more immediately in front of him softly tread the llamas and alpacas—the beasts of burthen of the New World: farther, again, we see the deer in their paddocks, and beyond the sedgy pools of the water-fowl, set in the midst of graceful shrubberies which close the Gardens in from the landscape of the Regent's Park. Passing over to the northern side of the terrace he sees the eagle aviary, tenanted by its royal and solitary-looking occupants; the otters swimming their merry round, and perchance the seal flapping beside his pool; while the monkeys, with incredible rapidity and constant chatter, swing and leap about their wire enclosure. Immediately beneath him the Polar bears pace to and fro, or, swaying their heads, walk backwards with a firmness which a lord chamberlain might study with advantage; and close at hand the long neck of the 'ship of the desert' is seen sailing out from the gateway of the pretty clock-house. That the dread monarch of the forest and the other 'great cats' are beneath his feet, he is made aware by angry growls and the quivering sound of shaken iron bars, as the keeper goes round with his daily beef-barrow. No one can help feeling a certain sense of strangeness at seeing these creatures of all climes scattered amid a flourishing garden—to witness beasts, ensanguined in tooth and claw, impatiently pacing to and fro between banks of scarlet geraniums or beds brilliant with the countless blooms of early dahlias—or, still more oddly, to witness birds of prey which love to career in the storm surrounded by monthly roses. Had it been possible to have given each class of bird and animal its appropriate vegetation, it would doubtless have been preferable; but such an arrangement was manifestly impossible.

Descending

Descending from this general survey, the long row of dens which run below the terrace on either side are the first to attract the visitor's attention. Before this terrace was constructed in 1840 the larger carnivora were cooped up in what is now the reptile-house. The early dens of the establishment form a good example of the difficulty Englishmen experience in suiting themselves to altered circumstances. On the first formation of the Gardens the Society seems to have taken for its model some roving Menagerie, as many of the houses of the beasts were nothing better than caravans dismounted from their wheels, and the managers encamped their collection in a fashion little more permanent than Wombwell would have done upon a village green. It was speedily found that the health of the felidæ suffered materially from their close confinement, which did not even admit of the change of air experienced in the travelling caravan. In fact, the lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas, did not live on an average more than twenty-four months. To remedy this state of things the terrace dens were constructed, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, tropical animals were left exposed to the full rigour of winter. The drifting rain fell upon their hair, and they were exposed in cold, wet weather to a temperature which even man, who ranges from the torrid zone to the arctic circle, could not resist unprotected. The consequences were manifested in the increase of inflammatory lung diseases, and it is now found necessary to protect the dens by matting and artificial heat from the extreme cold and damp of the winter months. In the summer the exposure suits them admirably, and it must be confessed that the tigers look only too fat and comfortable. One of the most interesting cages is that which contains a family party, consisting of the mastiff with the lion and his mate. They were brought up together from cub-hood, and agree to a marvel; though the dog would prove little more than a mouthful for either of his noble-looking companions. Visitors express a vast deal of sympathy for him, and fancy that the lion is only saving him up, as the Giant did Jack, for a future feast. But their sympathy, we believe, is thrown away. 'Lion' has always maintained the ascendancy he assumed when a pup, and any rough handling on the part of his huge playfellows is immediately resented by his flying at their noses. Although the dog is allowed to come out of the den every morning, he shows a great disinclination to leave his old friends. It is, however, thought advisable to separate them at feeding-time. Both the lion and lioness are of English birth, and it is singular that out of the great number that have been born in the Society's Garden full fifty per cent. have come into the world with cleft palates, and have

have perished in consequence of not being able to suck. If the keepers were to fill their nostrils with tow we fancy they could accomplish this act, as well at least as children who are suffering from cold in the head. Although the male is not yet fully grown, he is sufficiently developed to show the difference between the African variety to which he belongs and the East Indian specimen at the other end of the terrace. Our young Cape friend has a fine mane and a tail but slightly bushed at the top, which droops towards the ground. The full-grown animal from Goojerat, is, on the contrary, comparatively maneless, and his tail takes a short curl upwards at the end. The caudal extremity of both is furnished with a rudimentary claw. This little appendage was supposed by the ancients to be instrumental in lashing the lion into fury, and Mr. Gordon Cumming informs us that the natives of South Africa believe it to be the residence of an evil spirit which never evacuates its post until death overtakes the beast and gives it notice to quit. The Goojerat or maneless lion is supposed to be the original of the heraldic beast we regard with such respect as a national emblem, but which foreigners maintain is nothing better than a leopard. †

But why do we coop these noble animals in such nutshells of cages? What a miserable sight to see them pace backwards and forwards in their box-like dens! Why should they, of all the beasts of the forest, be condemned to such imprisonment? The bear has its pole, the deer its paddock, the otter his pool, where at least they have enough liberty to keep them in health; but we stall our lions and tigers as we would oxen, till they grow lethargic, fat, and puffy, like city aldermen. With half an acre of enclosed ground, strewn with sand, we might see the king of beasts pace freely, as in his Libyan fastness, and with twenty feet of artificial rock might witness the tiger's bound. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, attract thousands to the gardens, and restore to the larger carnivora that place among the beasts from which they have been so unfairly degraded. We commend this idea to Mr. Mitchell, the able secretary to the Society, who has shown by his system of 'starring' how alive he is to the fact that it is to the sixpenny and shilling visitors who flock to the gardens by tens of thousands on holidays that he must look to support the wise and liberal expenditure he has lately adopted.

On the other side of the terrace, in addition to the leopards and hyænas, is to be found a splendid collection of bears, from the sharp-muzzled sun-bear (who robs a bees'-hive in a hollow tree as artistically as a London thief cuts a purse), to the enormous Russian Bruin, the largest perhaps ever exhibited. 'Prince Menschikoff,'

Menschikoff,' as he is called by the keepers, grew into exceeding good condition in the gardens at Hull, where it appears he chiefly dieted upon his brethren, the cannibal having consumed no less than five bears; and they appear to have had the same effect upon him as cod-liver oil upon a human invalid. His neighbours, the white Polar bears, contrast with him strangely in physiognomy and form; their heads, sharp as pole-cats', seem fashioned like cutwaters to enable them to make their way in the sea, and if they would lift their huge paws we should see that they were clothed almost entirely with hair, to aid them in securing a firm footing on the ice. The largest of these beasts managed to get out of his enclosure before the top of it was barred in; but he was peaceably led back again. Indeed, even the wildest of the beasts, after a little confinement, seem so frightened at recovering their liberty that they easily allow themselves to be recaptured.

Last year the Felidæ alone consumed beef, mutton, and horse-flesh to the value of 1367*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* This sum is entirely irrespective of the fish, snakes, frogs, and other 'small deer' given to the birds and inferior carnivora. They all live here like gentlemen, emancipated from the drudgery of finding their daily food. They have their slaughter-houses close at hand in the gardens, where sheep, oxen, and horses are weekly killed expressly for them. Some of them will only eat cooked meat. Soon after the establishment of the Gardens experiments were made as to the best manner of feeding them, which proved that, while they gained flesh and continued active upon one full meal a day, they lost weight and became drowsy on two half-meals. In the endeavour to follow nature still closer, they were dieted more sparsely, and even fasted at certain seasons. This treatment, however, resulted in a catastrophe—a female leopard and puma killing and eating their companions: a strong hint for fuller rations, which was not neglected.

Let us now cross over from the cages of the king of beasts to the aviary of the king of birds. The collection of eagles, vultures, and condors, numbers upwards of twenty species, among which we recognised 'the oldest inhabitant' of the Gardens,—the vulture, presented to the Society by Mr. Brooks, the surgeon, more than twenty-five years ago. Notwithstanding his age, he looks one of the finest birds in the collection. We question, however, if the last new comer of the same species will not 'put his bill out,' arriving as it does from a distant shore to which thousands of anxious hearts are turned. We allude to the vulture lately sent from the Crimea. It was caught near  
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the monastery of Saint George, and the proximity of his retreat to many a battle-field suggests reflections too painful to dwell upon. The prominent impression produced in glancing at this aviary is the perfect isolation which each bird maintains as he crowns the topmost pinnacle of the heap of rocks reared in the centre of his den, where he perches motionless as a stone. There seems to be no recognition of fellow-prisoners—no interchange of either blows or courtesies between the iron netting. Each seems an enduring captive that will not be comforted or won over to the ways of men. Now and then unsheathing his piercing eye, we perceive the huge wings spread, and perchance, remembering the callow eaglets in some Alpine eyrie, the bird soars upwards for a moment, beats his pinions against the netting, and falls to earth again with the ignominious flop of a Christmas turkey. It is impossible to contemplate these birds without pity not unmixed with pain. Who can recognise, in the motionless bunch of feathers before us, Audubon's magnificent description of the Bald Eagle as he swoops upon his prey:—

‘The next moment the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. . . . Now is the moment to witness a display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of his wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.’

This is the romance of the noble bird's mode of obtaining food—here, as he marches off with a dead rat in his claw, or a piece of raw beef, we behold its prose. But however unpoetical this treatment, it cannot be said to disagree with him, as fine plumage and good condition prove. Passing on our way to the monkey-house, the merry otters are seen playing ‘follow-my-leader’ round their rock-house, now plunging headlong in search of the flat-fish which shine at the bottom of the water—now bringing it to shore, and crushing flesh, vertebræ, and all.

The admirably arranged but vilely ventilated monkey-house is always a great source of attraction. The mixture of fun and solemnity, the odd attitudes and tricks, and the human expression

of their countenances, all tend to attract, and at the same time to repel. Mr. Rogers used to say, that visiting them was like going to see one's poor relations, and wondrous shabby old fellows some of them appear. We have only to look into their faces for a moment to see that they differ from each other as much as the faces of mankind. There is a large, long-haired, black-faced rascal, who looks as murderous as a Malay; a little way off we see another with great bushy whiskers and shaggy eyebrows (the mona), the very picture of a successful horse-dealer; a third, with his long nose and keen eye, has all the air of a crafty old lawyer. The contemplation of them brings involuntarily to the mind the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The apes and baboons are indeed purely brutal, and only excite disgust: towards the latter the whole company of smaller monkeys express the utmost hatred—as may be seen when the keeper by way of fun takes one of them out of his cage and walks him down the room. The whole population rush to the front of their cages, and hoot, growl, and chatter at him, as only Eastern County shareholders can do when their chairman takes his seat. The vivacious little capuchin monkeys are evidently the favourites and bag most of the nuts; the brown capuchin appears to be particularly knowing, as he keeps a big pebble at hand, and, when he finds that his teeth are not equal to the task, he taps the nut with the stone with just sufficient force to break the shell without bruising the kernel. We have often seen this little fellow take a pinch of snuff, and assiduously rub his own and companion's skin with it, with a full knowledge, no doubt, of the old recipe for killing fleas. He will also make use of an onion for a similar purpose. Among the other quadrumana in this house, we find the lemurs, which look more like long-legged weasels than monkeys, and the bright-faced little marmosets, who cluster inquiringly to the front of their cage, looking in their cap-shaped headdress of fur like so many gossips quizzing you over the window-blinds.

At the present moment there is no specimen of either the uran or chimpanzee in the Gardens, but there have been at least half-a-dozen located here within the last ten years, one of which, 'Jenny,' maintained her health for five years. The damp, cold air of the Gardens at last brought on consumption, and the public must remember the poor, wheezing, dying brute, with a plaster on her chest and blankets around her, the very picture of a moribund old man. The only specimen now in Europe is in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. This animal, one of the finest ever seen, is in excellent health, and promises to maintain it in the bright air of la Belle France. An accomplished naturalist has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of this brute, which

which clearly indicate that he is a very Doctor Busby among his fellows:—

‘He passed through London on his way to Paris, having landed at Plymouth. There were then two female Chims resident in the Gardens in the Regent’s Park, and the French Chim was allowed to lodge in their hotel for a couple of nights. On his appearance both of these young ladies uttered cries of recognition, which however evinced more fear than anything else. Chim was put into a separate compartment, or room with a double grille, to prevent the probable injuries which discordant apes will inflict on each other. He had scarcely felt the floor under his feet when he began to pay attention to his countrywomen thus suddenly and unexpectedly found. Their fear and surprise gradually subsided, and they stood watching him attentively, when he broke out into a characteristic *pas seul*, which he kept up for a considerable time, uttering cries scarcely more hideous than seem the notes of a Chinese singer, and not far out of unison with his loudly-beating feet. The owner, who was present, said that he was imitating a dance of the negroes which the animal had often seen while resident in his house in Africa. The animal was upwards of a year and a half old, and had spent one year of his life in this gentleman’s house. The Chim maidens gradually relaxed their reserve as the vivacity of the dance increased, until at last, when it was over, each stealthily put a hand through the grille and welcomed their friend and brother to their home in a far land. As the weather was severe—it was early in December—it is possible that their talk was of their native palm-groves and their never-ending summer. Chim thenceforth made himself as agreeable as possible, and when the time for his departure came, the maidens exhibited the liveliest regret, short of tears, at losing him. At Paris he increased rapidly in stature and intelligence. The climate, diet (he drinks his pint of Bordeaux daily), and lively society of the French seem to be more congenial to Chim’s physique than our melancholy London. He makes acquaintance not only with the staff but with the habitués of the Garden. The last time I saw him (May, 1854) he came out to taste the morning air in the large circular enclosure in front of the Palais des Singes, which was built for “our poor relations” by M. Thiers. Here Chim began his day by a leisurely promenade, casting pleased and thankful glances towards the sun, the beautiful sun of early summer. He had three satellites, coati-mundis, either by chance or to amuse him, and while making all manner of eyes at a young lady who supplies the Singerie with pastry and cakes, one of the coati-mundis came up stealthily behind and dealt him a small but malicious bite. Chim looked round with astonishment at this audacious outrage on his person, put his hand haughtily upon the wound, but without losing his temper in the least. He walked deliberately to the other side of the circle, and fetched a cane which he had dropped there in his promenade. He returned with majestic wrath upon his brow, mingled, I thought, with contempt; and, taking Coati by the tail, commenced punishment with his cane, administering such blows as his victim

victim could bear without permanent injury, and applied with equal justice to the ribs on either side, in a direction always parallel to the spine. When he thought enough had been done, he disposed of Coati without moving a muscle of his countenance, by a left-handed jerk which threw the delinquent high in air, head over heels. He came down a sadder and a better Coati, and retired with shame and fear to an outer corner. Having executed this act of justice, Chim betook himself to a tree. A large baboon, who had in the mean time made his appearance in the circle, thought this was a good opportunity of doing a civil thing, and accordingly mounted the tree and sat down smilingly, as baboons smile, upon the next fork. Chim slowly turned his head at this attempt at familiarity, measured the distance, raised his hind foot, and, as composedly as he had caned the coati, kicked the big baboon off his perch into the arena below. This abasement seemed to do the baboon good, for he also retired like the coati, and took up his station on the other side. To what perfection of manners and development of thought the last year and a half may have brought him I can scarcely guess; but one day doubtless some one will say of him, as an Oriental prince once said to me, after long looking at the uran "Peter,"—"Does he speak English yet?"

The monkeys before they were transferred to this house suffered a great mortality, and indeed, on taking possession of their new apartment, the keepers used to remove the dead by the barrowful in the morning. This extreme mortality was produced by want of ventilation and a system of heating which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Arnott, upon being consulted, directed the substitution of an open stove, when the deaths ceased.

As we pass towards the small building once used as the parrot-house, but now dedicated to the smaller felidæ, we go by the seal-pond, and see that strange beast which resembles a Danish carriage-dog with his legs amputated. He is an epicure as regards his regular meals, and turns up his nose at any fish less *recherché* than whiting, of which expensive delicacy he consumes ten pounds weight daily. Meanwhile, however, he is 'a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles,' and we see him, as the visitors circulate round his enclosure, flop, flop, around the margin of his pond, keeping a sharp look-out above the railings for stray favours. The house of the smaller carnivora is generally overlooked, but it is worthy of a visit, if only to see the beautiful clouded tigers as they are misnamed, for they more resemble hunting leopards both in size and skin-markings. These elegant creatures are quite tame, and permit the utmost familiarities of their keeper; but their neighbour, the caracal or lynx, never seems tired of making the most ferocious rushes at the bars, accompanied by a vindictive and incessant spitting, which impresses us with the idea that

that it possesses the very quintessence of catlike nature. There is one little cage in this apartment which is deserving of especial inspection—that containing a specimen of the indigenous black rat, which according to Mr. Waterton was entirely eaten out of the country by the grey rats of Hanover, which came over in the same ship with Dutch William, and which are, according to that hearty naturalist, the very emblems of ‘Protestant rapacity.’ Those who have read his delightful essays know well with what perseverance the author hunts the grey rodent through every chapter of his book.

If we now retrace our steps along the border of the plantation, which forms a deep green background for countless dahlias, and moreover screens the garden from the biting east, we shall, by turning to the right hand, come upon the Aquarium, the latest and most attractive sight in the gardens. How cool and delicious! Around us we perceive slices of the deep sea-bed and the rapid river. Were we mermen we could not examine more at ease the rich pavement of the ocean set with strange and living flowers. In the midst of the green walls of water which surround us, mimic caves, waving with sea-weed and other marine plants, afford shelter and lurking-holes for bright fish which stare and dart, or for shambling crustaceæ which creep over the pebbly bottom. Against the dark verdure of these submerged rocks, the sea-anemone rears its orange base tipped with flower-like fans, or hangs its snake-like tentacles, writhing as the head-dress of Medusa. But we must look narrowly into each nook and under every stone, if we wish to realise the amount of animal life which here puts on such strange vegetable forms. Let us consider well for a few minutes one of the tanks running down the middle of the building. For months all the minute animal and vegetable life has been multiplying and decaying, and yet the water remains pure and bright. The explanation of this phenomenon affords one of the most beautiful examples of the manner in which nature on a grand scale holds the balance true between her powers. If we were to put these little bright-eyed fish alive into the crystal tank, in a week’s time they would die, because they would have withdrawn all the oxygen it originally contained, and contaminated it with the poisonous carbonic acid gas exhaled from their lungs. To prevent this, the philosopher hangs these mimic caves with verdant seaweed, and plants the bottom with graceful marine grasses. If the spectator looks narrowly at the latter, he finds them fringed with bright silver bells: these bells contain oxygen, which the plants have eliminated from their tissues under the action of light, having previously consumed the carbonic acid gas thrown out

out by the fishes and zoophytes. Thus plants and animals are indispensable to the preservation of each other's life. But even now we have not told the entire causes which produce the crystal clearness of the water. The vegetable element grows too fast, and, if left to itself, the sides of the tank would be covered with a confervoid growth, which would speedily obscure its inmates from our view. We want scavengers to clear away the superfluous vegetation, and we find them in the periwinkles which we see attached by their foot-stalk to the glass. These little mollusca do their work well: Mr. Gosse, who has watched them feeding with a pocket-glass, perceived that their saw-like tongues moved backwards and forwards with a crescentic motion, and thus, as the animal advances, he leaves a slight swathe-like mark upon the glass, as the mower does upon the field. But it is clear that there are not enough labourers in the tank we are inspecting to accomplish their task, as the lobster, who comes straggling over the stones in such an ungainly manner, is more like a moving salad than any living thing, so thickly are back, tail, feelers, and claws, infested with a dense vegetable growth. A few more black mowers are imperatively called for. The fish, the weed, and the mollusc, having secured to us a clear view of the inhabitants of the tank, let us inspect them one by one. Here we see the parasitic anemone. Like the old man of the sea, it fixes itself upon some poor Sinbad in the shape of a whelk, and rides about at his ease in search of food. Another interesting variety of this zoophyte is the plumose sea-anemone, a more stay-at-home animal, who generally fixes himself upon a flat rock or an oyster-shell, and waits for the food to come to it, as your London housewife expects the butcher and baker to call in the morning.

The pure white body of the neighbouring actinia renders it more observable. Its tentacles, displayed in plumes over the central mouth, which is marked with yellow, give it the exact appearance of a chrysanthemum, and should be much in favour with the mermaids to adorn their hair. A still more extraordinary creature is the *Tabella ventilabrum*. The tube of this strange animal is perfectly straight, and its large brown silk-like radiating fans, whilst in search of food, revolve just as the old-fashioned whirling ventilators did in our windows. The instant this fan is touched it is retracted into the tube, the ends just appearing outside, and giving it the appearance of a camel's-hair brush.

We shall not attempt to describe the different species of zoophytes and annelides, amounting to hundreds—indeed, they are not all familiar to scientific men. We have little more to say of the crustacea that go scrambling about, yet it would be impossible

sible to overlook that peripatetic whelk-shell, which climbs about the stones with such marvellous activity. On a narrower inspection we perceive that it moves by a foreign agency. Those sprawling legs protruding from its mouth discover the hermit crab, which is obliged to dress its soft body in the first defensible armour it can pick up. A deserted whelk or common spiral shell is his favourite resort, but, like many bipeds, he has a love of changing his house; and those who have narrowly watched his habits state that he will deliberately turn over the empty shells upon the beach, and, after examining them carefully with his claws, pop his body out of one habitation into another, in order to obtain the best possible fit. But there are still stranger facts connected with this intelligent little crustacean. We have before observed that the parasitic sea-anemone invariably fixes himself when possible upon this moveable house, perfectly regardless of the many bumps and rubs which necessarily fall to its lot. Another warm friend, the cloak-anemone, clings still closer, for it perfectly envelops the lip of his shell with its living mantle. He has still a third intimate acquaintance, who sponges upon him for bed and board, in the shape of a beautiful worm, *Nereis bilineata*, which stows itself behind the crab in the attic of the whelk-shell, and, the moment its protector by his motions indicates that he has procured food, glides between the two left-foot jaws, and drags a portion of the morsel from his mouth, the crab appearing to evince no more animosity at the seizure than the Quaker who suddenly finds his spoons taken for church-rates. The interesting specimens we have dwelt upon are confined to the sea-water tanks, which line the Aquarium on the side opposite the door, and those which run down the centre of the apartment. Vis-à-vis are the fresh-water tanks, in which we may watch the habits of British fishes. There is a noble pike lying as still as a stone—a model sitter for the photographer who lately took his portrait. The barbel, bream, dace, and gudgeon are seen going about their daily duties as though they were at the bottom of the Thames, instead of sandwiched between two panes of glass, and inspected on either side by curious eyes. Those who go early in the morning will have a chance of seeing the lampreys hanging like leeches from the glass by their circular mouths, and breathing by the seven holes which run beside their pectoral fins. The marine fish should also be studied—strange forms with vicious-looking jaws, the dog-fish for example, which is a young fry as yet, but which will grow a yard or two in length.

At the east end of the building the alligators' pool discovers here and there a floating reptile's head, the outline of which reminds us of the hippopotamus. In both cases the habit of  
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resting in the water with the head and body almost entirely submerged necessitates a raised form of the nostril and eye-socket, in order to allow the animal to see and breathe. A similar formation of the face is observable in the wart hog (in another portion of the Gardens), which wallows up to its eyes in slush and mire. The alligators have the tank to themselves, with the exception of a couple of turtles, which are too hard nuts for even them to crack.

The Council has scarcely established the Aquarium two years, and already it is well stocked with specimens of British zoophytes and annelides, for the most part dredged from the neighbourhood of Weymouth. If these are so beautiful, what must be the wonders of the deep sea in tropical climates? Who knows what strange things a bold adventurer might pick up, who, like Schiller's diver, would penetrate the horrid depths of the whirlpool, not for the jewelled cup of the monarch, but for the hidden living treasures nature has planted there? Doubtless, among the rusty anchors and weed-clung ribs of long-lost armadas, there nestle gigantic zoophytes and enormous star-fish, which would make the fortune of the Gardens in a single season. At all events we hope to see the Aquarium greatly extended, as it will afford the means of studying a department of natural history of which we have hitherto been almost wholly in the dark.

If we pursue our walk down the broad path which skirts the paddocks enclosing the deer and llamas, we cannot help being struck with the fact that the finest half of the Gardens—that which is open to the setting sun—is not yet built on, whilst the more exposed portion is inconveniently crowded. The reason is, that the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests will not allow any permanent buildings to be erected on these parts, for what cause we cannot tell. We trust the prohibition will be withdrawn, and that we shall see constructed here an enclosed exercising-ground for the poor confined inhabitants of the terrace-dens. At the northern extremity of the path we have been following we come upon the paddock and pool dedicated to cranes and storks. What spectre birds have we got among? See yonder, on the very edge of the pool, the gaunt adjutant, his head muffled up in his shoulders, looking like some traveller attempting to keep his nose warm in the east wind. They say every man has his likeness among the lower animals, and we have seen plenty of adjutants waiting on a winter's night for the last omnibus. What an elegant gentleman seems the Stanley crane beside him! There is as much difference between the two as between a young guardsman in full dress at the Opera and the night cabman huddled up in  
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the multitudinous capes of his great-coat. A third claimant for our admiration steps forward like a dancing-master, now bending low, now with the aid of his wings lifting himself on the light fantastic toe, now advancing, now poussetting, and all the time calling attention to his grotesque but not altogether inelegant attitudes by a peculiar cry. We defy the gravest spectator to watch the beautiful crowned crane at his antics without laughing. But we hear the lady beside us exclaiming,—‘Is it possible that the Maraboo feathers which so often gracefully sway in obeisance before the Queen, were ever portions of such ugly birds as these?’ Unlikely as it may seem, it is verily from these dirty ill-favoured looking Maraboo storks that this fashionable plumage is procured. Close by, sitting upon a stone, we see the melancholy-looking heron, and the audacious sparrows hop within a foot of his legs, so inanimate he seems. Ah! it is the vile deceit of the bird: in an instant he has stricken the intruder with his bill, and the next he has disappeared down his throat. That elegant grey crane is the ‘native companion’ from Australia, so called from his love of consorting with man in that country. We all know what familiars cranes and storks are in Holland and in the East, where they build on the chimney-pots without the slightest fear, and we are glad to find that they possess the same confidence in the savages of the New World. They are handsome birds, but not so richly plumed as the European crane, with his black and white feathers and full-clustered tail. Once these cranes were common here, when ‘England was merrie England’—that is, before windmills and steam-engines were set to work to rescue many counties from a state of marsh. With civilization they utterly disappeared from the land, and with civilization we once more find them amongst us—a sight to gaze at. Not long since the odd population of this paddock embraced a secretary-bird, whose velvet breeches, light stockings, and reserved air, gave him an official appearance worthy of Somerset House in the last century. Take care, little girl, how you feed them; a charge with fixed bayonets is scarcely more formidable than the rush of sharp long bills through the railings which immediately follows a display of provisions.

A few steps take us to the magnificent aviary, 170 feet in length, constructed in 1851, through the 19 divisions of which a pure stream of water is constantly flowing, and the space enclosed by iron netting is so spacious that the birds have room freely to use their wings. The first compartment contains two of the rarities of the gardens—the satin bower-bird and the Tallagulla or brush-turkey. The former, a bird of a shining blue-black colour,

colour, is the only remaining one of three brought to this country in 1849. Immediately upon their arriving in the Gardens they commenced the construction of one of their bowers or 'runs,' which, according to Mr. Mitchell, has been constantly added to and re-arranged from that period to the present time. The bower is perhaps one of the most extraordinary things in bird-architecture, as it is constructed not for the useful purpose of containing the young, but purely as a playing place—a decorated ball-room, in fact, wherein the young couple flirt and make love previous to entering upon connubial life. The bower is constructed, in the present instance, from the twigs of an old besom, in the shape of a horseshoe, or perhaps we should convey a better idea of it by stating that the sticks are bent into a shape like the ribs of a man-of-war, the top being open, and the length varying from six to twelve inches. Against the sides, and at the entrance of the bower, the bird, in a state of nature, places bright feathers, snail-shells, bleached bones, anything, in fact, containing colour. When it is remembered that Australia is the very paradise of parrots and gaudy-plumaged birds, it will be seen that the little artist cannot lack materials to satisfy his taste for ornament; nevertheless, we are told that he goes for a considerable distance for some of his decorations. When the structure is completed he sits in it to entice the female, fully aware, no doubt, that the fair are attracted by a handsome establishment. Be that as it may, the couple speedily commence running in and out of it, with as much sense, and probably with as much enjoyment, as light-heeled bipeds perform a galop. At the present moment, however, the male bird, bereft of his companions, seems careless of his bower, which is in a most forlorn condition—a ball-room, in fact, a day after a fête. May a new companion speedily arrive, and induce him to put his house once more in order! The satin bower-bird, like the magpie, is well-known by the natives to be a terrible thief; and they always search his abode for any object they may have lost. 'I myself,' says Mr. Gould, in his account of these birds, 'found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.'

Scarcely a less interesting bird is the brush-turkey. In appearance it is very like the common black turkey, but is not quite so large; the extraordinary manner in which its eggs are hatched constitutes its singularity. It makes no nest, in the usual acceptation of the term, but scratches decayed vegetable matter into a pyramid with its feet. It then carefully dibbles in its eggs

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at regular intervals, with the small end downward, and covers them over with the warm fermenting gatherings. The pair in the Gardens, shortly after they were received from Australia, commenced making one of these hatching-mounds, which, by the time it was finished, contained upwards of four cart-loads of leaves and other vegetable matter. After the female had deposited sixteen eggs, each measuring not less than four inches in length—an enormous size, considering the bulk of the bird—the male began to keep watch over this natural Eccaleobion, and every now and then scratched away the rubbish to inspect them. After six weeks of burial, the eggs, in succession, and without any warning, gave up their chicks—not feeble, but full-fledged and strong: an intelligent keeper told us that he had seen one fly up out of the ground at least five feet high. At night the chicks scraped holes for themselves, and, lying down therein, were covered over by the old birds, and thus remained until morning. The extraordinary strength of the newly-hatched bird is accounted for by the size of the shell, which contains sufficient nutriment to nourish it until it is lusty. Unfortunately all the young but one have perished through various accidents quite independently of temperature; and the next brood will probably be reared. As both the flesh and the eggs of these birds are delicious, Mr. Mitchell is anxious to naturalise them among us. In fact, one of the objects of the Gardens under the enlightened management of the Secretary is to make it what Bacon calls, in his 'Atlantis,' 'A tryal place for beasts and fishes.' For centuries a system of extermination has been adopted towards many indigenous animals; the wolf and buzzard have quite disappeared, and the eagle is fast being swept away even from the Highlands of Scotland—so rapidly indeed, that Mr. Gordon Cumming is anxious, we hear, for the formation of a society for the protection of its eggs. Noxious animals have been replaced by the acclimatization of many of the foreign fauna, which are either distinguished for their beauty or valuable for their flesh. This transfer, which adds so much to the richness of the country, can be vastly accelerated through the agency of these Gardens, which are a kind of 'tryal ground' for beasts, as the fields of some of our rich agriculturists are for foreign roots and grasses, in which those likely to be of service can be discovered, and afterwards distributed throughout the land.

If we may quote the brush-turkeys as instances of birds capable of affording a new kind of delicate and easily-reared food, the splendid Impegi pheasants, close at hand, bred here from a pair belonging to her Majesty, and which bore, in the open air,  
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the rigour of last winter, may be looked upon as 'things of beauty,' which may be produced among us to charm the eye. The elands again, on the north side of the Garden, which have bred so prolifically, and made flesh so rapidly, may with advantage be turned out into our parks, where their beautiful forms would prove as attractive to the eye as their venison, of the finest quality, would to the taste.

But we can no longer tarry either to speculate further on the riches of this aviary, which contains rare specimens of birds from all parts of the world. Passing along the path which takes us by the north entrance, we reach the pelicans' paddock, in which we see half a dozen of these ungainly creatures, white and grey, with pouches beneath their bills as capacious as the bag of a lady's work-table. The visitor may sometimes have an opportunity of witnessing an explanation of the popular myth that the old bird feeds its young from the blood of its own breast. This idea evidently arose from the fact that it can only empty the contents of its pouch into the mouths of its young by pressing it against its breast, in the act of doing which the feathers often became insanguined from the blood of the mangled fish within it. The close observance of birds and beasts in zoological collections has tended to reduce many fabulous tales to sober reason. On the other side of the walk may be seen in immature plumage one of the red flamingoes from South America, which are said to simulate so closely a regiment of our soldiers, as they stand in rows fishing beside the banks of rivers; and here, too, are the delicate rose-colour specimens of the Mediterranean, which are likewise exceedingly beautiful. Those accustomed to navigate the Red Sea frequently witness vast flights of these birds passing and re-passing from Arabia to Egypt; and we are informed by a traveller that on one occasion, when he had a good opportunity of measuring the column, he convinced himself that it was upwards of a mile in length! What a splendid spectacle to see the pure eastern sky barred by this moving streak of brilliant colour.

But we have not yet explored the north side of the grounds, where the huge pachydermatous animals are lodged. The difficulty caused by the carriage-drive running between the two gardens has been vanquished by means of the tunnel, the ascent from which on the opposite side, flanked as it is with graceful ferns, is one of the most charming portions of the grounds on a hot summer's day. If after passing through the subterranean passage we turn to the right, we come immediately upon the reptile-house. Unless the visitor selects his time, he will generally

rally find little to amuse him here. The great snakes have either retired from public life under their blankets, or lie coiled upon the branches of the trees in their dens. The reptiles are offered food once a week, but will not always feed even at this interval. One huge python fasted the almost incredible time of twenty-two months, having probably prepared himself for his abstinence by a splendid gorge. After a fast of seven days, however, the majority of the serpents regain their appetites. Three o'clock is the feeding time, and the reptiles which are on the look-out seem to know full well the errand of the man who enters with the basket, against the side of which they hear the fluttering wings of the feathered victims and the short stamp of the doomed rabbits. The keeper opens the door at the back of the den of the voluminous serpents on our right—for of these there is no fear—takes off their blanket, and drops in upon the clattering pebbles a scampering rabbit, who hops from side to side, curious to inspect his new habitation; presently satisfied, he sits on his haunches and leisurely begins to wash his face. Silently the rock-snake glides over the stones, uncurling his huge folds, which like a cable seem to move as though by some agency from without, looks for an instant upon his unconscious victim, and the next has seized him with his cruel jaws. His constricting folds are twisted as swiftly as a whip-lash round his shrieking prey, and for ten minutes the serpent lies still, maintaining his mortal knot until his prey is dead, when, seizing him by the ears, he draws him through his vice-like grip, crushing every bone, and elongating the body preparatory to devouring it. The boa and the rock-snake always swallow their prey head foremost. How is that fine neck and delicate head to make room for that bulky rabbit? thinks the spectator. Presently he sees the jaws gape, and slowly the reptile *draws himself over*, rather than swallows, his prey, as you draw a stocking upon your leg. The huge lump descends lower and lower beneath the speckled scales, which seem to stare with distention, and the monster coils himself up once more to digest his meal in quiet. Rabbits and pigeons form the food of the pythons in these Gardens. While the smaller birds are preyed upon in the reptile-house, their big brothers, the storks in the paddock, are reciprocating the law of nature by eating snakes. As we pass to the opposite side of the serpent-room, where the venomous kinds are kept, we perceive that a more cautious arrangement is made for feeding. The door opens at the top instead of at the sides of their dens, and with good reason, for no sooner does the keeper remove with a crooked iron rod the blanket from the cobra, than  
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the reptile springs, with inflated hood, into an S-like attitude, and darts laterally at his enemy. It seems incapable of striking well any object above or below his level: watch, for instance, that guinea-pig; again and again he dashes at it, but misses his aim; now he hits it, but only to drive the poor frightened creature with a score of flying pebbles before him: when at last he succeeds in piercing the sides of his victim, tetanic spasms immediately commence, and it dies convulsed in a few seconds. It is said by those who have watched venomous snakes that the manner of dying exhibited by their stricken prey discloses the nature of the reptile that inflicted the poisoned wound. It is scarcely necessary to state that the popular idea that the tongue darts forth the venom is a fallacy. The poison is contained in glands which lie at the root of the fangs on either side, and, by the compression of the powerful muscles which make the head appear so broad and flat, it is forced into the fine tube which runs at the sides of the fang, and finds its exit near the point by a minute opening. The cobra at present in the collection, with its skin a glossy black and yellow, its eye black and angry, its motions agile and graceful, seems to be the very personification of India. As we watch it when ready to spring, we suddenly remember that only a film of glass stands between us and 'pure death.' But there is nothing to fear; the python in the adjoining room, which weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, being incensed on his first arrival at being removed from his box, darted with all his force at a spectator. Yet the pane of glass had strength enough to bring him up, and he fell back so bruised about the head and muzzle by the collision, that he could not feed well for several months. The cobra that we see is the same that destroyed its keeper. In a fit of drunkenness, the man, against express orders, took the reptile out, and, placing its head inside his waistcoat, allowed it to glide round his body. When it had emerged from under his clothes from the other side, apparently in good humour, he squeezed its tail, when it struck him between his eyes; in twenty minutes his consciousness was gone, and in less than three hours he was dead. Before we leave this reptile-room, let us peep for a moment into the little apartment opening from the corner, where hanging from the wall we see all the cast-off dresses of the serpents. If the keeper will allow us to handle one of them for a moment, we shall see that it is indeed an entire suit of light brown colour and of gauzy texture, which covered not only the body and head, but the very eyeballs of the wearer.

The Python-house on the other side of the Museum contains

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two enormous serpents. The adventures of one of them—the *Python reticulatus*—deserve to be written: when small enough to be placed in the pocket, he was, with a companion now no more, taken from Ceylon to Brazil by American sailors; they were then exhibited in most of the maritime towns of South America, and were publicly sold for a high price at Callao to the captain of a ship, who brought them to the Gardens, and demanded 600*l.* for the pair: fully persuaded of their enormous value, he had paid 30*l.* to insure them on the voyage, and it was not until he had long and painfully cogitated that he agreed to sell them for 40*l.* We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning *solus*. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped: at last it was observed that the remaining inmate had swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough; the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother: it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these Gardens a rat-snake of Ceylon devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse for his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when first he seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the Python apartment, has died of a want of ants.

As we issue again into the open air, we have before us the whole length of the avenue, arched with lime-trees, in summer a veritable isle of verdure. What a charming picture it used to be to see the docile elephant pacing towards us with ponderous and majestic steps, whilst, in the scarlet howdha, happy children swayed from side to side as she marched. She, who was our delight for so many years, died in July last of a storm of thunder and lightning. Such indeed was what may seem at first the singular verdict of the medical man who made his *post-mortem*. The terror, however, inspired by the storm appears to have produced some nervous disease, under which she succumbed. There is a suspicion

suspicion that the carcase, five thousand pounds and upwards in weight, which was disposed of to the nackers, ultimately found its way to the sausage-makers. Do not start, good reader; elephant's flesh is considered excellent eating by the tribes of South Africa, and the lion-slayer tells us that the feet are a true delicacy. He used to eat them as we do Stilton cheese, scooping out the interior and leaving the rind; he shows his audience some of these relics, which look like huge leather fire-buckets. And now we have only the young animal left that used to suck his huge mother, to the delight of the crowd of children, and to the disgust of the rhinoceros, who is the sworn enemy to all elephants. The little one is growing apace, however, and we hope soon to see him promoted to carry the deserted howdha. The rhinoceros, close at hand, is the successor of the fine old fellow purchased in 1836 for 1050*l.*, the largest sum ever given by the Society for a single animal. The specimen now in the Gardens cost only 350*l.* in 1850, so much do these commodities fluctuate in value. His predecessor, who departed this life full of years, was constantly forced upon his belly by a pugnacious elephant who pressed his tusks upon the back of his neighbour when he came near the palings which separated their enclosures. This rough treatment appears to have led to his death, as Professor Owen found, on dissecting the massive brute, which weighed upwards of two tons, that the seventh rib had been fractured at the bend near the vertebral end, and had wounded the left lung.

Not far from the picturesque house built by Decimus Burton, in one of the cages fronting the office of the superintendent of the Gardens, is to be seen a beaver. The wonderful instinct of this little animal is certainly not inferior to that of the huge elephant. As yet he has not been placed in circumstances to enable the public to witness his building capacities, but it is the intention, we understand, of the Council to give him a stream of running water and the requisite materials to construct one of those extraordinary dams for which this animal is so famous. In Canada, where he used to flourish, the backwoodsmen often came upon hill-sides completely cleared of good-sized trees by colonies of these little creatures, who employed the felled timber to construct their dams—dams, not of a few feet in length, but sometimes of a hundred and fifty feet, built according to the best engineering formula for resisting the pressure of water, namely, in an angle with its apex pointed up the stream, and gradually narrowing from base to summit. In short, Mr. Brunel himself could not outdo your beaver in his engineering operations.

tions. Even in confinement this sagacious Rodent loves to display his skill, as we may learn from Mr. Broderip's account of his pet Binney:—

'Its building instinct,' says that accomplished naturalist, 'showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, and this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before it was half grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction till it arrived at the part where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and their other ends projecting out into the room. The area caused by the cross brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, "judge it." This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the materials, and sometimes they were left in their place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers which stood at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him, using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up; the last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling, the former work seemed to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet.'

Well done, Binney! If the beaver in the Garden will only work out his natural instincts as perfectly, we may expect some amusement. Up to a late period the beaver had become rather a scarce animal, the exigencies of fashion having nearly exterminated him. When silk hats came in, however, the annual slaughter of hundreds of thousands of his race, for the sake of the fur, gradually slackened, and now he is beginning to increase in his native retreats,—a singular instance this of the fashions of Paris and London affecting the very existence of a prolific race of animals in the New World! In the very next compartment is a hare, who for years played the tambourine in the streets of the metropolis, but his master, finding that his performances did not draw, exchanged him at these Gardens for a monkey; and now, whilst he eats his greens in peace, poor Jacko, in a red cloak

and a feathered cap, has probably to earn his daily bread by mimicking humanity on the top of a barrel-organ. But the hippopotamus surges into his bath in the enclosure as we pause, and there is a rush of visitors to see the mighty brute performing his ablutions. He no longer gives audience to all the fair and fashionable folks of the town. Alas for the greatness of this world! the soldier-crab and the Esop prawn now draw better 'houses.' Whether or no this desertion has embittered his temper, we cannot say, but he has certainly lost his amiability, notwithstanding that he still retains the humorous curl-up of the corners of his mouth which Doyle used to hit off so inimitably. At times, indeed, he is perfectly furious, and his vast strength has necessitated the reconstruction of his house on a much stronger plan. Those only who have seen him rush with extended jaws at the massive oaken door of his apartment, returning again and again to the charge, and making the solid beams quiver as though they were only of inch deal, can understand the dangerous fits which now and then are exhibited by a creature, who was so gentle, when he made his *début*, that he could not go to sleep without having his Arab keeper's feet to lay his neck upon. This affection for his nurse has undergone a great change, for, on Hamet's countryman and coadjutor, Mohammed, making his second appearance with the young female hippopotamus, Obaysch very nearly killed him in the violence of his rage. He has a peculiar dislike to the sight of working men, especially if they are employed in doing any jobs about his apartment. The smith of the establishment happening to be passing the other day along the iron gallery which runs across one side of his bath, the infuriated animal leapt out of the water, at least eight feet high, and would speedily have pulled the whole construction down, had not the man run rapidly out of his sight. We trust his temper will improve when his young bride in the adjoining room is presented to him; but she is as yet but a baby behemoth, although growing fast. The enormously strong iron railings in front of his apartments are essential to guard against the rushes he sometimes makes at persons he does not like. Look at that huge mouth, opened playfully to receive nic-nacs! What is a bun or a biscuit to him? Down that huge throat goes one hundred pounds weight of provender daily. Surely the dragon of Wantley had not such a gullet.

The giraffes in the adjoining apartment have been in the Gardens so long that they are no longer thought a rarity; but it should be remembered that the four procured in 1835 from Khordofan by the agent of the Society were, like the hippopotamus, the first ever exhibited in Europe since the days of ancient Rome. Of these

these only one female now remains; but very many have been bred in the Gardens, and have continued in excellent health. At the present moment three of their progeny are housed in the apartment we are entering. The finest, a male, is a noble fellow, standing nearly 17 feet high. When he strides out into the enclosure, high up as the trees are protected by boarding, he yet manages to browse as in his African forests, and it is then that the visitor sees the full beauty of the beast, which is lost in the house. The giraffe, in spite of his mild and melancholy look, which reminds us forcibly of the camel, yet fights ferociously with his kind at certain seasons of the year. Two males once battled here so furiously that the horn of one of them was actually driven into the head of the other. Their method of fighting is very peculiar: stretching out their fore and hind legs, like a rocking-horse, they use their heads, as a blacksmith would a sledge-hammer, and swinging the vertebral column in a manner calculated, one would think, to break it, they bring the full force of the horns to bear upon their antagonist's skull. The blow is severe in the extreme, and every precaution is taken to prevent these conflicts.

As we pass along a narrow corridor in which the ostriches are confined, we reach at length the last inhabitant of the Garden, and the most curious creature, perhaps, which it contains. If the keeper is at hand, he will open the door of the box in which it lives, and drive out for us the bewildered-looking apteryx—the highest representative, according to Professor Owen, of the warm-blooded class of animals that lived in New Zealand previous to the advent of man. Strange and chaotic-looking as are most of the living things brought from Australia and the adjacent islands, this creature is certainly the oddest of the bird class, and is, we believe, the only one ever seen out of New Zealand. As it vainly runs into the corners and tries to hide itself from the light of day, we perceive that it is wingless and tailless; it looks, in short, like a hedgehog mounted upon the dwarfed yet powerful legs of an ostrich, whilst its long bill, which seems as though it had been borrowed from a stork, is employed when the bird leans forward, to support it, just as an old man uses a stick. This strange creature seems to hold among the feathered bipeds of Polynesia a parallel position to the New Holland mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxicus*)—which possesses the bill and webbed feet of a duck with the claws of a land animal—among the quadrupeds. Mr. Gould remarks, that nature affords an appropriate vegetation to each class of animal life. Our universal mother seems to have matched her Flora to her Fauna in this portion of the globe; at least the paradoxical creatures we have mentioned seem in happy accord with Australian vegeta-

tion, where the stones grow outside the cherries, and the pear-shaped fruits depend from the branch with their small ends downwards! The apteryx is entirely nocturnal in its habits, pursuing its prey in the ground by smell rather than by sight, to enable it to do which the olfactory openings are placed near the point of the beak. Thus the bird scents the worm on which it feeds far below the surface of the ground. We must not regard the apteryx as an exceptional creature, but rather as the type of a large class of birds peculiar to the islands of New Zealand, which have been destroyed, like the dodo in the Mauritius, since the arrival of man. Professor Owen, long before the apteryx arrived in England, pronounced that a single bone found in some New Zealand watercourse had belonged to a wingless, tailless bird, that stood at least twelve feet high.\* This scientific conjecture has lately been transformed into a certainty by the discovery of a number of bones, which demonstrate that several species of Moas once roamed among the fern-clad islands which stud the bright Polynesian Ocean. These bones have been found mixed with those of the apteryx, which thus becomes linked to a race of mysterious creatures which, it is supposed, have long passed away, although a tale is told—an American one, it is true—of an Englishman having come across a *dinornis*, whilst out on its nocturnal rambles, and of his having fled from it with as much terror as though it had been a griffin of old.

Our walk through the Gardens has only enabled us to take a cursory glance at a few of the 1300 mammals, birds, and reptiles at present located there: but the duty of the zoologist is to dwell minutely on each. To such these Gardens have, for the last twenty-six years, been a very fountain-head of information. During that time a grand procession of animal life, savage and wild, has streamed through them, and for the major part have gone to that 'bourne from which no traveller returns.' Let us rank them, and pass them before us:—

Quadrumanæ . . . . .	1069
Carnivora . . . . .	1409
Rodentia . . . . .	1025
Pachydermata . . . . .	204
Ruminantia . . . . .	1098
Marsupialia . . . . .	219
Reptilia . . . . .	1861
Aves . . . . .	7320

\* The great merit of this inference may be judged from the circumstance that several eminent naturalists, out of an honest regard to the reputation of Professor Owen, endeavoured to prevent the publication of the paper in which, with the sure sagacity of scientific genius, he confidently announced the fact.

—making a total of 14,205. Out of this large number many curious animals have doubtless left no trace; but through the care of Mr. Mitchell, no rare specimen has died within these five years at least, without previously sitting for his portrait. The first part of the valuable collection of coloured drawings, from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Wolf, accompanied by a description from the pen of Mr. Mitchell, the editor of the work, is just published, under the title of ‘*Zoological Sketches, &c.*’ and the others will speedily follow. The work, when completed, will be unique in the annals of zoology, both for the extreme beauty of the drawings, which may be said to daguerreotype the subjects in their most characteristic attitudes, and for the nature of the letter-press, which proves that the editor has written from the life.

This splendid collection has been got together by presents, purchase, breeding, and exchanges. Out of the 14,205 specimens, however, which have been in the possession of the Society, scarcely a tithe were bought. The Queen, especially, has been most generous in her presents, and the stream of barbaric offerings in the shape of lions, tigers, leopards, &c., which is continually flowing from tropical princes to the fair Chief of the nation, is poured into these Gardens. Her Majesty evidently pays no heed to the superstition once common among the people, that a dynasty was only safe as long as the lions flourished in the royal fortress. In fact, the Gardens are a convenience to our gracious Monarch as well as to her subjects; for wild animals are awkward things to have in one’s back premises. Neither must we overlook the reproduction which has taken place in the Gardens; to such an extent, indeed, has the stock increased, that sales to a large amount are annually made. The system of exchanges which exists between the various British and Continental Societies helps to supply the Garden with deficient specimens in place of duplicates. Very rare, and consequently expensive, animals are generally purchased. Thus, the first rhinoceros cost 1000*l.*; the four giraffes, 700*l.*, and their carriage an additional 700*l.* The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for 800*l.*; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than 1000*l.*—a sum which he more than realised in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were 10,000*l.* above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for 140*l.*; a tiger in 1852 for 200*l.* The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for 80*l.* (they are now to be seen in the three-island pond); a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, 60*l.*; a pair of Victoria pigeons, 35*l.*; four mandarin ducks, 70*l.* Most of these rare birds (now in the great aviary) came from the

Knowsley

Knowsley collection, at the sale of which, in 1851, purchases were made to the extent of 985*l*. It would be impossible from these prices, however, to judge of the present value of the animals. Take the rhinoceros, for example: the first specimen cost 1000*l*. the second, quite as fine a brute, only 350*l*. Lions range again from 40*l*. to 180*l*., and tigers from 40*l*. to 200*l*. The price is generally ruled by the state of the wild-beast market and by the intrinsic rarity of the creature. A first appearance in Europe of course is likely to draw, and is therefore at the top price; but it is wonderful how demand produces supply. Let any rare animal bring a crowd to the Gardens, and in a twelvemonth numbers of his brethren will be generally in the market. The ignorance displayed by some persons as to the value of well-known objects is something marvellous. We have already spoken of the sea-captain who demanded 600*l*. for a pair of pythons, and at last took 40*l*.! On another occasion an American offered the Society a grisly bear for 2000*l*., to be delivered in the United States; and, more laughable still, a moribund walrus, which had been fed for nine weeks on salt pork and meal, was offered for the trifling sum of 700*l*.!

We could go on multiplying *ad nauseam* instances of this kind, but must conclude the catalogue of absurdities by stating that there is a firm belief on the part of many persons that it is the Zoological Society which has proposed the large reward, which every one has heard of, for the tortoiseshell Tom. 'The only one ever known' has been offered accordingly at the exceedingly low figure of 250*l*. On one occasion a communication was received from some person of consideration in Thuringia, requesting to be informed of the amount of the proffered prize which he was about to claim. This was shortly followed by a letter from another person evidently written in a fury, cautioning the Society against giving the prize to the previous writer, as he was not the breeder of the cat, but was only trying to buy it for less than its value, 'in which he would never succeed so long as the true breeder lived.' To prevent further applications on the behalf of growers of this unique animal, we may as well state that tortoiseshell Toms may be had in many quarters. There is one\* for sale at the present moment at Dudley for a very moderate price, if any of our maiden lady readers should wish to possess an animal which 'everybody says' is so exceedingly rare.

We have said that the value of animals depends upon the state of the wild-beast market. 'Wild-beast market!' exclaims the

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\* The proprietor wished to show him, we are informed, at the Birmingham cattle-show, as extra stock, but was not permitted to do so by the rules, to his great chagrin.

reader; 'and where can that be?' Every one knows that London can furnish anything for money, and, if any lady or gentleman wants lions or tigers, there are dealers in Ratcliffe Highway and the adjacent parts who have them on the premises, and will sell them at five minutes' notice. They 'talk as familiarly of lions as ladies do of puppy dogs;' and a gentleman, who purchased a bear of one of them, lately informed us that the salesman coolly proposed that he should take him home with him in a cab! We once had occasion to visit the establishment of one of these dealers, and were shown up a ladder into a cockloft, where, hearing a bumping, and perceiving a lifting motion in a trap-door, we inquired the reason, which called forth the dry remark that it was only three lions at play in a box below. Although these men generally manage to secure their live stock in a satisfactory manner, yet accidents will occur in the best-regulated lion-stores. A wild-beast merchant, for instance, informed us that one night he was awakened by his wife, who drew his attention to a noise in the back-yard, where he had placed two lions on the previous evening. On putting his head out of the window—his room was on the ground-floor—there were the lions, loose, and, with their paws on the window-sill, looking grimly in upon him. A good whip and a determined air consigned Leo to his cage again without further trouble. On another occasion this same man, hearing a noise in his back premises, found to his horror that an elephant, with his pick-lock trunk, had let out a hyæna and a nyghau from their cages, and was busy undoing the fastenings of a den full of lions! The same resolute spirit, however, soon restored order. Amateurs have not always the same courage or self-possession, and they immediately have recourse to the Garden folks to get them out of their difficulties, as a house-keeper would send to the station-house on finding a burglar secreted in his cellar. On one occasion a gentleman, who had offered a rattlesnake and its young to the Gardens at a high price, sent suddenly to the superintendent to implore immediate assistance, as the said snake, with half a score venomous offspring, had escaped from their box and scattered themselves in his nursery. The possessor, to avoid worse losses, was only too glad to be rid of his guests at any pecuniary sacrifice.

We cannot close our survey without touching upon the cost of the commissariat. The slaughtered beasts appropriated to the carnivora, we have before stated, cost in the year 1854 no less a sum than 1367*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* If we go through the other items of food, we shall give some notion of the expense and the variety of the banquet to which the animals daily sat down during that

that year. Thus we see hay figures for 912*l.* 14*s.*; corn, seeds, &c., 700*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; bread, buns, &c. (for the monkeys), 150*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; eggs, 87*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* (for the ant-eater principally); milk, 69*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; mangold-wurzel, carrots, and turnips, 22*l.* 6*s.*; dog-biscuit, 135*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* (for the bears and wolves and dogs chiefly); fish (for the otters, seal, pelicans, &c.), 214*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; green tares, 23*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; rabbits and pigeons (for the snakes), 33*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; rice and oil-cake, 66*l.* 15*s.*; sundries, including fruit, vegetables, grasshoppers, snakes, mealworms, figs, sugar, &c. (for the birds principally), 157*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*: making a total of 3942*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; a great increase on the food bill of 1853, and which is caused entirely by the advance of prices.

The pitch of excellence to which the Gardens have arrived has naturally resulted in drawing the increased attention of the public towards them. We have only to contrast, for instance, the number of people who entered in the year 1848—the first in which a more liberal system of management came into play—with those who passed in in 1854, to see that the establishment flourishes under the auspices of the new secretary; for while in the former year only 142,456 persons passed through the turnstiles, the number had risen in the latter to 407,676. It is interesting to observe that, although an increase of full 100 per cent. took place upon the privileged and ordinary shilling visitors during that interval, yet that the reduction of the admittance-charge to sixpence on Mondays and holidays was the main cause of the gradual influx of visitors—the year 1848 showing only 60,566 admittances of these holiday folks and working-people to 196,278 in 1854. Here, then, we have an increase of 135,712 persons, many of whom were, no doubt, rescued, on those days at least, from the fascinations of the public-house. With all this flood of life, the greater portion of it undoubtedly belonging to the labouring-classes, not the slightest injury has been done to the Gardens. A flower or two may have been picked, but not by that class of Englishmen who were once thought too brutal to be allowed access unwatched to any public exhibition. Every year that passes over our heads proves that such shows as these are splendid examples of the method of teaching introduced by Bell and Lancaster; that they furnish instruction of a nature which is never forgotten, and which refines at the same time that it delights.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *La Ligue des Neutres*. Bruxelles, 1855.  
 2. *La Nécessité d'un Congrès pour pacifier l'Europe*. Par un Homme d'Etat. Septième Edition. Paris, 1855.  
 3. *What Next and Next?* By Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. London, 1856.

TWO years have nearly elapsed since England and France declared war against Russia. They have been fraught with events of the highest importance—events which will occupy a foremost place in the history of the world as long as the pen of the historian chronicles the deeds of the human race, and which in their results may have a lasting influence upon our position amongst the nations of the earth. During that short period we have already been called upon to make vast sacrifices. Our blood has been freely shed, and our treasures expended. There is scarcely a family in the kingdom which has not felt the curse of war, both in the severing for ever of the dearest ties of affection, and in the curtailment of those necessities or luxuries which form, or contribute to, the comfort and happiness of civilised life. We shall in all probability be required to persevere in a struggle which, whatever may be its ultimate results, can scarcely benefit any man now living, whilst all of us must have our share in the grievous sacrifices which it entails. It behoves every one, therefore, who holds dear the honour, the welfare, and the greatness of his country, to seize the time when the progress of our arms is suspended and the rigour of the season has compelled a truce, to ponder well over that which has gone by, and to reflect with earnestness upon that which may be before us. It becomes the duty of those who can in any degree, however slight, influence or direct public opinion, to enter with calm impartiality into these vital questions, to record without passion the events of the past, and to inquire without over-confidence into the prospects of the future.

We are in many respects better able to enter into these considerations now than we were this time last year. The great event upon which the relative position of the hostile Powers mainly depended was then not only undetermined, but a series of disasters and blunders had rendered its result even doubtful. Sebastopol still defied the united strength of the two most powerful nations the world had almost ever seen. A city, at first defenceless on the land side, had in a few days been rendered nearly impregnable in the very face of a besieging army. The comparative resources and intelligence of the contending nations had been  
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tested, and the result was so much to the disadvantage of the Allies that the country began to lose all confidence in its leaders both at home and abroad, and to anticipate some terrible catastrophe. Our army—the flower of England, upon which we could alone depend for the support of our national independence and for the maintenance of our ancient glory—had been thrown upon an enemy's coast, and there left almost to perish, not by the sword, but from the actual want of those necessities of life—of food, of raiment, and of shelter—which common prudence, foresight, and energy might have furnished, and which it was the duty of those who sent it forth to provide. The very existence of that army was at stake. Men trembled for every fresh despatch from the seat of war. There was no event, however disastrous, which was not believed to be impending over us. Even the most sanguine began to despair. The country relied alone upon the indomitable courage and unfailing devotion of her sons—in them only she was not disappointed. They saved us from a dire calamity, upon the bare possibility of which we cannot now reflect without a shudder.

Our position is now happily changed. We have gained, at least partly, the object for which we were last year struggling. The south side of Sebastopol has yielded to the arms of the Allies, and the united armies can now repose for the winter, after the toils and sufferings of a prolonged siege, almost secure from attack and without exposure to the labours which twelve months ago decimated their ranks. There is every reason to believe that our troops are abundantly supplied with more than the necessities of life, and with all that is required for their shelter and comfort. We need be under little or no apprehension on their account until the spring season again enables them to take the field, and they are called upon to meet the enemy once more. The Allies have been partially successful on other points; and whilst far less has been accomplished than we might reasonably have expected, and there are, as we shall shortly show, most serious drawbacks upon our successes, we may yet pause at this time, and take a calm survey of our position with reference to the possibility of a peace, and to the objects to be gained by persevering in the war.

Although in even alluding to the history of last year's campaign we cannot omit a reference to the failures and disasters which marked its early stage, we will not stop to inquire how far they are to be attributed to a vicious and faulty system which, pervading the whole of our public departments intrusted with the conduct of the war, rendered miscarriage and consequent suffering

ing inevitable, and how far to the incompetency and misconduct of statesmen who had the direction of public affairs. Those who may wish to allot to the system and to the men their precise share of the responsibility must study the evidence taken before the Sebastopol Committee, and must endeavour to find that clue to the exact relation between the departments and their heads which appears to have hitherto baffled not only the researches of the Committee itself, but of all other investigators. Without attempting to define this relation, we are convinced—and this concerns us most at present—that even on those points in which it is generally admitted the system is to be blamed, no fundamental change or improvement has been as yet made which would save us from the very same disasters we experienced last year were we again to find ourselves in the same circumstances in which we were placed at the outbreak of the war. As regards those who had the conduct of the war, we shall ever maintain that our principal miscarriages and misfortunes, even up to the present time, are to be attributed to the want of those statesman-like views and that definite policy which can alone carry a country through a great struggle either with credit or success.

It is most important, in reviewing our past and in discussing our future policy, to keep these considerations constantly in view; but it would far exceed our limits to enter at present into topics of such vast extent as the constitution of our army and the state of our public departments. No reasonable or impartial man can doubt that there is something essentially wrong in most branches of the public service. Notwithstanding the pressure of public opinion, the investigation and report of the Sebastopol Committee, the denunciations in the House of Commons, and the promises and protestations of Ministers, few, if any, of the evils which led to such fatal disasters have as yet been remedied. The country is still ill-served. The best men are not found to fill the most important stations. Worth, intelligence, and zeal form no claim for advancement and no test for reward. Crying instances of injustice and favouritism still discourage the faithful and able public servant. The great interests of the nation are still sacrificed to personal feelings or political connexions. We have still appointments and promotions worthy of the most palmy days of Whig misrule.

However important the consideration of the condition of our public departments may be, and however urgent the necessity for amendment before we can hope to escape further misfortunes, it is, nevertheless, to the policy of this country in the mighty contest in which she is engaged that we wish now to call the attention  
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of our readers; for it is only upon a clear and definite understanding of the interests and principles at stake that we can hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the mode in which the war should be carried on, and as to the results which would ensure to Europe a safe and durable peace.

From the very outset—even before the actual outbreak of hostilities—we endeavoured to define, without exaggeration, the great European interests which were involved in the struggle, long inevitable, between Russia and the Western Powers. We showed that this was no common quarrel, which could be patched up without any material concession on either side, or on the first partial success of the Allies. We pointed out that the time had come when the claims of Russia to supremacy in the East, her ultimate appropriation of the fairest portion of the Ottoman Empire, and her consequent ascendancy in Europe, were either to be resisted or to be for ever acquiesced in. We deprecated and deplored the policy of those ministers who treated this great Eastern question as a mere local dispute between Turkey and Russia, which could be quickly settled by some vague guarantee for the independence and integrity of the Sultan's dominions. We earnestly warned the country that those statesmen who were leading her into a war under such pretences, and with such avowed objects, were only deceiving her, and would inevitably involve her in disasters and inflict upon her discredit and dishonour. These forebodings have, alas! proved too true. Those who plunged the nation by their timidity and incapacity into the war were the first to desert her, after endeavouring to end a disastrous campaign by a disgraceful peace.

The only feature in the history of the war to which we can as yet look back with unmingled satisfaction is the conduct of the people of this country, so truly illustrative of the national character. Having been once convinced of the justice and necessity of the contest into which they were called upon to enter, they have persevered in their determination not to flinch from it until its real objects have been attained. Notwithstanding the assertions and predictions of those who would arrogate to themselves the direction of the working classes, the great mass of our population is still earnest in the prosecution of the war, and has no desire, whatever may be the sacrifices to which we are exposed, to abandon a just cause or to consent to a hollow and dishonourable peace.\* If the Peace-party, with Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues,

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\* We refer with pleasure, in support of our conviction of the existence of this feeling amongst the manufacturing classes, to the eloquent and manly speech recently addressed by Mr. Fox to his constituents at Oldham—offering a remarkable

colleagues, should lead the Emperor of Russia to believe otherwise, they will only deceive their friend, and, by encouraging him to persevere in the war, expose him to the disasters which inevitably await his persistence in a hopeless struggle. He may read with satisfaction the pamphlet of Mr. Cobden, which, translated into the Russian language, may meet with that acceptance which is denied it here; but let him remember that the views expressed in it no more represent the feelings and opinions of the people of England than a Thames wherry represents their naval power. It would be lost labour to reply in detail to Mr. Cobden's errors; for they are already repudiated by the country, and it is hopeless to convince himself.

Although as yet we have not been officially made acquainted with the proposals communicated to Russia through Austria, it is understood that the Allies have deemed themselves warranted by the results of last campaign in offering terms of peace far more comprehensive than those which formed the subject of the conferences of Vienna last spring. Those terms were, indeed, such as Russia might fairly have accepted even before hostilities had commenced, had she been really honest in her professions of moderation, and in her desire to respect the public law of Europe and the independence of Turkey. She was called upon, as we showed at the time, to make but one real concession, and that in appearance rather than in substance, viz., to limit the number of her ships in the Black Sea. We pointed out how utterly inadequate those terms were, and how hollow and insecure any peace would have been which was founded upon them. With the exception of an un-English party in the House of Commons, and—to his lasting shame it will be recorded—of the long-recognised leader of the Whig party, the whole country with one voice condemned those conditions as unsafe and dishonourable. Most happily for us, Russia, in her arrogance and in her confidence of ultimate success at Sebastopol, and relying upon the efforts of the Peace-party in England and upon the chances of a rupture of our alliance with France, rejected terms more moderate than any that can ever be offered to her again. On looking back to the proceedings of the Vienna conferences, we are utterly unable to understand how Russia should have lost such an opportunity of concluding a peace, which would not only have been honourable to her and dishonourable to the Allies, but even favourable to the prosecution of her most ambitious schemes in the East. Truly the hearts of Russian statesmen must have been hardened that

able contrast to the vapid and wearisome speeches of the Lord Advocate and of other members of the administration, and to the illogical and un-English orations of the Peace-party.

European

European civilization might be spared so deplorable a calamity!

The terms said to have been now offered to the Emperor of Russia are somewhat more consistent with the objects of the war than any which have yet been proposed. There may be other stipulations of which we are as yet ignorant, and it is insinuated by the German press that such is really the case. But inadequate as the new proposals may be to meet all the exigencies of the case, they are in accordance, as far as they affect the particular questions to which they refer, with the principles which we laid down when discussing the 'Four Points' forming the basis of the conferences of Vienna.

Before examining the new propositions—reduced, it would appear, to four heads, or points, as if there were some magic or diplomatic mystery in that number—we cannot but express our conviction that the mode in which all the proposals for peace have hitherto been made is most unfavourable to their acceptance by a Power so haughty, so blind to her true position, and so confident in her strength, as Russia. Hitherto the Allies have appeared almost as suppliants for peace. It is true that Austria, under her assumed office of mediator, has been the ostensible proposer of the terms; but whilst she has always presented to Russia conditions which have been not only ratified by the Allies but have actually emanated from them, in no instance, from the first conferences of Vienna down to the present time, has she been authorized to make definite proposals to us, or has she been able to submit to the Western Powers reasonable conditions which she could with authority put forward as sanctioned by the enemy. We cannot admit the proposal lately made by the Russian Government to be an exception. The inference to be drawn from this state of things is natural. As in the commonest diplomatic transaction, he who first anxiously offers the terms of accommodation is presumed to be the weakest, so in this instance Russia is naturally led to infer that we are tired of the war, and so far sufferers by it that we are anxious to make any peace which may barely save our credit, and may avoid any strong demonstration of public opposition if it may not satisfy popular expectation. In this conviction she is supported by the Peace-party in this country and by that section of the Government of Lord Aberdeen which has so grievously betrayed the true interests of the nation. This is not the way to deal with a power like Russia. We have hitherto only encouraged her to persevere. There can be no prospect of bringing the war to a truly safe and honourable settlement until Russia herself, convinced by repeated defeats or by the critical condition of her own internal affairs of the hopelessness

hopelessness of the struggle in which she is engaged, be reduced to the necessity of proposing for herself terms which can be entertained by the Allies. The time is not yet come for her to take a step so little in accordance with her national pride. Until that pride be really humbled, the contest must be carried on. We are utterly unable to understand that squeamish sentimentality—the policy of the school of which Mr. Gladstone has declared himself the leader—which protests against and deprecates the idea of ‘humbling’ Russia, and would sacrifice the most sacred of England’s interests, and the advantages gained by the shedding of her most precious blood, out of a tender consideration for what he is pleased to term the ‘honour of Russia.’ We did not enter into this war for the mere gratification of a paltry desire to bring humiliation upon Russia, nor do the people of this country wish to prosecute it to that end. With this haughty and grasping Power recession is humiliation. The giving up of long-cherished schemes, the defeat of an ambition which has become part and parcel of her national policy, the renouncing of that crowning triumph which forms the very creed of the Muscovite race, will be a humiliation to the pride of Russia which she can never forget or forgive, and which no artful phrases of diplomacy can gloss over. Yet until these ends be obtained the objects of this war will not have been accomplished. It was not commenced nor is it waged to take from Russia her acknowledged position and just influence as a great Power, or to deprive her of legitimate rights.

Amongst the various schemes which have been proposed as a means of putting an end to the war and of obtaining a satisfactory peace, is one to which we allude more on account of the impression which it appears to have made on the other side of the Channel than from any intrinsic merit in the plan itself. We refer to a congress of nations, an idea put forward in a pamphlet of much pretension and little logic, and to which an endeavour was at first made to attach an undue importance by hints of its containing the views of persons of high rank and influence. We will not attempt to follow the arguments of the writer, which are all more or less urged in a Russian spirit. We need only observe that the two examples he cites in favour of his scheme, viz., the cession on the part of Great Britain of her American colonies, and of France of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces, tell directly against it. In both these cases it was not until after long and terrible struggles, the results of which rendered the continuance of the contest hopeless, that England and France consented to yield their territorial claims.

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We have not yet arrived at such a period of the war. When Russia is really defeated, and when she can no longer hope to maintain her ambitious pretensions, we may then think of an European congress. But not until then.

It will be inferred from the foregoing remarks that we are not disposed to view with any sanguine hopes of success the efforts which Austria is once more making, with the sanction of the Allies, to put an end to hostilities. Nevertheless it is important to examine the conditions which are offered, and to see how far their acceptance by Russia, and their incorporation with the national law of Europe, will secure the immediate objects of the war,—that is to say, the independence and integrity of Turkey, and the establishment of a barrier to the progress of Russia in the East. We shall, therefore, shortly examine the four propositions which it is believed Count Esterhazy has been instructed to submit to the Emperor of Russia as the basis of negotiations.

First, then: 'Russia is called upon to consent to the complete neutralization of the Black Sea, by the exclusion from its waters of *all* ships of war, of all countries and all denominations, and to the complete dismantling of all fortifications of whatever kind on the coasts of that Sea and within its limits.' We are, of course, not aware how far we can depend upon the exact wording of this article. It has not been published in an official form, and we may, after all, merely possess a loose version of it. In such cases as these every expression is of essential importance, as modifying the sense and weight of the whole. If a proposal has been really submitted in this form to Russia, it appears to us, first, that if it be fully carried into effect in its true spirit, it is the only complete and satisfactory solution of the question of Russian naval ascendancy in the Black Sea, supposing always that no territorial change be contemplated; and secondly, that the terms of this article involve contingent sacrifices on the part of Russia in addition to the surrender of a naval establishment, which render the clause utterly inadmissible by her without such modifications as would altogether frustrate the objects in view and be an unjust and unwarrantable infringement upon the rights and independence of Turkey.

We have already discussed the proposals originally made to Russia for the limitation of her fleet in the Black Sea, and the various counter-propositions put forward at the Conferences of Vienna. We have demonstrated their utter worthlessness, the facility they afforded for evasion, the continual menace which so hollow a compromise would be to the peace of Europe, and

and the little protection that it would really afford to the Turkish Empire.\* Having now destroyed the Russian fleet, we are in a position to declare that it shall not be rebuilt; and if effective means could be taken to prevent the evasion by Russia of a stipulation to this effect, the question of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea would be at an end, and Turkey released from any further apprehension on that score. But such a stipulation would have even additional advantages. Without a naval force Russia would be unable to enforce the blockade of the Circassian coast, and it is very doubtful whether, without such aid, she could ever again establish herself on those shores. It might then be reasonably hoped that any stipulations in favour of the Circassian tribes would be observed and that their independence might be secured. Their intercourse with Europe would, at any rate, be free. Commerce would gradually spread civilization amongst them; they would be able to supply themselves with such arms and articles as are almost necessary to the maintenance of their freedom, and of which the blockade of their coast has hitherto deprived them; and they might ultimately solve for themselves the difficulties which undoubtedly now exist, both in regard to the establishment of their national independence, and to placing them under any European protection.

The entire exclusion from the Black Sea of all Russian ships of war would be a result of the utmost importance to the peace of Europe and to the security of Turkey. But would Russia accede to these terms until reduced to far greater extremities than we have any reason to believe her yet in, without such modification as would almost nullify their object? We confidently believe

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\* An able justification of Russian policy (*La Ligue des Neutres*, Brussels, 1856) thus sums up the consequences of a limitation clause:—"Let us for one moment reflect upon the mode of carrying out a principle so unfortunately introduced into the last negotiations by a new diplomacy:—Russia will limit her navy to four ships of the line, four frigates, &c. This limitation evidently applies to the Sea of Azof as well as to the Black Sea. The consent to this limitation involves a *surveillance* over Russian ports, over Russian building-yards, and over the Russian commissariat. It is the Anglo-French police doing duty at Nicolaieff, at Sebastopol, at Odessa, at Caffa, at Kertch, at Jenikali, at Anapa, at Bardiensk, at Taganrog. What is to be done with this vessel on the stocks? Why are there twenty port-holes to this pontoon? What use is to be made of that timber which is descending the Dnieper? What estimates are assigned to the navy of these harbours? Why should you have merchant-brigs of these dimensions, or those steamers, which, instead of being employed as originally intended, can within four days be armed as vessels of war? And those gun-boats on all those rivers?—and those floating batteries in the Putrid Sea? &c. &c. Questions always and everywhere—collision always and everywhere!" The utter uselessness of a limitation clause, and the danger of relying upon one, whether entered into between Russia and Turkey or Russia and the Western Powers, could not be more forcibly pointed out; nor the alternative of either countenancing the unlimited development of the Russian naval power in the Black Sea, or of putting an end to it altogether.

that she would not. Let us consider for one moment what the position of Russia would then be. Putting aside the consideration that she would have to renounce the exercise of undoubted rights of sovereignty within her own dominions—one, however, of the utmost importance when dealing with a great and haughty power—it must be borne in mind that whilst Russia would be deprived of a fleet in the Black Sea, and consequently of the means of defending her coasts, Turkey, who holds the key to that sea, would be at liberty to maintain and increase her ships, and would consequently be at all times ready to make a descent, or to inflict a blow upon her neighbour, or she might aid and abet any European Power at war with Russia,—a contingency which would be only partly avoided by a recurrence to the old treaty clause as to the closing of the Dardanelles. It is not probable that Turkey will ever be in a position to hazard such an attempt, nor can any such intentions be justly imputed to her. She has long ceased to be an aggressive Power, and she too well knows the inevitable results of any such outrage upon the peace of Europe. But nevertheless Russia may speciously plead the inequality of her position with regard to Turkey should she be called upon to renounce her right of having a fleet in the Black Sea, and may insist, that if she consent to render that sea a strictly neutral sea, Turkey should be equally incapacitated from sending ships of war into it; and should consequently be compelled to suppress her navy altogether, or to reduce it so as to render it entirely valueless. Some modification, in this sense, of the first proposal has already been hinted at, and it has been somewhat confidently asserted that the Allied Powers are not altogether unfavourable to it. We trust that there is no foundation for this report. It should be our object to strengthen Turkey, not to weaken her. Deprived of her fleet she would be not only almost powerless for defence when menaced, but she would soon lose control over her vast territories on the seaboard of the Mediterranean, and the condition of their populations would then ere long compel another European interference, and probably bring about another European war. At the most she might be induced to consent to the removal of her fleet from the Bosphorus to the Dardanelles. This would be a mere evasion, but might ultimately, when the prospects of peace are more hopeful than at present, satisfy in some degree the pride of Russia and save her honour. No other concession could be admitted; for in the case of Turkey, we should be depriving her of a fleet altogether, whilst Russia would only be prevented from having ships-of-war in the Black Sea, where a navy debarred from exit during peace, and really

really of little or no use for the protection of her shores, can only be maintained for purposes of aggression; whilst she would have the power to increase her fleet to an unlimited extent in the ports of the Baltic and other parts of her vast empire.

But we are now in possession of what Russia's views really are with regard to a limitation of her naval force in the Black Sea. Before the Russian government could receive the propositions said to have been intrusted to Count Esterhazy, Prince Gortschakoff was authorised to express to the court of Austria his readiness to reopen the Conferences of Vienna where they closed last spring, and to offer us a satisfactory solution of the Third Point, then under discussion—'The neutralization of the Black Sea by the exclusion from its waters of the fleets of the Allies, and by a treaty to be concluded between Russia and Turkey without the intervention or interference of the Western Powers as to the number of vessels of war which they should each maintain in that sea.' It is utterly needless to discuss this proposal, the offer of which is a mere insult to Europe. We may only remark, that it involves the principle of limitation, which all parties to the war, even Russia herself, have now condemned; and that the claim to negotiate separately with the Sultan is one which, if once admitted, would restore to Russia her former influence in the East, would be a stultification of our own policy, and would nullify every result of the war. It now remains to be seen whether the Russian government will be induced to offer any counter-propositions after receiving the last communication from Austria, or whether she will still cling to the desperate hope of returning to the *status quo ante bellum*.\*

2. The second proposition is said to stipulate for the reception of consuls of such nations as may desire to appoint them in all the ports of the Black Sea. We have already, in discussing the Four Points originally submitted to Russia, pointed out the importance of this stipulation, with a view to enforcing any conditions affecting the neutrality of the Black Sea, to the extension of European commerce, and to the establishment of relations with the countries bordering on that sea, and now almost for the first time known to Europe, yet offering an ample and promising field for commercial enterprise and activity. In truth, however, the acceptance of this proposal would be, as we have also shown, but a small concession. Hitherto consuls have only been excluded from Sebastopol and one or two other fortified points,

\* Count Baol appears to have intimated, at the conferences of Vienna, that the *status quo ante bellum* contained elements for the limitation of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea; and the idea was eagerly seized upon by Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

which, we presume, would be destroyed or abandoned, under the terms of the first article. We do not, therefore, anticipate any difficulty on this point.

3. The third proposition,—the cession by Russia of such portions of Bessarabia as embrace the mouths of the Danube, so as to place them once more under the exclusive authority of the Porte—if such be its terms, would undoubtedly free the navigation of the lower part of the river from Russian interference. The incorporation of Bessarabia into the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, and their formation into an independent kingdom under the protection of the Porte, has been pointed out by us in a former article as being a result most consistent with the sacrifices of the war, with the future peace of Europe, and with the development of the commerce and civilisation of the East. But, next to this arrangement, the best settlement of the question that could, perhaps, be desired would be to place the mouths of the Danube entirely under the control of Turkey. It is possible, however, that the article as interpreted by Austria may infer the conversion of the banks and islands of the Lower Danube into a kind of neutral territory, to be placed under the protection of the European powers, and under the direct supervision of a syndicate composed of their representatives, such as that proposed for the superintendence of the navigation of the river at the conferences of Vienna. Such a plan may undoubtedly have great advantages, and, being most in accordance with the policy and commercial views of the German powers, would probably receive the zealous and earnest support of Austria. But all these plans impose an actual cession of territory, to which we cannot believe the Russian government is yet in a condition to consent.

4. The fourth proposition is stated to demand the surrender, on the part of Russia, of the protectorate of the Danubian Principalities and of the Greek Church in the dominions of the Sultan. This we have already declared to be the only mode of dealing with this most important question of the protectorate, and with the extravagant claims of interference hitherto put forward by Russia. The history of Russian aggression is too well known, and has been too often related, to render it necessary that we should more than refer to it. To those who are not fully acquainted with it, and would understand the real interests at stake in this war and its true origin, we can recommend the admirable historical summary entitled 'The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East,' brought down by its author to the events which led to the outbreak of hostilities between the Allies and Russia. In this work are traced with a master-pen, and with the ample and precise knowledge of one who has himself been a witness and a party to many

many of the transactions which he relates, the gradual encroachments of that ambitious and unscrupulous Power upon the territories of surrounding nations, and her consequent attainment to that overwhelming size and strength which render her a standing menace to the liberties and independence of the whole human race. We need only remind our readers that the stepping-stone to aggression and appropriation has ever been with Russia the claim to *protection* over the population or the throne of the country which she has thought it fit time to absorb. The first step towards acquisition of territory has been invariably the establishment of a right of interference in the internal affairs of the nation to be acquired, either by protecting the people against their lawful sovereign, or by supporting the sovereign, on the pretence of a guarantee, in infringing the liberties and rights of his subjects. It was by establishing this right of protection and guarantee that Russia annexed Poland, the Crimea, Courland, Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Circassia, and the tribes of the Caucasus. A pretended solicitude for the independence, the religious freedom, and the civil rights of a people, has ever furnished an opportunity to Russia for destroying them. Wallachia and Moldavia furnish remarkable instances of this policy. Only formal annexation was required to render them in name what they had long become in fact,—mere provinces of the Russian Empire. Such was rapidly becoming the case with the Ottoman Empire itself, through the exclusive right of protecting the Christian population of the Greek faith, which Russia had arrogated to herself. The war with Turkey, originating, it must always be borne in mind, in these pretensions, has for the time put an end to them. To give Russia the opportunity of renewing them would be to render null its most important results. We have before shown that a protectorate, whether disguised under the name of a guarantee, or openly avowed, shared with other nations, so far from diminishing the power or influence of Russia in the East, would only increase it, and would vest with the authority of a recognised right that which had only hitherto been looked upon in the light of an usurpation. If we wish to release Turkey from all future apprehension of Russian interference, and Europe from the revival of the Eastern question, we must put an end to those protectorates altogether, and seek for some other mode of securing to our fellow-Christians in the East the perfect enjoyment of their religious liberties, and such extension of their civil and political rights as may ultimately lead to their emancipation from all oppression and intolerance. We can concur, therefore, heartily in this solution of the questions relating to the Danubian Principalities and the Christian subjects  
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of the Sultan ; and we trust that it will be made a *sine quâ non* in any arrangement that may lead to the termination of the war.

But can we have any reasonable hopes that Russia is yet sufficiently crippled and convinced of the desperate nature of the struggle in which she is engaged, to renounce claims which are so essential to the prosecution of her national policy, and which she has taken so many years to establish? Why has Russia ostensibly braved the united strength of the Western Powers, and how did the Emperor Nicholas enlist in support of the war those religious sympathies of his subjects which can lead them to make sacrifices, however vast, without any hope of present territorial aggrandisement and national gain? It was by persuading the Russian people that the war was entered into solely for the protection of their co-religionists living in Turkey,—who, it was pretended, had been subjected to cruel persecution, whose rights guaranteed by Russia had been violated, and whose places of worship had been desecrated. The common soldier led against the Turks on the Danube, and against the Allies in the Crimea, when asked as a prisoner the object of the war, declared that he was marching to the relief of Jerusalem, which had been seized and defiled by the unbelievers. All the imperial proclamations which, at the commencement of hostilities, were addressed to the Russian people, consisted of appeals to their religious prejudices and bigotry, giving to the war the character of a crusade. To abandon so soon the object for which it was ostensibly undertaken, to renounce even that right of protection, however ill-founded, which Russia has hitherto claimed, and thus apparently to leave the Christians of Turkey to their fate, would be a betrayal of the confidence and of the most sacred hopes of the Russian people, which we believe the Emperor Alexander would not yet venture to risk. It is not so easy to allay the demon of fanaticism when once aroused, and those who have raised it must be prepared to meet and suffer the calamities which they have wantonly provoked.

Whilst admitting that the terms said to have been offered to Russia are satisfactory as far as they go, we are of opinion that we ought still to demand something more. Even Lord John Russell declared that the construction of a fortress and great naval depôt on the Aland Islands would not only be a continual menace to the Northern Powers, but would reduce them to little more than Russian dependencies. A future treaty with Russia should specially provide that no island in the Baltic be hereafter fortified and used for a naval station. Nor would it be just that Russia, who provoked the war by a wanton aggression in the time of profound peace upon the territories of a neighbour, should

should be released from the payment of an indemnity for its expenses. It should at least be stipulated that Turkey, who has been the greatest sufferer, and who is least able to bear a heavy financial burden, should be saved from the worst consequences of a war to which she has been so wickedly exposed.

But we have now to inquire how far the results of the campaign of the last year, and the relative position of the belligerent Powers, enable the Allies to propose even the terms which are believed to have been conveyed to St. Petersburg by Count Esterhazy. After a siege of nearly a year the south side of Sebastopol has at length yielded to the Allies. The vast mass of materials and munitions of war which had been accumulated by a boundless expenditure of treasure and during years of incessant toil, a powerful fleet of sailing vessels and steamers, the stupendous works, the docks, the basins, and magazines, which rendered Sebastopol one of the greatest naval depôts and arsenals in the world, the immense batteries which defended one side of the harbour and its entrance, have been taken or destroyed. Yet the troops which defended the town were withdrawn without molestation and without loss, and the north side, with its forts and other defences probably scarcely less formidable than those on the south, still remains in the hands of the enemy. It is the fashion amongst Russians to speak of the loss of the south side of Sebastopol as the 'abandonment of the unfortified part of the city for the fortified as a strategical manœuvre, which, whilst it entailed enormous sacrifices, willingly made, did not amount to a defeat;' and they compare it in this respect with the burning of Moscow. However much we may be convinced of the falsity of the reasoning and of the illustration, we must remember that the circumstances of the case unfortunately enable the Russian Government to deceive the people, and to lead them to believe that their armies are still undefeated—a consideration not to be overlooked when we are arguing upon the probability of Russia accepting conditions of peace which entail upon her the actual cession of territory and of long-recognised rights.

In addition to the capture of the south side of Sebastopol, we have established and maintained ourselves upon three isolated points of the Russian territory in the Black Sea. The possession of Eupatoria furnishes us with a base of operations from which we might certainly with adequate forces threaten and disturb the lines of communication between the Russian army and the seat of its resources, and thus compel its retreat from the south of the Crimea altogether. The capture of Kertch gives us the command of the entrance to the Sea of Azof, enabled us to destroy a large amount

amount of stores and provisions intended for the subsistence of the Russian army, and has completely put an end to the trade in that sea. We have also taken the fort of Kinburn, commanding the entrance to the Dnieper and the Bug. We have thus secured the outlet of two great rivers, upon one of which stands Nicolaieff, a naval depôt and arsenal, believed to be of little less importance and extent than Sebastopol, in which the ships of war composing the Russian fleet in the Black Sea were built. This expedition like almost every other in which we have been engaged was unfortunately undertaken at too late a season of the year to be followed up with any chance of success, and the result will probably be, that the Russians, having now learnt their weakness, will have time so to fortify the further ascent of the streams, that any attempt to reach Nicolaieff in the spring will either be attended with enormous sacrifices or will be frustrated altogether.

The Russians have been compelled to abandon all their fortified posts on the coast of Circassia, the only possessions they held in that country, but have withdrawn their troops without loss.

In the Baltic Sea we have only to record the partial bombardment of Sweaborg, the fortifications of which still remain intact, the burning of a considerable amount of government property in the form of stores and munitions of war, and the attack and destruction of a few isolated places of no very considerable importance; together with those losses to Russian commerce which a blockade must naturally entail. In the Pacific an ill-planned and ill-executed expedition against a Russian settlement and naval depôt appears to have ended in complete failure.

To counterbalance the advantages gained by the Allies over Russia in Europe, she can put forward her successes in Asia. After a memorable siege, Kars has been compelled by famine to capitulate to the enemy. This result was inevitable. The unfortunate garrison had been left to its fate, and without hope of relief could no longer sustain the unequal contest. During the prolonged blockade, both the townspeople and the remains of the army of Asia which had been thrown into the place, behaved with the utmost courage and determination. The inhabitants not only took their share in the defence of the walls, but accompanied the regular troops in their sorties and engagements without the lines. Every attempt of the enemy to gain possession of the town by force of arms was defeated, and the last assault of the 28th November, attempted with all the energy of despair, and conducted with equal skill and bravery, was repulsed with immense slaughter, notwithstanding the exhausted state of the garrison, their diminished resources, and their great inferiority of numbers. The defence of Kars, like  
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that of Silistria, is another instance furnished by this war of the valour, devotion, and efficiency of Turkish troops when led and encouraged by competent officers. In General Williams they fortunately found a most efficient commander, whose integrity, sagacity, decision, and unflinching firmness commanded the respect and ensured the obedience of the men, whilst they gave him an influence and power over the officers, even of the highest rank, which rendered him all-powerful in the Turkish army. He was thus able to enforce and maintain his authority under circumstances of the most trying nature, and to encourage his troops and the people of Kars to persevere with undiminished devotion in one of the most arduous defences on record. We trust that the services of such a man will not be overlooked, but that one exception at least will be made to the established practice of only rewarding those who have failed, or have *not* distinguished themselves. To General Williams and those British officers who so ably assisted him in throwing up and defending the fortifications of the place, must be mainly attributed the long resistance of the town, which, if properly supported, would undoubtedly have been crowned with the most complete success.

General Williams has been much criticised, especially in France, for having attempted to defend Kars without the certainty of speedy relief, and without having supplies in the place necessary for sustaining a protracted siege, and for thus exposing the army over which he had the control to certain destruction. It would have been more consistent with good strategy, it is said, to have permitted the Russians to occupy a position which after all was of no real value, to have manœuvred in the field, and to have held the mountain passes which lead to Erzeroom and the centre of Asia Minor. The communications of his army would have then been kept open, and it could have been reinforced without risk at any time. It is difficult to come to any conclusion upon this subject without being acquainted with the circumstances which may have influenced General Williams and the Turkish commanders in their decision. It may, however, be observed, that General Williams earnestly applied from the very first for assistance, and informed his Government of the critical position in which the Turkish army was placed; that he could not have anticipated, whatever those acquainted with the incompetency and negligence of Ministers might have done, that they would have turned a deaf ear to his representations and would have deserted him altogether; that, had the Russians been allowed to possess themselves of Kars, they would have had the whole country open to them; and that it was only by the obstinate defence of that place, prolonged until the

the winter season impeded field operations in Armenia, that General Mouravieff was kept in check. Grievous as the results of the capture of Kars undoubtedly are, it would have been still more disastrous had the Russians been able to penetrate still further amongst the warlike population of Asia Minor and to have possessed themselves of the passes which lead to the Black Sea.

No event of the war is more signally illustrative of the incompetency of those who have its conduct, and of the utter want of statesmanlike prudence and foresight on the part of the Government of this country, than the fate of Kars. Ministers have been warned over and over again of the state of things in Armenia and Asia Minor—of the vast importance of preventing the advance of the Russians into that country, and of the inability of the Turkish army, reduced by sickness and without the necessary munitions of war, to oppose them. Mr. Layard, who has shown throughout the contest an experienced sagacity, which has always been verified by the events, had earnestly entreated, on repeated occasions in the House of Commons, the attention of the Government to this most important subject. From a long personal acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, his warnings were at least entitled to some weight. But until the march of Omar Pasha upon Kutais, undertaken when the defence of the city was scarcely any longer possible, and at so late a period of the year that his further advance would have been impracticable, not a single attempt was made either to strengthen the army in Asia Minor before the investment of Kars, to provide it with proper arms and provisions, to relieve the town when blockaded, or to compel Mouravieff, by threatening his communications with Georgia, to raise the siege. We are informed, upon undoubted authority, that the Turkish army—of such vast importance for the protection of some of the most valuable provinces of the empire—was deficient from the first in almost every necessary for support and defence. Of money there was a total want. The troops were many months in arrears of pay. Their arms, especially those of the cavalry, were worthless. Through want, disease, and desertion, they had been reduced, even before the year's campaign really commenced, to nearly half their original numbers; and on the day of its surrender, as General Mouravieff boastingly proclaims, only 8000 men remained of the 30,000 which originally formed the army of Asia. And yet all these things, and much more, were reported over and over again in vain to our Embassy at Constantinople, and to the Government at home. Neither the one nor the other can plead ignorance. Who then is to blame?

The condition of the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, and of the  
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the army intended for their defence, the facility those provinces afforded for Russian aggression, and the result of their occupation on the general issue of the war, are not questions of to-day. They have been for the last three years continually urged upon the Government. They should have formed an essential consideration in determining our policy, and the mode of conducting a successful war against Russia. The position, too, of Russia in Asia, her progress and influence in that quarter of the globe, essentially affect the interests of England. We do not mean to say that they are confined in their results to the interests of this country. It would be equally unwise and impolitic in us so to consider them. There is undoubtedly a tendency in France to look upon a campaign in Asia as one to be undertaken exclusively for the protection or defence of British India, and it is to be regretted that our own press has been too much in the habit, even of late, of dwelling upon our policy in the East as if alone connected with the safety and interests of our Indian empire. It has been the aim of Russia to encourage this impression in Europe, and she has artfully propagated it as a means of exciting the distrust of our allies. It is hinted that this suspicion on the part of France has hitherto prevented the British Government from taking any more active or decided part in military operations in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. It would be more worthy of enlightened statesmen to seek to remove an unfounded prejudice than to yield to it. We cannot believe that one so far-seeing and able as the Emperor of the French could entertain such narrow-minded views as are attributed to his Government. Any success of the enemy which may threaten one of the allies must equally affect all who are parties to the alliance; and it might as well be argued, that a menace to British interests in the East would not concern France, as it would be to contend that the entry of Russian troops into the Rhenish Provinces would not concern England, because it was peculiarly a French question. We cannot wage a great war against Russia by piecemeal. Unless the Allies have essentially what our neighbours term 'a solidarity of interests' in it, the action of each must be so seriously crippled as to render complete success almost impossible.

Now that the catastrophe, which every one acquainted with the state of things in Asia Minor knew to be inevitable, has occurred, the Government, it is understood, mainly attribute its fall to our ambassador at Constantinople. He might, it is said, have induced the Porte to send the necessary reinforcements and supplies. If it were beyond the means of the Turkish Government to afford the required relief, he ought to have informed  
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Ministers of the fact, and have made them acquainted with the real condition of the Turkish forces in Asia. An unworthy jealousy of General Williams, it is declared, led him to neglect both courses, and even to view without regret the prospect of his defeat. Were there even any grounds for these accusations, the Government would not, on that account, be relieved of the responsibility of the disaster.

If the Government found that Lord Stratford thwarted their policy, or neglected our interests in the East, the remedy was at hand. He could be recalled, and the discharge of the important duties of Ambassador at Constantinople could be entrusted to another more under control. The Government was well aware of the difference which had unfortunately arisen between our Ambassador and General Williams. It was not ignorant of the angry correspondence and recrimination which was passing between them. We are not perhaps yet in a position to give any opinion as to who was in the right and who in the wrong; but we will venture to say, that war cannot be carried on with energy, or with that unity of effort which is essential to success, where such differences exist between those who have its management. We have already grievously suffered from similar disunion; and we had trusted that the unfortunate dissensions between Lord Stratford and Admiral Dundas would have afforded a lesson not easily to be forgotten.

We have always deemed it unfortunate for the interests of this country and of Turkey that Lord Stratford should have remained at Constantinople after the breaking out of the war. It would be far from us to question those abilities and that devotion to his duties, which, during a long course of years, have distinguished the career of this eminent diplomatist; nor can we forget the important services which he has rendered to his country and to the cause of Christianity and civilization in the East. But to the high qualities which he undoubtedly possesses, are added an infirmity of temper, a jealousy of the influence and a suspicion of the motives of those about him, which cannot but be most prejudicial to the public service at a time when cordial and self-denying co-operation with them is essentially requisite, and when our relations with our allies and with the Porte are of the most delicate nature. It must be in justice admitted that the French Government has made every sacrifice consistent with its dignity to consult the feelings and to conciliate the susceptibility of an old and distinguished servant of the British Crown. It has removed more than one of its representatives from Constantinople mainly because they could not agree with Lord Stratford. Still the relations between the two countries in the  
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East are such as to give rise to considerable anxiety, and to threaten almost continually an open rupture. A long confirmed habit of dictating in everything to the Porte and of controlling and directing its counsels, has led to that haughty and contemptuous treatment of the Sovereign and his Ministers, which lately drove even one so timid and long-suffering as the Sultan to resent a violent personal remonstrance as an insult to his dignity and an infringement upon his independence. An estrangement has consequently taken place between the British Embassy and the Ottoman Government at a most critical period of the war, highly prejudicial to our own interests and to the cause in which we are engaged. When the arms of diplomacy, which Lord Stratford had hitherto wielded without a rival, once gave way to the sword, from the nature of events he who could never brook an equal sank into a second place. It was only by stirring questions which on every account it was more prudent to leave untouched, and by giving to local incidents an undue importance, that he could raise himself into temporary notice, and again exercise an influence which had previously been paramount in every question of Turkish politics. This became early manifest, and the indifference of Ministers to such indications is, in reality, injurious to the individual they desire to favour, as well as to the public service.

It is stated that the Government has at length determined upon recalling Lord Stratford, and sending to Constantinople in his place Sir Henry Bulwer. We do not think the choice of a successor fortunate, nor are the motives which have led to it, although strictly in accordance with Whig principles, quite consistent with a true desire for the good of the public service.\* The influence of a British representative at Constantinople will always be such that, if exercised with moderation and judgment, it can to a great extent direct and control the policy at home and abroad of the Turkish Government. Thus used, it can now be of infinite advantage to Turkey, whether as regards her relations with foreign powers and her position in the present war, or as regards her future condition, the development of her resources, and the improvement of her institutions. But he who enjoys that influence and would turn it to a good account must have an intimate knowledge of the country, its various populations, its laws, its polity, and of the character of its principal statesmen, united with an activity of mind, which, without making itself felt by or obnoxious to the Porte, must

\* We allude, of course, to the compromise made with Lord Normanby,—well known to every member of the diplomatic service, and most discreditable to the Government which made it.

command a minute acquaintance with all that occurs in the scattered provinces of that vast empire. In these qualities we believe Sir Henry Bulwer to be deficient, and we also deem him wanting in the physical strength absolutely necessary to a post of such incessant labour, application, and anxiety, as the Embassy at Constantinople.

But to return to Kars. The fall of that place is not only of very great importance as having led to the destruction of a considerable army and to the capture of a Turkish town, but as bearing upon the general question of the war. In Russia it will again raise the hopes of the war party, which were beginning to decline after the fall of Sebastopol and our successes in the Baltic and Black Seas, and will render it again deaf to any suggestions of moderation. We perceive by the German papers that the effect has already been felt in St. Petersburg, where the news of the victory kindled afresh the enthusiasm for the war. *Te Deums* in celebration of so great a triumph have been sung throughout the Russian dominions, and in the capital of the Emperor's faithful ally, the King of Prussia. It is not probable that in the midst of such demonstrations the Government and people will be much inclined to listen to proposals for peace which make no account of this success, and demand the cession of territory far less in extent than that which they have acquired, and which they will be called upon to relinquish without any equivalent or compensation. Its results upon the population of Asia will be highly disadvantageous to the Allies, and especially to the reputation and prestige of Great Britain. It will more than do away with the effect of the fall of Sebastopol and of any other successes of the Western Powers. It will confirm the belief in the invincibility of Russia, and in the inexhaustible resources and strength of an empire which is able to contend not without a show of success against the united strength of four great European Powers, and to meet them on every point of its vast frontiers. We can no longer hope for the assistance of Persia. Even her continued neutrality will be doubtful. She will see that it is hopeless to depend upon England for support, and that had she been inveigled by us into the contest she would have been left to her fate, as Turkey has been abandoned in Asia Minor. The news of the capture of an important portion of the Turkish Empire will spread rapidly through the centre of Asia, and may lead to consequences which at present are little anticipated.

But in addition to the moral effect of this success, the Russians will be able to commence the campaign next spring in Asia with enormous advantages. Erzerum is open to them, and when in possession of that important position, and the passes which lead from

from it to the Black Sea, they can either march into the rich and fertile provinces of Asia Minor, or descend the Euphrates and Tigris towards Baghdad; there is now nothing to impede them. The history of the successful operations which Prince Paskiewitch carried on in Armenia after the first defeat of the Turkish troops in the war of 1828-29, will show what can be done in that province by an energetic commander.\* During the winter the populations will be conciliated and resources collected for the ensuing campaign. Proclamations have already been circulated by General Mouravieff, artfully representing the Russian invasion as undertaken not as an aggression upon Turkey, but to defend the Sultan from the Western Powers, who are represented as having already taken possession of his capital, and as compelling him to embrace the religion and to introduce the institutions of Christianity. Such representations, however false they may be, and however absurd they may appear to those unacquainted with the country, will have their effect upon the ignorant and bigoted inhabitants of Kurdistan. We have hitherto, with our usual self-confidence, underrated the resources of Russia and made light of her power. We have been bitterly punished for our presumption, and yet the lesson is still lost upon us.

Any hopes which were founded upon Omar Pasha's advance upon Kutais were groundless. Had that expedition been undertaken three months earlier and with sufficient force, it might, indeed, have compelled General Mouravieff to raise the siege of Kars; but entered upon when the winter season had already commenced, and without the support or sympathy of the population, it could only be a desperate adventure which might be and was attended by a temporary success, but which might have ended in a disaster. Kars having once fallen, Omar Pasha had nothing left but to fall back upon the Black Sea.

The Allies appear to us to have committed no greater error than in neutralising or overlooking the peculiar capabilities and position of Omar Pasha. The eminent military qualities which he had displayed upon the Danube, and the services he had rendered to the cause of the Allies, surely entitled him to a different treatment. If there be one general whose reputation has been established during the war, and against whom no voice has been yet raised, it is Omar Pasha. Whether from an unworthy feeling of jealousy, or from some other motive not explained, he appears to have been kept idle during the whole summer and to have been treated with marked indifference by the generals of the allied forces. We have reason to believe that the expedition

\* The Russians then took Baibourt and advanced to within a short distance of Trebizond.

to Kutais was undertaken rather to free himself from a position which he justly deemed unworthy of his character and reputation, than in the expectation of success or in accordance with his own better judgment. Had he been sent after the successful termination of the campaign on the Danube into the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, furnished with the means of maintaining and reorganising the forces already collected there, and supplied with skilful and experienced officers from the Indian army, the result of the war in Armenia would have been very different. Instead of Russia having to boast of victories, and having a material set-off against our acquisitions in the Crimea and the Black Sea—in Asia, too, she would have been defeated, and she would have learnt that on no point could she hope to resist the well-planned measures of the Allies.

We shall now have to undertake an Asiatic campaign under every disadvantage. It will cost us thousands of valuable lives and a great amount of treasure to recover that which common prudence and foresight might have preserved. We cannot abandon Turkey in Asia to its fate, both on her account and our own. The Turks themselves cannot defend it. Unless we prepare, without a moment's delay, to take the field or to assist the Turks in doing so, Russia will shortly be in possession of provinces which will compensate for any losses she may sustain in Europe, and will enable her to reject every condition of peace involving the cession of territory or the renouncing of any material claim. 'Of what use will the Crimea be to us,' she will say, 'if we are to have no fortifications at Sebastopol, or no fleet in the Black Sea? We will hold those rich and fertile provinces of Armenia, inhabited by a laborious Christian population, and of infinitely more value to us than a dismantled fortress and useless harbour. Through them we shall extend our influence into the heart of Asia, and maintain an undisputed control over Persia.'

We have said enough to show the importance we attach to the fall of Kars, not only as enabling Russia to carry on the war successfully in Asia, but as affecting the question of peace. There is one other advantage enjoyed by Russia which we consider scarcely less important. We allude to the assistance which she openly receives from Prussia, not only in carrying on her export and import trade, but in obtaining the necessary materials of war. It is remarkable that notwithstanding all that has been said in this country of the crippled means of Russia, of the complete destruction of her commerce, and of the open discontent of her nobles, arising from the ruin which the sacrifice of the produce of their estates has entailed, there is good reason for believing that as yet she has not suffered in these respects to any very material

material extent. Owing to the facilities afforded by Prussia, the Russian landowners have been able to dispose of most of their produce, although probably with less advantage than before the war, yet still without such loss as would cause them very serious injury. Some of the most important of Russian exports still fetch in the European markets no higher prices than they did three years ago, and we have lately seen even our own Admiralty advertising for contracts for Russian tallow! The Black Sea and Sea of Azoff have been completely closed, but the consequent destruction of the grain-trade has been almost as severely felt by the Western Powers, who have been long more or less dependent upon the southern provinces of Russia for their yearly supplies of the most essential article of food, as by the Russians themselves. We have consequently successfully blockaded that part of our enemy's territories which might with advantage to ourselves have been left comparatively free; whilst we have entirely neglected those outlets the closing of which would inflict incalculable damage upon Russia without any loss to ourselves.\* It may be added that we have lost the advantages which a complete interruption of the trade of Northern Russia would have been to us in the development of the resources of our colonies. When the war was found to be inevitable, our merchants naturally anticipated more than an illusory blockade, and sought to supply the market from British dependencies with those articles for which it had previously depended upon Russia. The bad faith of the Government has hitherto led to a comparative failure of an attempt, which, if successful, would be of such immense benefit to this country.

As some equivalent and counterpoise to the friendly assistance which Russia receives from Prussia, the Allies have at length succeeded in inducing Sweden, if not to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance, at least to pledge herself neither to allow Russia to obtain or occupy, by negotiation, exchange, or otherwise, any

\* Since the above remarks were written, we have found our view of the state of Russian trade fully confirmed by the Annual Report of the Committee of the Hull Chamber of Commerce. 'On taking a retrospect,' says that document, 'for the past year of the trade of this port, which, it is well known, is largely concerned with the north of Europe, it does not appear that the business has been so limited by the war with Russia as might have been reasonably anticipated, although it must be remarked that no part in the kingdom has suffered so much from the interruption of business with that country. The frontiers of Prussia being open for the transport of goods to and from Russia, it appears that the articles of flax, hemp, tallow, and linseed, to some extent, have been able to bear the heavy land-carriage and charges for shipment from Memel and Königsberg, so that the importation of these articles (except linseed) has been fully adequate to the consumption of this district.' We have reason to believe that the same remark would apply to the Russian trade with France.

territory appertaining to the Swedish Crown, nor to cede to her any right of pasturage or fishing-ground, and to resist any pretensions that she may put forward in that respect. This treaty is so far important as destroying a hope which Russia has long entertained of obtaining a seaport on the coast of Norway. There is no stronger proof of the long-sighted and aggressive policy of Russia than the mode in which she has generally contrived, when concluding a treaty with a Power with which she has been at war, to obtain the concession of an apparently insignificant piece of territory, or some seemingly harmless privilege, which, whenever she considered the time opportune, could be used as a basis for fresh demands, as a means of extending her influence, or as a pretext for fresh hostilities. Thus, at the conclusion of one peace with Turkey, she obtained some unimportant fortresses on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, which enabled her subsequently to put forward a claim to the whole of Circassia. On another occasion, the frontier-line between the Asiatic provinces of Turkey and Russia was made to deviate almost at right-angles from its natural course, in order to include the Christian convent of Echmiadzin, which was represented as unworthy of the consideration of a Mussulman government, but the possession of which enabled Russia to secure the head of the Armenian Church, and consequently to establish a permanent influence over a large portion of the Christian subjects of the Sultan.\* So the cession of a few uninhabited islands at the mouth of the Danube ultimately gave Russia the complete control of the navigation of that great river, the command of the commerce of the Principalities, and a constant power of invading Turkey. It has always been the policy of Russia to put one foot forward, at first cautiously and stealthily; then, when her pretended claim has been admitted by prescription, by the in-

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\* The acquisition of this celebrated Armenian convent is one of the most remarkable examples of the crafty policy of Russia, supported by a perfect knowledge of the country and interests with which she has to deal. It is the ancient residence of the Armenian Patriarch; every bishop of the Armenian faith must go there for consecration, and, consequently, the head of every Armenian community in Turkey is more or less under the control of Russia. The Armenians struggled for some time against this influence, and even threatened to remove the patriarchate to one of its ancient seats at Sis, in Cilicia; but the steady determination and menaces of Russia prevailed, and unsupported they were compelled to yield. It would be a result well worthy of the war to restore Echmiadzin to Turkey, notwithstanding the horror which some statesmen appear to feel at what they are pleased to term the 'dismemberment of Russia.' We agree in the quaint illustration of Mr. Fox, that there is no more ground for calling the taking away from Russia her ill-acquired possessions 'a dismemberment,' than there would be reason to call the emptying of a burglar's pockets of his false keys and his stolen goods, a robbery.

ability to resist of a weak power, or by the culpable indifference of Europe, to take her stand boldly as a matter of right, and to advance the other foot. We may have tacitly sanctioned her pretensions by not opposing the usurpation, but when subsequently we are inclined to question them, we are solemnly warned of the monstrous audacity of attempting to dismember the Russian empire!\* The world has rarely seen so detestable a policy and so mischievous a justification!

A glance at the map will show how Russia has pursued this course in the north-west of Europe. It has been one of her great objects to obtain a naval station in the North Sea, which might be accessible at every season of the year, and might enable her to maintain a fleet at all times ready to threaten the coasts of the Western Powers. The deep fiords or inland bays of Norway present admirable harbours for the erection of an arsenal and the construction of a fleet. She has long determined upon Hammerfest, as the point which would best suit her purpose. Having pushed her frontiers so near to the North Sea as almost to divide Norway into two, a pretext could easily be found to warrant her in asserting, if not actually a treaty right, at least one of those specious claims which she is at all times so skilful in putting forward, and so persevering in enforcing, until a weak neighbour is wearied or bullied into compliance. In the case of Hammerfest Russian engineers had already been employed to examine the capabilities of the harbour for a naval depôt, and had commenced a survey of the surrounding country, whilst the migration of some Lap tribes had furnished an excuse for putting forward territorial pretensions.

We need scarcely point out the vast importance of frustrating these designs of Russia. Whilst her fleet is blocked up by the ice during the winter months, and is confined at all times within narrow and easily defended straits, she can never be a great maritime power. If she were once to establish herself on the German Ocean, she would be a standing menace to Europe, and would compel England to maintain at all times a fleet on the largest war footing. Her ascendancy in Europe would then indeed be complete.

The treaty between the Allies and Sweden not only solemnly

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\* The policy of Russia has been summed up in some well-known sentences of the national historian Karamsin:—'The character of our foreign policy never varies. We endeavour to be at peace with all, and to make our conquests without war, always holding ourselves on the defensive. We do not trust to the friendship of those whose interests are not the same as our own, and we lose no occasion of injuring them without ostensibly violating treaties.'

pledges that country not to cede any territory to Russia, but it binds France and England to furnish her with effective means of resisting any attempt on the part of Russia to acquire it. In whatever light Russia may think it her policy to view this treaty, it is undoubtedly a hostile demonstration against Russia. It is however, believed, that there are secret articles which connect Sweden even more closely with the Western Powers, and which may eventually engage her in actual hostilities. The war must, however, take larger dimensions, our objects and policy must be more clearly defined than they have hitherto been, before we can fairly induce a weak power like Sweden to arm in our cause and wantonly to exasperate so formidable a neighbour.

We have now placed before our readers the position of the belligerent powers at the end of the second year's campaign, and the terms of peace that the allied governments believe themselves warranted in proposing to Russia. It will have been seen that we do not anticipate the acceptance of those proposals. As yet, on neither side have there been successes sufficiently decisive or important to ensure a substantial peace. We have taken the south side of Sebastopol and destroyed the Black Sea fleet, after so long a struggle and with so great a loss that Russia is able to point to its prolonged defence as almost a victory gained. The north side still defies our arms, and the position of the opposing forces is such that it will probably require another year's campaign to reduce it, unless the Russian generals should abandon it as a strategical measure, without attempting any further resistance. We have achieved partial successes elsewhere, but, as we have shown, they have been more than counterbalanced in their results by the fall of Kars, the destruction of a Turkish army in Asia, and the advantages thus afforded to Russia in entering upon a campaign early this year.

Let it not be supposed that, in making the foregoing remarks, we wish to underrate our victory at Sebastopol; whatever may have been the errors which led to the disasters and reverses we have unhappily to deplore, those errors have been amply redeemed by the unparalleled courage and long-suffering of our troops and of those of our allies. In spite of a heroic and desperate resistance, directed with extraordinary skill, and supported by almost unlimited resources in munitions of war and in men, this great stronghold, which we were unable to invest, has yielded to our arms.

Whilst thus bearing testimony to the conduct of the allied armies, we cannot omit a tribute to the courage and fertility of resources displayed by our enemy. During nearly a year they have

have been exposed to an almost continual bombardment, which their General has well termed 'infernal.' They have borne sufferings as great, if not greater, than even those to which we have been exposed. Repulsed in every attempt, although made with the utmost devotion and resolution, to force our lines and to interrupt our advances, and hopeless of ultimate success, they persevered without flinching in a desperate defence; and, when further resistance on the south side was altogether impossible, retreated in perfect order in the very face of their enemy by a frail bridge thrown across a broad inlet of the sea—a feat almost unexampled in the history of war. Some of our readers may have seen photographs brought to this country of the interior of the Redan, the Malakhoff, and other works thrown up by the enemy, since our appearance before Sebastopol, to defend the open quarters of the city. These faithful representations cannot fail to produce in us a feeling of mortification, somewhat indeed akin to humiliation. They show a skill and knowledge, and a power of turning every resource to account, together with a consideration for the safety of the men, which contrast strangely with our ill-constructed and ill-designed works. The defence of Sebastopol will form an episode in the military history of Russia to which she will justly refer with pride.

It would be as unwise and impolitic as it would be unworthy of our national character to endeavour to conceal from ourselves these facts when about to renew the struggle and to enter into the third year's campaign. We have, we repeat, from the first been too much inclined to underrate our enemy, to catch at the vaguest rumours of her difficulties and sufferings, and to undervalue the vast resources and inherent strength of Russia when engaged in a great national struggle. To this over-confidence we owe more than one reverse and that failure of complete success which renders any prospect of peace still almost hopeless. We trust that there is no likelihood of our falling into this error again. There is no cause whatever to be disheartened. The victory is ours if we throw our whole strength and energy into the contest. If it were to have been more easily achieved, there would have been a less urgent necessity for the war.

In entering upon the next year's campaign the Allied Governments will have to take into consideration two questions, with which, as we have seen, they have hitherto not dealt, although of the utmost importance, viz. the pretended neutrality of Prussia, and the means of carrying on the war against Russia in Asia.

We have already shown that in consequence of the facilities afforded by her neighbour Russia has not only been able to export

export the produce of her northern provinces and to receive in return such British and other European manufactures and colonial produce as she requires for the consumption of her population, but that she has been able to obtain arms, munitions of war, and other articles, the supply of which is a direct violation of that neutrality which Prussia affects to preserve. On the other hand, the Prussian Government has shown an almost open hostility to the Western Powers by thwarting them in the smallest matters which might give umbrage to Russia. The position thus assumed by Prussia has undoubtedly been of great advantage to her population, who appear to have renounced those generous qualities and that ardent love of liberty and national independence which the German race once boasted, in favour of the temporary profits of an extended transit trade. It has been the fashion in this country, arising from an earnest desire to palliate the conduct of a people for which we have hitherto felt a sincere respect, to separate the policy of the King from the feelings and wishes of his subjects, but we fear it must be now admitted that there are not sufficient grounds for this distinction. The King has throughout his dominions received the most unequivocal and almost unanimous demonstrations of sympathy and encouragement in the course his Government has pursued. The Federal Diet, sharing with him in their admiration for what they are pleased to term the 'conservative character of Russia as a counterbalance to the revolutionary tendencies of the West,' and keeping only in view the direct and palpable German interests connected with the Eastern question, have pursued the same selfish, short-sighted policy. It will be remembered that, in declaring their concurrence in the principles of the four points forming the basis of the Vienna negotiations, they took care to add 'that they especially appropriated and maintained the first and second points (that is to say, those for the settlement of the questions relating to the Principalities and the navigation of the Danube) as connected with German interests;' at the same time, with a want of common sense and foresight truly deplorable, they refuse their open and cordial sanction and support to that interpretation of the principle contained in the third point, which would be the only security for the permanent maintenance of those interests. To the peculiarly selfish policy which has hitherto influenced the German Powers and people may probably be added that hereditary jealousy and fear of France engendered by the aggressive wars of Napoleon, which would lead them to prefer the preponderance of Russia in central Germany to that of France—as if this great and enlightened race could not look forward to a real national independence, equally

equally free from the undue interference and influence of either power. The position thus assumed by Prussia and the Diet unfortunately justifies their exclusion from all participation in negotiations for peace, and thus greatly diminishes—if it does not destroy—the influence to which they would otherwise be justly entitled in the affairs of Europe. But we fear that it will require more than the moral effects of their foolish policy to bring Germany to a true sense of duty towards Europe and civilization. It is essential to the interests of the Allies, and to the attainment of the objects of the war, that this state of real hostility, cloaked by a pretended neutrality, should at once cease. If Prussia, whether from national considerations or from sympathy with Russia, be resolved not to take any active part in the war, she cannot, at least, be permitted to afford aid to our enemy: consequently, one of the first subjects which the Allies will have to consider, in the Conferences about to be held at Paris, will be the means of enforcing, at the risk even of driving Prussia into open hostilities, a strict neutrality, and of closing her ports and frontiers as an outlet to Russian trade. In spite of the scruples of Mr. Cobden, measures must be taken to blockade her ports in the Baltic, and to put an end to the Russian transit trade. Prussia has hitherto held aloof from any direct participation in the war. If she be now compelled to share in its sacrifices and its calamities, it will be owing to the dishonest and unstatesmanlike conduct of her Government. Of the result, notwithstanding the boasted strength of the federative union, we have little doubt. However much we may lament the disasters which such a war would inevitably entail upon a German Protestant Power, in whose prosperity and independence this country has ever felt a deep and friendly interest, we are yet obliged to remember that we are now bound up with Allies in the prosecution of a great cause, and that we are pledged to carry on the war with the utmost vigour against an enemy to which Prussia openly affords encouragement and aid.

With regard to the position of Austria, we need only remark that she is better able than ever to persevere in her neutrality—the only policy by which she can hope to escape the disasters which war would inevitably entail upon her. However much, therefore, we might desire her active co-operation against Russia, and although we might two years ago have compelled her to declare in our favour, we now see less prospect than ever of her taking any share, at least for some time to come, in the contest. Our successes may encourage her in giving her so-called ‘moral support’ to our demands upon the Court of St. Petersburg, but she will go no further. Neither side can afford

afford to quarrel with her. Russia has no wish that she should throw her great military strength into the balance in favour of the Allies, and the Allies cannot now provoke the hostility of a Power which is already in possession of two Turkish provinces, and has an army of 200,000 men ready to march upon Constantinople to cut off their retreat from the Crimea. It is evident, therefore, that we are now entirely dependent upon her for any arrangement with regard to the Principalities, and that their evacuation is hopeless unless it agrees with her political views.

The Emperor of the French has already forcibly expressed his sentiments, in which this country heartily concurs, with regard to the neutrality of the German States, and the impossibility of their persistence in this policy as soon as the struggle assumes an European character. Should the war either during the present year or hereafter extend to the centre of Europe, and lead to an appeal to nationalities and to the results to which such a contest must inevitably give rise, it will be entirely owing to the policy which the German Powers and Austria have hitherto pursued. They will have to pay the penalty which history teaches us has ever been inflicted upon those nations which have not had the wisdom or the courage to throw the weight of their strength and influence boldly into the scale when called upon to engage in a war of principles, and in a struggle affecting, however remotely, their own independence.

A question upon which we have already touched—the successful advance of Russia in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey—is of no less importance than the position of Prussia and the German Powers. Whatever may have been the obstacles which have hitherto stood in the way of a military expedition on the part of England into Asia Minor, they must now be overcome. The influence and successes of Russia in Asia can no longer be treated by the most prejudiced as a mere English question. We have pointed out the vast and indeed essential importance to Russia of territorial acquisitions in the East, as the only counterbalance to any success of the Allies in the West. It is absolutely necessary that England and France should come to an immediate understanding as to the means of preventing any further progress of Russia in that direction, and of remedying the evil which has already occurred. We have little doubt that the course to be pursued in effecting this object will form one of the principal subjects of the conferences to be held at Paris, when it will be determined to which nation shall be assigned the duty of meeting the enemy in those regions. We can scarcely doubt that we shall be called upon to undertake it, and that, whilst the French continue the contest, and undertake new expeditions against the enemy in Europe, the  
English

English army will be transferred in great part, if not entirely, to the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea. Such a distribution and division of the power of the Allies we deem on many accounts to be highly important and necessary, not only with reference to the immediate objects in view, but to the success of any future operations in whatever part of the world they may be pursued. A divided command has hitherto been a source of undoubted disasters, and has materially interfered with the perfect success of our arms, whilst it has contributed in no slight degree to injure most seriously our military reputation.

It must not, however, be forgotten that we shall have to commence the war in Asia under very great disadvantages. If two years ago we had taken measures either to strengthen the Turkish army in Armenia or to prepare for operations which we ought to have foreseen would have been sooner or later inevitable, we should not now be compelled to enter upon a campaign to rescue the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, but we should have been in a position to advance boldly into the enemy's territory with every chance of a speedy and brilliant result. We have by our unpardonable negligence, and the utter incompetency of our rulers, enabled Russia to occupy the great plateau of Armenia, and to gain possession of the passes which lead to it, whether from the south or from the north. Her Cossacks have appeared at the gates of Erzeroom. She holds Van, and can consequently command the whole of the Christian population of Armenia. We are even assured that Russian detachments have already been pushed as far as Moosh, on the high road into the low country of Assyria and Mesopotamia. It now only remains for her to seize the great roads which lead to the coast of the Black Sea, and she will possess an almost impregnable position. As the severities of a winter season did not impede the operations of Prince Paskiewitch, it is not probable that they will interrupt an enterprise of such vast importance to Russia as the complete conquest of Armenia, and the securing the means of access to it. There are no military roads whatever between the coast and the interior. The passes are equally few and difficult. From Batoun to Trebizond there are none which permit of the passage of an army. That leading from Batoun into the interior is not only difficult, but we believe impracticable. The three caravan tracks from Trebizond to Erzeroom are carried over lofty mountains or through narrow and difficult ravines, which could be held by a mere handful of men.\* There are no passes between Trebizond

\* A description of the Highlands of Armenia and of the passes leading to them from Mesopotamia and the Sea will be found in Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon* and in Mr. Curzon's account of his residence at Erzeroom.

and Samsoun, as far as we are aware, which are practicable to beasts of burden, and consequently available for troops. To the west Armenia is defended by mountains no less lofty and difficult of passage than those to the north. To the south there are but two or three caravan tracks, leading through deep and narrow mountain gorges into the plains and valleys of Mesopotamia. If it be true that Russian troops have already advanced as far as Moosh, these lines of communication will soon be in possession of the enemy, and will be rendered impassable to an army marching from the southward.

Russia, having thus secured this portion of Asiatic Turkey, can now either hold the plateau containing the rich and important provinces of Kars, Van, Moosh, and Erzeroom, with the other districts which form the ancient kingdom of Armenia, or she can take advantage of her almost impregnable position to descend the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, and thus to threaten Mesopotamia and Baghdad. There is nothing to render such an enterprise impossible to a daring and able general, and its incalculable advantages to Russia may lead to its attempt. Those provinces are without troops for their defence. They have no fortified cities of any strength. Their populations are disaffected, and probably neither could nor would oppose any considerable resistance. They are rich in corn and the necessary supplies for an army, and every successful conqueror who has hitherto invaded them has depended entirely upon their produce and resources for the support of his followers. The winter will be employed in collecting the materials and means for such an undertaking, and in preparing the inhabitants for its execution. In case of check or defeat the Russian forces can fall back upon the Armenian highlands, through the passes of the Taurus, which will be rendered impassable to an advancing or pursuing army.

Such then is the position of Russia—no less threatening to Turkey and to English interests than it is to the cause itself of the Allies. It is distressing to reflect how a little foresight or prudence might have prevented a loss of territory and influence, which we shall now have to regain by a fearful sacrifice of life and treasure.

It now remains to be considered how our troops can undertake a campaign against Russian Asia with the fairest chances of success. It would undoubtedly be a great advantage to our future operations, if Omar Pasha could succeed in crossing at once the passes from the Black Sea to Erzeroom, and could thus save that place from falling into the hands of the enemy. Supposing Russia to be in possession of Erzeroom and the passes by the spring, it is more than doubtful whether an attempt could

could then be made to enter Armenia and to carry on the war in those provinces. Even, however, if we could penetrate to Erzeroom in spite of the enemy, or even if Omar Pasha should succeed in reaching it, we must remember that a stronghold fortified by British skill, and rendered still stronger by additional works raised during the winter, would be in the hands of the enemy and would require for its reduction a long and arduous siege, whilst the Russians might be overrunning the provinces to the south. An expedition undertaken by the troops of the East India Company from the Persian Gulf, would have very considerable, though not insurmountable difficulties to contend with in attempting even to reach the seat of war. Moreover the distance of the march would be so great, the season for an expedition through the burning plains of Assyria and Mesopotamia is so rapidly passing away, and our own counsels are marked by so much indecision and so great a want of energy, that the possibility of attempting on that side any effective diversion during the present year need scarcely be taken into consideration. Such an expedition would have required the foresight of a wise government and the energies of a great commander. We have to deal with men who think that statesmanship and military genius consist not in forestalling difficulties and disasters, but in finding some expedient, however miserable, to escape from them when they occur. An Indian army might, it is said, be marched through Persia; but has our policy in Persia been so conducted that we can hope for her assistance, or that we can call upon her to forfeit her neutrality in our favour? Unquestionably not. A silly quarrel has again interrupted our good understanding with the Shah, and even if adjusted, will have added to those acrimonious feelings which have unfortunately embittered for some time, through neglect and mismanagement, our relations with that Power. The fall of Kars will have confirmed the government of the Shah in its dread of the power of Russia, and we have little doubt that means will be taken, through the Persian embassy now at St. Petersburg, to bring Persia entirely into her interests. We cannot, therefore, hope to receive that friendly aid from Persia which could alone render a military expedition, through her provinces, one of safe or easy accomplishment.

There may indeed be reason to fear that Persia may afford material aid to our enemy, if she should not even openly declare against us. The recent change of rulers in Herat is believed by some to be the result of Persian intrigue, whilst the new chief of that place is stated not only to be devoted to Persian interests, but to have declared himself tributary to the Shah. We are so ill able to obtain accurate and trustworthy information as to the

the events which occur in those remote regions of Asia, that we are not as yet in a position to form an opinion as to the truth of these statements. If the revolution which has taken place in this important frontier city should have been produced by one of those intrigues so common in Eastern courts, it may be of little consequence as bearing upon our relations with Central Asia, or on the war. But should it be the result of an understanding between Persia and Russia, and be merely the prelude to a further advance by either of those powers, the consequences can scarcely be foreseen. It is deeply to be regretted that at a time so critical, when it is of the utmost importance that our Government should have the fullest information as to what is passing both in Persia and Central Asia, and should be able to exercise all the influence possible at the court of the Shah, the interests of Great Britain in that quarter should be entrusted to a gentleman of undoubted abilities, but of no experience or knowledge of Persian affairs, nor of the politics of Central Asia, whilst so distinguished an officer as Colonel Rawlinson, especially qualified for the post of minister at Teheran, by a long residence in Persia, by great personal influence, by his having been officially employed both in Afghanistan and Turkish Arabia during most critical events, and by his perfect acquaintance with the languages of the East, is left unemployed in this country.

From the preceding remarks it will be seen how slight hope we entertain of any material assistance from our Indian army, during this year, in prosecuting the war in Asia, although it is probable that steps may be taken, by landing forces in the Persian Gulf, to prepare for another year's campaign. Not that much could not be even yet effected by an energetic and prudent policy, by one man in power who understood the question, could appreciate our resources, and was acquainted with the condition of Asia. But as we have Mr. Vernon Smith still at the Board of Control, and there is no prospect of a change in the policy of the Government, we cannot hope for any successful check to the advance of Russia on the side of Southern Turkey.

There remain a campaign in Georgia, and such operations in the Caucasus as would compel Russia to abandon Kars and Armenia in order to defend her own provinces, and to secure the safety of her own army. It has been somewhat the fashion to speak of an invasion of Georgia as a matter of easy accomplishment, and of the sympathy and support of its inhabitants, and of those of Mingrelia and Imeritia, as a certain element of success. Whatever may have been the case two years ago, it is very doubtful whether the facilities which then existed will now be found. Russia has had ample leisure to prepare herself  
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for defence, and our experience has shown us that she has been able to avail herself of her resources and her opportunities, in whatever part of her vast territories, from the Baltic to the Pacific, she has been exposed to attack. The fall of Kars will have made a deep impression upon the population of those provinces, and has assisted Russia in frightening or conciliating those upon which we might have relied for support. We have to a certain extent aided her in her endeavours, by our own mismanagement and neglect. By employing Turkish troops alone in the invasion of the Christian Provinces of the Caucasus we have confirmed the suspicion, which Russia has so well known how to raise and encourage, that they are to be placed again under Musulman domination. We have not made a single demonstration nor have we given a single pledge which might induce them to believe that they were to be preserved from religious persecution hereafter, or that their nationality should henceforth be respected. It has been shown by a traveller not unacquainted with the inhabitants of the Caucasus, that so far from having as yet succeeded in exciting sympathy for our cause amongst the various tribes, we have hitherto only encouraged distrust, if not hostility, by invariably employing Musulman troops where Christians should have been sent, and Christians where the presence of Musulmans would have secured our objects.\* Having neglected to avail ourselves of the Circassians at a time when their coöperation would have been useful to us, and when, by judicious operations at sea, we might have secured as prisoners of war every Russian garrison on the Circassian coast without any loss whatever, we expect them, now that their country is liberated from their oppressors, to unite with us in an aggressive war upon Russia, to cross their boundaries and to furnish contingents to our army. Any man acquainted with the character and habits of Asiatic tribes would have known that this was a hopeless expectation. The Circassians have succeeded in their immediate object, the expulsion of the Russians from their coasts, and they have not that enlightened appreciation of true policy and that foresight which appear to be equally wanting to some of the more civilized states of Europe, which might lead them to understand that the best mode of securing their future independence, and preventing a return of their enemy, would be by aiding the Western Powers to destroy or to curtail altogether Russian ascendancy in the Caucasus. As to Shamyl and his warlike tribes of Daghistan,

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\* The Transcaucasian Provinces the proper Field of Operation for a Christian Army, by Laurence Oliphant.—Preface to second edition.

it is doubtful whether we can hope for any assistance from them. There are, indeed, strong grounds of suspicion that the Russian Government has succeeded in making such terms with that chief as will ensure his neutrality if not his support during the war.

Nevertheless we are disposed to think that with proper management and with due precaution the Caucasian provinces afford the best field for operations to counteract and check the progress of Russia in Asia Minor, whilst at the same time any decided success in that quarter might seriously endanger the power of the Czar in Central Asia. But at the same time we must not underrate the difficulties with which we shall have to contend, and which will only be increased by delay.

We fear that our means of transport for an army taking the field are still very defective, notwithstanding the urgent representations which have been made to the Government on the subject and the fatal results of this want last year. Unless we have ample land transport it will be useless to undertake a campaign in the Caucasus; not, however, that we are inclined to agree in the preposterous notion, which we can scarcely believe to be really entertained by our military authorities, that it will require a camp following and beasts of burden equal to the number of our combatants!

It is fervently to be hoped that the urgency and absolute necessity of checking the progress of Russia in Asia will be so evident to the country that the Government will at length be driven into taking such steps as may be necessary to effect this object, as it has been driven by the stern expression of the popular will to undertake almost every energetic and decisive measure since the breaking out of the war.

We have purposely avoided any allusion to those operations in the Baltic which must form an essential portion of this year's campaign in the north. The ill success of our expeditions into that sea during the two last years has much shaken the confidence of the country in our naval resources, yet the large addition which has at length been made to our fleet of vessels of light draught, of gunboats and floating batteries, leads to some hope that as soon as the season again permits of access to the Gulf of Finland we shall be able to inflict serious damage upon the enemy, and to destroy his principal strongholds. It must, however, be always borne in mind that the mere bombardment of a fortress, and the destruction of magazines and arsenals, however vast and important, will not strike such a blow upon Russia as will compel her to yield to our demands, unless followed up by further operations on land. The loss may be enormous,  
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but it will not be irreparable. It is not by isolated attacks and by the mere destruction of that which money and industry can replace that a great empire like Russia will be brought to renounce her ancient policy or to make real concessions and restitution for the wrongs she has done.

Such, then, are the present results and prospects of the war. Although we may look back with satisfaction to many things, we have still much to deplore in the past, and grave cause for anxiety in the future. That the war will continue, and assume far greater dimensions than it has hitherto done, we can have little doubt. We are equally persuaded that the country will not tolerate any ministry which is not prepared to prosecute it with vigour, and for adequate objects. It is only by yielding to the unanimous feeling of the nation that an administration, in itself one of the weakest and most incompetent England has ever seen, is able to retain the conduct of public affairs. But unfortunately from such a government we can scarcely expect any of those efficient measures which alone will enable us to take our share in this great contest with an honour and success worthy of the nation. We may aid our allies by the indomitable courage of our soldiers and the vast extent of our material resources, but at the same time we bring discredit upon ourselves by the inferiority of the position we have assumed. At the end of two years' war there is still no man to whom the country can look with confidence to restore her military fame and to wield her vast naval power. We can turn, it is true, to the deeds of our soldiers and regimental officers as some balm to our wounded national pride; but as we have heard it stated by a high and impartial authority, who has had every opportunity at home and abroad of forming an opinion, we have, with the best soldiers in the world, the worst administrators. Wealth and men have both been recklessly squandered; we have obtained inferior results at a stupendous cost. Everything is still within our grasp; but while we point with exultation to our great array of ships and gunboats, to our preparations for the next campaign, and to the heap of provisions and clothing which, now that they are scarcely needed, encumber our camp, let not the country forget that something more is required to restore our national character to its full and rightful height. It is for that we must now contend as much as for the independence of Turkey and the freedom of Europe.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Memorials of the Bagot Family.* Privately printed. 1824.  
 2. *Stemmata Shirleiana; or the Annals of the Shirley Family.* 1841.  
 3. *Histories of Noble British Families, with Biographical Notices of the most distinguished in each.* Illustrated by Armorial Bearings, Portraits, &c. Vol. 2nd. 1846.  
 4. *Lives of the Lindsays.* By Lord Lindsay. 1849.

THE re-action in favour of what may be called the literature of feudalism, which has been going on ever since the publication of 'Percy's Reliques,' has as yet done but little towards supplying us with good histories of private families. We have had ballads, diaries, collections of papers almost innumerable. The invaluable writings of Scott have everywhere made the ancient life of Europe far more intelligible to us, and more affectionately regarded by us, than it was a hundred years ago. Indeed there was need of some such influence, after the predominant tone of the eighteenth century. The worldly wits of that period, though they had, among their unquestionable merits, much good sense and good nature, seem to have lost both when they meddled with their own ancestors. If they wanted an heroic example, they were willing enough to go to Plutarch; but they thought, with Gray, that the age of Froissart was 'barbarous.' Voltaire treated the Crusaders as knaves and madmen. Horace Walpole sneered at Sir Philip Sidney. Lord Chesterfield, forgetful of the saying of that maternal grandfather, Lord Halifax, from whom he derived so much of his peculiar wit, that 'the contempt of scutcheons is as much a disease in this age as the over-valuing them was in former times'—delighted in ridiculing pedigree and heralds. One of his cleverest essays in the *World* was against birth. He hung up two portraits, 'Adam de Stanhope' and 'Eve de Stanhope,' among his ancestors. And he said, with a great deal of humour, to a herald of that time, 'You foolish man, you don't understand your own foolish business!' Voltaire, Walpole, and Chesterfield represent thousands of inferior minds; and this way of talking on such subjects was long a predominant fashion. The higher class of

wits have now given up ridiculing the traditions of Europe, though the taste for joking on the old text 'Stemmata quid faciunt?' is still prevalent among those Cockneys who fancy that a sentiment which has survived the ridicule of Juvenal is likely to fall before the wags of the nineteenth century! People are more ready, however, in spite of these deriders, to inquire what good family histories we possess than they were some time ago; partly because of the taste for antiquities diffused by Scott and others, partly because the feeling against such studies was carried so much too far, and partly because, after some generations of experience, we begin to see that our modern men are not so superior to the ancient gentlemen as they often loudly proclaim themselves to be.

The uses of good family histories are many and various. In the first place, they are excellent illustrations of general history, inasmuch as the history of a few families of a certain rank is the history of their whole times. Then they embody a vast number of those personal details and bits of local colour which help the narrator to describe an age, and the reader to feel as if he had lived in it. They have a human, a tender, and a personal interest. Their poetic value is not to be forgotten; that by which they enable us to trace character from generation to generation, and touch the mind with admiration or awe as it watches the conduct of a high race in the varying events of successive ages. To the families themselves such histories are of the highest importance, and by them they ought to be treasured as were by the old Romans those *laudationes*, some of which were extant in Cicero's time, and were used at family funerals, and which they preserved 'ad memoriam laudum domesticarum et ad illustrandam nobilitatem suam.' That robust people, we need scarcely say, set the highest store on family traditions; and when they yielded their political liberty at last, the truth of these traditions asserted itself—for the greatest man the change produced came of one of their oldest houses. It is as well to remember this by no means irrelevant fact; since we cannot for an instant admit the justice of the vulgar prejudice that such fundamental truths as that of race can cease to be true because the conditions under which they exhibit themselves are changed. And we say so *in limine*, that we may vindicate our subject from the suspicion of being merely of antiquarian curiosity.

In former days, it was the custom in most families to keep a kind of register, wherein the head of the house entered from time to time such notes respecting its members as seemed good to him. Fine, quaint, pious old documents they were, and as different in moral as in physical colour from the more business-like records which now stand in their stead. Their object especially was to keep

keep the rising generation in mind of the virtues of their progenitors, and to teach the heir to avoid, above all, becoming *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can befall a man, as Sir Philip Sidney's father observes to him. To be sure, literary merit was not a characteristic of these works. If they soared above being registers, it was usually at the risk of the gravity of remote descendants. Our early genealogical and heraldic literature is perhaps the most curious we possess. 'Here endeth,' says Caxton, commending to the reader a book of a similar class in 1484, 'the book of the Ordre of Chivalry, which book is translated out of French into English, at a request of a gentyl and noble esquire, by me William Caxton.' . . . 'Which book is not requisite to every common man to have, but to noble gentylmen.' In the 'Boke of St. Alban's,' two years later, we are informed that Japhet was a gentleman, but that Cain and Ham were churls, and that the Virgin Mary was a princess of coat-armour. One principal object of such treatises was to teach the reader how a 'perfit gentylman' might be known from an 'imperfect clown.' Indeed old Sir John Ferne, the author of the 'Blazon of Gentrie' (1586), hurls defiance at an imaginary 'churl' on his very title-page, by describing his work as 'compiled by John Ferne, gentleman, for the instruction of all gentlemen bearers of arms—whom, and none other, this work concerneth.' A number of 'privileges of the gentry'—unknown, of course, to the law of the land—are usually strung together in old heraldic books, along with facts about lions at which the Zoological Society would burst with laughter, and traditions about the assumption of shields which would cause merriment in Hanwell. No wonder that a similar oddity extends itself to early family histories, such as in time came to be written at formal length, instead of the mere registers in question. No wonder that a thorough-going ancient—for the 'ancients' are modern in tone compared with these genealogical men—loved to begin with the patriarchs; while Urquhart of Cromartie carried off the palm by fairly deducing his lineage from Adam without a break, in that 'Promptuary of Time' which still, we believe, fetches some three guineas at sales as a curiosity. The Emperor Maximilian once took a turn in a similar direction, and had a mania for being traced to Noah. Sages reasoned, and counsellors coaxed in vain, till the cure came from his cook, who was also no common buffoon. 'As it is,' said that functionary, 'I reverence you as a kind of god; but if you insist on being derived from Noah, I must hail your majesty as a cousin.'

A good old family history invariably begins with a family legend. Like nations, families have their mythical period. The

first man of the line is generally the mythical personage. Sometimes he is a gigantic reflection of the descendant, like the Spectre of the Brocken—a king, or a demigod, or a wizard. Sometimes the same love of wonder takes just the opposite turn; and he is a poor reaper or a forester, raised to wealth and fame by an act of romantic heroism. Take the ‘History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus,’ by David Hume of Godscroft. Could we do better than begin with that Edinburgh folio of 1644, which was a first favourite with Sir Walter Scott? Godscroft was, like his illustrious namesake, a cadet of the great family of Hume, itself a branch of the still greater family of Dunbar. He flourished in the time of James VI. Here is the account which he gives of the celebrated tradition about the First Douglas. It is a pretty fair specimen of an old manner of telling an old story—a feudal fable in the language of a pedantic age:—

‘According, then, to the constant and generall tradition of men thus was their originall. During the reign of Soloathius, King of Scotland, one *Donald* Bane (that is, Donald the White or Fair) having possesst himself of all the Western Islands (called Ebudes or Hebrides), and intitling himself King thereof, aspired to set the crown of Scotland also upon his head. For effectuating whereof he gathered a great army, wherein he confided so much that he set foot on the nearest continent of Scotland, to wit, the province of Kintyre and Lorne. The King’s Lievetenants, *Duchal* and *Culen*, made head against him with such forces as they could assemble on the sudden. Donald, trusting to the number of his men, did bid them battell, and so prevailed at first that he made the King’s army give ground, and had now almost gained the day, and withall the kingdom that lay at stake, both in his own conceit and the estimation of his enemies. In the mean time a certain nobleman, disdainng to see so bad a cause have such good successe, out of his love to his prince and desire of honour, accompanied with his sons and followers, made an onset upon these prevailing rebels with such courage and resolution that he brought them to a stand, and then heartening the discouraged fliers, both by word and example, he turns the chase, and in stead of victory they got a defeat; for Donald’s men being overthrown, and fled, he himself was slain. The fact was so much the more noted as the danger had been great, and the victory unexpected. Therefore the King being desirous to know of lievetenants the particulars of the fight, and inquiring for the author of so valiant an act, the nobleman being thene in person, answer was made unto the King in the Irish tongue (which was then only in use), *Sholto Du glasse*; that is to say, Behold yonder black, gray man! pointing at him with the finger, and designing him by his colour and complexion, without more ceremony or addition of titles of honour. The King, considering his service and merits in preserving his crowne, and delighted with that homely designation, rewarded him royally with many great lands, and imposed upon him the name of Douglas, which hath  
continued

continued with his posterity untill this day. And from him the shire and county which he got is called stil Douglasdale ; the river that watereth it Douglas River ; the castle which he built therein Douglass Castle. This narration, besides that it is generally received, and continued as a truth delivered from hand to hand, is also confirmed by a certain manuscript of great antiquity, extant in our days in the hands of one Alexander Macduffe of Tillysaul, who dwelt at Moore alehouse, near Strathbogie.

The last touch about Mr. Macduffe of the alehouse contrasts quaintly with the poetic incident of the dark-gray man. But George Chalmers of the 'Caledonia' is a better authority than Mr. Macduffe. That laborious antiquary was as fatal to these old spectral figures, in which our ancestors believed, as a policeman is to a ghost. He turned his lantern on the corners of gray castles, and away flew their giant shadows. In plain English, he produces a charter from Arnald, abbot of Kelso, 1147-1160, granting lands on the Douglas-water—'Theobaldo Flamatico'—to Theobald the Fleming ; and adds, 'As this grant of Arnald to Theobald is the first link of the chain of title-deeds to Douglasdale, this family must relinquish their original domain or acknowledge their Flemish descent.' Chalmers took a kind of savage pleasure in demolishing a tradition, and he handled the descent of the Stewarts from Banquo in the same way as he does the story before us. But the moral influence of such traditions is not shaken when the literary form is broken up. That they were ever believed is the best proof that the family was great and illustrious. An imaginary hero was thought the natural progenitor of a real living one, just as the Scandinavians derived their kings from gods because their actions were god-like. We may add here, that several similar legends appear to have been invented to account for the arms of families. The Hays do not carry three escutcheons because three heroes saved a Celtic king long before arms were dreamed of, but these having been carried from remote ages, the myth was formed for their explication. And so with regard to stories of a similar kind not exactly heraldic. The Worm of Somerville, of which we shall presently hear more, and the Lambton Worm, are plainly incredible. The truth is, they are cases in which symbols have come to be taken for facts, owing to the realistic tendency of the popular mind ; and in the course of ages what was an abstract fancy has become a concrete bit of history. What they really prove is the antiquity of the families. In the existence of the 'dark-gray man,' we see how truly great the Douglasses were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by a legend assigning their origin to the eighth. Godscroft is careful

careful to remark with regard to his time-honoured tale, that 'this our narration doth better deserve credit than those of *Romulus*, *Numa*, and *Theseus*, seeing that it contains nothing that is impossible.' He was evidently anxious to prove the Douglasses a native Scottish family likewise; probably because the Stewarts were then universally considered to be so. Yet nothing can be more certain than that nearly all the great families which figure in the history of Scotland since the authentic period were Norman, Saxon, or Danish—as the Bruces, Ramsays, Lindsays, Maules, Maxwells, Dunbars, and scores of others—a few were Flemish, like the Douglasses, or said to be Hungarian, like the Lesleys,—even the heads of some Highland clans were plainly Norman—and for Celtic families we must go to the distant hills of the north, or to the remote south-west, where the M'Dowalls, sprung from the old *reguli* of Galloway, have long survived the abolition of Celtic usages and the extinction of the Celtic tongue. With regard to the Stewarts, there seems little reason to doubt that they came from the great Norman family of Fitz-Alan, whose heiress in England carried their representation to the Mowbrays, and so to the Howards, towards the close of the fourteenth century.

However, no one is likely to regret the disappearance of his shadowy warrior or that romantic reaper, who reflects that a stout Teuton flourishing *circa* 1100 is as substantial an ancestor as gentleman could wish. From the influx of these brave men dates the real history of Scotland. They brought with them talent, courage, and organization; Scotland became a kingdom with definite bounds and a definite character, having found right leaders. In the long course of years from the defeat of the English till the establishment of the Reformation, what a part the Douglasses played! A Douglas received the last words of Robert Bruce; a Douglas spoke the epitaph of John Knox. They were celebrated in the prose of Froissart and the verse of Shakspeare. They have been sung by antique Barbour and by Walter Scott, by the minstrels of Otterbourne and by Robert Burns. Indeed, it is a matter of general consent among our Scottish neighbours that the Douglasses are their most illustrious family. Even a Glasgow radical warms at the name.

We must not, therefore, be hard on Hume of Godscroft if we find him possessed by that zeal for the race which is the first characteristic of a family historian. 'I think,' says he, in his old-fashioned way, 'it will not be amisse to place here before the doore (as it were) and entire into this discourse and treatise (like a signe or ivie-bushe before an inne) an old verse which is common in men's mouths—

'So many, so good as of the Douglasses have been,  
Of one sir-name were ne'er in Scotland seen.'

And he proceeds to give us a dissertation in proof of this, under four heads — 1. Antiquity; 2. Nobility; 3. Greatness; 4. Valour. What he means to show is, that though certain families excelled them in some particular point, no one family united so many different claims. 'The Grahams have produced individuals as eminent,' he would argue, 'but they were never so powerful. The Cummins were earlier great, but they have not lasted. We are more ancient than the Hamiltons, and more renowned than any of you.' He would be a bold man who ventured to deny this general pre-eminence.

Every historic family has in broad terms its popular renown which can be traced through different generations by the favourite epithets of the singers. So in Scotland—the lightsome Lindsays, gay Gordons, gallant Grahams, are all familiar expressions—not so accurate as *we* could wish in an age which delights in subtle delineations of character and refinements on motives and counter-motives, but generally true, all the same. The 'doughty Douglas' is a phrase which no doubt seems at first the mere jingle of an alliteration; and yet, when we look at the history of the family, we shall find that it is admirably expressive. They always had force of character—a massive emphasis of 'pluck'—such as the word implies. The first famous Douglas was a 'William the Hardy.' Two generations later came an Archibald the Grim. Later still came *Bell the Cat*, with his terrible decision and rapidity of stroke. You feel at once that they were strong, emphatic, weighty characters; and it seems natural to learn that physically they were stalwart and tough. Many instances show that physical and intellectual vigour usually went together in early times—as in Charlemagne, William the Norman, and Robert Bruce—and that the true old baron was our 'premier' and 'champion of England' in one! To such a mass of manhood as an early Douglas men naturally gravitated. No family was so loyally loved and obeyed:—

'O Douglas, O Douglas,  
Tender and true!

exclaims the author of the 'Buke of the Howlat,' a faithful re-tainer who wrote about 1453. Their followers flocked to the Bloody Heart against their own sovereign as naturally as they had flocked to it against the princely Percys, the Cliffords, Nevills, and Umphravilles. There was a time when they could raise thirty thousand men. They made the crown itself a doubtful

ful possession, and fell before nothing less than a king's dagger and a king's army.

Yet, if the Douglasses were pre-eminently 'doughty,' they produced men also of the gentler and more purely chivalric type. Such was he who is remembered as the Good Sir James, the comrade of Bruce in his wars, when—

‘Edward the Bruce, was there als way,  
Thomas Randel and Hew de la Hay,  
And good Sir David the Barclay,’

and the friend who carried his heart to the Holy Land. Godscroft is not so happy in his accounts of the very early men as of later ones. He is occasionally apt to be long-winded and tedious—to prose about ‘the noteable example of that worthy Fabius Maximus.’ An old editor justly objects to him ‘the number and prolixity of his reflections.’ He is at his best when he forgets his classical learning and narrates from his heart; and at such times, full of the greatness of the family, he becomes delightfully quaint. He then describes one of them as ‘a true member of such a house well retaining that natural sap sucked from his predecessors of valour and of love to his country.’ Speaking of the sixth Earl of Douglas, he says, ‘he was of the old spirit of the ancient nobility; he could not serve or obey but whom he ought.’ ‘They must have muffles that would catch such a Cat,’ he adds. ‘The raising of new and mean men was the thing that he and his house did ever dislike very much,’ is a remark of his, in speaking of the eighth Earl, which brings the Claudian family to mind, and shows us how great power bred great haughtiness, and the house became unfit to be quiet subjects. The eighth Earl went to the Jubilee at Rome in 1450—‘as his enemies did interpret it, to show his greatness to foreign princes and nations. There went with him in company,’ Godscroft goes on, ‘a great number of noblemen and gentlemen; such as the Lord Hamilton, Gray, Salton, Seton, Oliphant, and Forbes; also Calder, Urquhart, Campbell, Fraser, Lawders of Cromarty, Philorth, and Bass, knights, with many other gentlemen of great account.’ We may see the hold which such a family had on their tenants from the fact about the same Earl in our next quotation. During his absence, ‘the king sent W. Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, to intromit with his goods and rents in Galloway and Douglas to satisfy complainers therewith. But it was to no purpose, for he was eluded and almost mocked by the tenants.’ This loyalty to the old families it was that preserved so long those beautiful ballads which embody the sentiments of ancient Scotland. In no country had the aristocracy more power; in  
none

none are they more respected. To this day, amidst all the changes going forward, when names that defied a thousand battles are falling before the iron trade, the old families enjoy a popular affection which money can never buy, and which covers their hoary antiquity with a fresh verdure such as spring brings regularly to their ancestral trees.

With this William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, fell the greatness of the Black Douglasses, the descendants of the Good Sir James. He was stabbed by James II. in 1452. His brother died a monk. Galloway, where the ruins of their castle of Thrieve are still worth seeing, was annexed to the Crown. The Red Line of the Earls of Angus, which had sprung off the stock in the person of a son of the first Earl of Douglas, now represented the power of the house; and they were worthy of the honour. One of them had married a daughter of Robert III. They sent two hundred gentlemen of the name to die at Flodden. The Regent Morton, who played such a conspicuous part in the sixteenth century, was one of their cadets. Their descendants became Dukes of Hamilton by marrying the heiress of line; and in rank, connexion, and possessions, the family may still vie with the proudest in Europe.

Godscroft, we have said, is most readable when he is most simple and unpretending; and no doubt the passages which he thought least of are those in which lovers of Scottish history now take most delight. There is a certain charm of homeliness about him when he tells us of the old proverbs by which the family expressed their love of freedom: 'Better hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep!' or 'Loose and living!' for an ancient race has its own proverbs, as it has its own ghost; its own oaths, even; or its own personal characteristics. There is a 'Hamilton chin,' which the curious in portraits know, as well as our progenitors knew that the Drummonds were famous for their fair women, or the Ruthvens for dabbling in unholy witchcraft, or that 'Grizel Cochrane,' with the same spirit which the living Cochrane showed in Basque Roads, dressed herself in man's clothes, and attacked the mail which was bringing her father's death-warrant. It is by gathering together such particulars that we learn how family propensities show themselves; and we should say to all family historians,—get as many anecdotes as possible, if you love your reader and want to be read, get anecdotes! Character manifests itself in little things, just as a sunbeam finds its way through a chink. A likeness in little is as valuable as a likeness in large; and how much better than a bad likeness on an enormous canvass! Unfortunately most writers labour at describing a character, instead of collecting the facts about it; and we find

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an inventory where we hoped to find a portrait, or at all events a relic, which would put us in contact with the person.

Here are two curious anecdotes from our historian of Archibald the sixth Earl of Angus, the man who married Margaret of England, widow of James IV., and so became grandfather of Darnley, and ancestor of Her Majesty :—

‘They tell also how at another time she [viz. the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine] desired to have his castle of Tantallon to keep warders in, or upon I know not what pretext, or for what use. To this hee gave no answer for a long time; but having a gose-hawke on his fist, which he was feeding, spake of her, saying she was a greedy gled. “The devill is in this greedy gled, she will never be full!” . . . They tell also how the Queen Regent had intention to make the Earl of Huntley a duke; whereof when she was discoursing with Angus she told him how Huntley had done her very good service, for which she intended to advance him, and make him a duke, to which he answered, “Why not, madam; we are happy that have such a princesse that can know and will acknowledge men’s service, and is willing to recompense it. But ‘by the might of God!’ (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times it was, ‘by St. Bride of Douglas!’) *if he be a Duke I will be a drake*,” alluding to the word Duke, which in Scotland signifies a duck, as well as that title and dignitie, which being the female, and the drake the male, his meaning was, he would be above and before him. . . . So she desisted from further prosecuting of that purpose.’

This earl was a grandson of Archibald the fifth Earl of Angus, the famous ‘Bell the Cat.’ Of that stalwart potentate Godscroft tells a story which illustrates his stormy and violent times, and brings the man before us :—

‘The King on a time was discoursing at table of the personages of men, and by all men’s confession the prerogative was adjudged to the Earl of Angus. A courtier that was bye, one Spense of Kilspindie, . . . cast in a word of doubting and disparaging: “it is true,” said he, “if all be good that is up-come,” meaning, if his action and valour were answerable to his personage. This spoken openly, and coming to the Earle’s ears, offended him highly. It fell out after this, as the Earle was riding from Douglas to Tantallon, that he sent all his company the nearest way, and he himself, with one onely of his servants, having each of them a hawk on his fist, in hope of better sport, took the way by Borthwick towards Falawe; where lighting at the brook at the west end of the town, they bathed their hawks. In the mean time this Spense happened to come that way, whom the Earle espying, said, “Is not this such a one, that made question of my manhood? I will go to him, and give him a trial of it, that we may know which of us is the better man.” “No, my lord,” said his servant, “it is a disparagement for you to meddle with him.” . . . “I see,” said the Earle, “he hath

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one with him; it shall be thy part to grapple with him, whilst I deal with his master." So fastening their hawks they rode after him. "What reason had you," said the Earle to him, "to speak contemptuously of me at a such a time?" When the other would have excused the matter, he told him that would not serve the turne. "Thou art a big fellow, and so am I; one of us must pay for it." The other answered, "If it may be no matter, there is never an Earle in Scotland but I will defend myself from him as well as I can." . . . So, alighting from their horses, they fought a certain space; but at last the Earl of Angus cut Spence's thigh-bone asunder, so that he fell to the ground, and died soon after.'

Such stories were evidently genuine traditions, and tradition preserves much which mere charters cannot embody. While admitting the frequent admixture of fable we must be careful—to borrow a metaphor from the diggings—in washing the earth not to lose the particles of gold.

Godscroft gives a pretty full narrative of the career of the Earl of Morton, and preserves his appearance for us, in his dry but sometimes picturesque way:—

'He was slow of speech, by a naturall stayedness and composed gravity. He was of a middle stature, rather square than tall, having the hair of his head and beard of a yellowish flaxen.'

It is characteristic of the tendency of family historians to make the best of their heroes, good or bad, that he soon after adds:—

'He kept a concubine or two, because of his lady's being frantic, and was even too much set to heap up treasure.'

'Master David' could not have found it in his heart to say that a Douglas was grossly profligate and abominably avaricious!

The 'History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus' ends with the death of Archibald, the eighth Earl of Angus, a friend of the historian's, in 1588. With all its defects—occasional exaggeration in the early parts, and here and there a genealogical error, which the more accurate science of to-day enables us to correct, and in spite of a certain pedantic tediousness and prolixity—this book of Hume of Godscroft still remains an excellent specimen of its class. Antiquaries esteem it as of good general authority; and its loyalty of spirit, antique dignity of style, and occasional gleams of picturesque colour, make it worthy of a larger number of readers than it has lately found. It were to be wished that any English family of corresponding rank had a history of corresponding excellence. But it is a curious circumstance, that while England is a thousandfold richer than Scotland in antiquarian literature—in county histories, for example, those monuments of the greatness of English families—Scotland has produced

produced the best family histories, from the days of Godscroft to the days of the 'Lives of the Lindsays.' We shall now turn to a work which belongs to the interval between these, we mean the 'Memorie of the Somervilles.' That delightful specimen of the *genus* turned up among the MSS. of the family in the time of Sir Walter Scott, and was published by him in 1815. It had been written by James the eleventh Lord Somerville, in the time of Charles II.

There can be little question that it were better in all cases that the history should be written by a member of the family. He is the proper man to crown the Lar with flowers. He is the natural historian of those whose blood he inherits. What is his remotest ancestor but his father so many steps back? The love of the subject, which is the root of all excellence in writing, can be so strong in no man as in him. We may have valuable histories from others; from him we expect a warmth of sentiment and tenderness of feeling which shall stamp the work with a charm beyond mere literature. In the case of biographies, for instance, do we not see that a tender tie between biographer and hero has existed in the case of some of the very best, and imparted a peculiar colour of human attraction to the 'Agricola,' to Roper's 'Sir Thomas More,' and to Lockhart's masterly 'Life of Scott'?

The chief charm of the 'Memorie of the Somervilles' is an affectionate, antique enthusiasm for the subject, which gives a delightful *naïveté* to it. There is an air of ancient domesticity about it, as if you had been transported into the feudal days; not into the romance of them, but into their homely and everyday life. In order to put our readers *en rapport* with the kindly and quaint historian, we shall transcribe from the preface, 'by way of ane epistle to my sones,' dated 1679:—

'I first intertain'd the thoughts and set about this worke, when your loveing mother and my dearest wife attended her respective parents at the place of Corr-house dureing their long sicknes, which gave the first ryse to that of her oune, and depryved me at length of that happyness enjoyed in her sweet societie above most of men; and good God! how could it otherwayes be, seeing all that could be wished for in any woman was eminently to be found in her. In birth, worshipful, being the second daughter of as ancient a house and familie as any within the shyr of ther degree;\* her parents not only honoured but much beloved of all for ther hospitalitie and vertue. It was truely said of Corr-house that he was the soonest and longest a man of any gentleman in Scotland; and indeed he was company for a prince, and the greatest of our grandies. . . . Now, by what I have said of her near relations, her oune personall worth can hardly be

\* The Bannatynes of Corr-house, in Lanarkshire.

conceaved,

conceaved, far lesse expressed, by soe un-learned and dull a pen as myne, if not supplied by the affectione of a kinde husband, and enlivened by the remembrance of soe excellent a wife. Consider her, then, in her parents, in her relationes, her education, and as a mother, but above all in her understanding and persone. For the first, she had so clear and piercing a witt in apprehending any matter, religious or civill, that her answers were ready and pertinent, home to the purpose proponed, without affectation or wrangling to hear herself speak. . . . For her knowledge in civill business, I can give her this testimonie from my oune experience, that never was any more happy to bring the most intricat and desperat affairs in all men's judgments to ane fortunate issue than she. When my estate was looked upon as quyte ruined and undone, her prudence, conduct and vertue only preserved it; for to speak the truth, in my younger years, when I came first to the management of my estate, notwithstanding of the bad conditions I found it in, I mynded more my halkes and dogs than business, which was well supplied by my wife's indefatigable pains as to my concerns; neither did her diligence abroad make her neglect the care of her familie at home by her oune hands, at most tymes with a watchfull eye over her servants, with whom she conversed pleasantly and familiarly, which made them doe more than all the rigiditie that a sullen or dogged mistress can extract from them.

'For the proportion of her bodie, pureness and delicacie of her complexion, the sweetnes of her air, the best of meanes, with the stateliness of her port, all concurring to frame and make up an excellent creature, gave her absolutely the advantage of most of the women of her tyme, as cannot, nor will not, be denied by any that ever had the happyness to see her, save such of her oune sex as might have grudged and fretted at the universall applause she receaved, and testimonie of being the master-piece of women kynde that the present or future age may readily behold: from whose fruitfull womb four of yow, my sones, sprang before she attained the twentie-fourth year of her age, as exact modelles of her delicate self, being all of yow nursed with the teates and weaned upon the knees of a most indulgent mother, who cared for yow in the womb, in the cradle, up-bringing and breeding in all sciences and befitting exercises that might qualifie yow in your generatione and statione to be serviceable to your prince, country, and relationes, and before her death was soe happy as to see yow settled in your patrimonies, according to your birth-rights. Haveing proceeded thus far, I can add noe more; the sad remembrance of my unexpresseable losse hes quyte dulled my inventioun.

Yo<sup>r</sup> affectionate father,  
Sic subscribitur,  
JAMES SOMERVILL.'

This is as quaint as anything in Pepys, and much superior to the domesticity of Pepys in delicacy and chivalrous dignity, qualities which the writer inherited from as ancient and gentle a stock as Great Britain could furnish. The Somervilles are descended

descended from Sir Gualter de Somerville, a knight who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and obtained lands in Staffordshire. The Scottish branch was founded by a younger son, who attached himself to the good David I.; and they possessed lands in Roxburghshire as early as A.D. 1174. By a very curious accident the English and Scottish properties became re-united, after a lapse of six hundred years, on the death of the last of the English line, the well-known author of the 'Chace.' Shenstone observed of him that he loved him for his 'flocci-pauci-nihili-pilification of money,' a quality which the Scottish race possessed likewise, and which led them to entertain the Jameses at Cowthally Castle with a hospitality that, along with other circumstances, had much reduced them by the time of our historian. Perhaps, but for this temporary eclipse, the eleventh lord\* would not have had leisure or inclination to work away at the book before us; for though *Fortuna non mutat genus*, and can no more destroy noblesse than confer it, it is often observed that a family rises refreshed like the old giant from a tumble on the earth; that a Byron, a Mirabeau, a Chateaubriand appears to assert the principle of 'blood,' just as the world is beginning to moralise on the decay of his line. At such periods, too, a man cherishes the memory of his family honours with a peculiar tenderness, as they say the descendants of the Moors keep the keys of their Spanish castles to this day. There are some pleasant little touches of this family pride (never ungracefully shown) in the 'Memorie of the Somervilles;' and the personal interest its author exhibits in the history makes the book more amusing and dramatic than that of Hume of Godscroft, or, indeed, than any other family history with which we are acquainted.

Our readers would scarcely thank us for extracting the prolonged detail which Lord Somerville gives us of the way in which a remote progenitor daringly encountered and slew 'ane hideous monster in the forme of a worme, soe called and esteemed by the country people (but in effect has been a serpent or some such other creature), in lenth 3 Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than ane ordinary man's leg.' How the creature gradually became the terror of the neighbourhood—its consumption of food—the deliberate sallying forth of the brave Somerville with an

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\* The peerage dates from 1430. The first Lord Somerville married a daughter of Stewart Lord Darnley, and had a daughter, Margaret, married to Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. If the Kirkpatricks, from whom the Empress of the French is descended (undoubted cadets of that honourable old stock), sprang off, as is believed, at this point, her Majesty has the royal blood of Stuart in her veins. How Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, elegant antiquary as he was, would have delighted to trace the connexion!

attendant—how he set a lighted peat on the top of his lance—charged the monster, 'spite of its mighty jaws, and slew it—all this is detailed with a fond minuteness by the stout knight's descendant. But are there not proofs? Is not the Somerville crest to this day a wyvern *vert* on a wheel *or*? Is there not—somewhat defaced by time—a rude sculpture of a horseman charging the foul beast on the old church in the parish of Linton, Roxburghshire? Will not the country people tell you the story even now, as it is delivered by the 'constant tradition of men?' Unfortunately, the sculpture (which probably suggested the story in the first instance\*) proves, on examination, says Sir Walter Scott, not to represent a serpent at all. The spirit of these old fables is eternally true, become of the letter what will; and

'Somervel, a squire of great renown,'

who, as Blind Harry tells us, fought by the side of Wallace, had done as tough work in his time, no doubt, as ever 'ane hideous monster in the form of a worm' could have given anybody. These stories—like the ballads which nothing but the popular reverence for the heroes of them created and preserved—are among a hundred proofs of the unbought loyalty and love which the brave yeomen and peasantry of this country felt towards those whom modern ignorance and impudence describe as their 'oppressors.'

It is not, as we have hinted, in the early parts of their narratives that family histories of the old school are strongest. They are pretty sure—we do not say only to give legends—for these are interesting and curious, and we are glad to have them—but to make blunders in facts of connexion as well as in facts of history. Not only were the writers credulous—and naturally so, when writing of families so ancient and distinguished, that people would almost believe anything of them—but they were lamentably uncritical. They consulted evidences, but did not test and compare them, and were content, in using authorities, to transcribe from them. Errors thus crept in, as they did into those *laudationes* of the Romans, alluded to before, and about which Cicero tells us in the 'Brutus,' that they often contained false triumphs and false consulships. There was no deliberate invention of falsehood in these cases; but errors grew which were as like truths as some weeds are like flowers, and their pretty colours saved and disguised them. Nay, these very falsities had a kind of moral truth in them—a value like that of truth

\* 'One would suppose that sometimes the sculpture said to commemorate the legend, had *vice versâ* given rise to the legend.'—*Surtees' 'History of Durham,'* vol. ii. p. 172.

itself;

itself; they would never have been believed of any but families with regard to which much was really true—families that everybody admired as extraordinary. In the time of Lord Somerville, Dugdale was laying the foundations of a sound knowledge of family history by the publication of his great work the ‘*Baronage*,’ and the influence of the new era so far extended to our historian, that the ‘*Memorie*’ is in great measure sound, even in its purely antiquarian parts (the ‘worm’ story being professedly given as a popular tradition), and wholly free from such mad absurdity as distinguishes the work of Urquhart of Cromartie. The most fascinating portions are, of course, those where the narrator gives anecdotes of the last few generations—which have all the attraction of true traditions—which are told with an old-fashioned humour and colour indicative of real literary talent—and which light up bygone days with an effect like sun-light on tapestry. In their palmy period, the pride of the Somervilles was in their hospitality; and their castle of Cowthally, in the lovely Clyde region, was by a rude pun called Cow-daily from that circumstance. It is not without a pardonable enthusiasm that the old lord tells us of the feasting which took place when the young James IV. honoured the ‘infare’ (or entertainment of a bride on her reception at the bridegroom’s house) of a Somerville with his presence. The young lady was a half sister of Bell-the-Cat’s; for that stalwart Douglas was busy making connexions to strengthen his great house; and in those days when you married a gentleman’s daughter, the chances were you had to turn out with your tenants, with ‘spears and jacks,’ and help him before long. Nevertheless men ate and drank, and laughed and joked, and loved, much as they do now—some say with a more buoyant and bounding pulse than their descendants! But let us hear Lord Somerville:—

‘In September following [1489], his father being yet alyve, he brings home his young lady to Cowthally, where the infare was honoured with noe meaner guest than the King’s majestie, James the Fourth, being then in the second year of his reigne, and in the eighteenth year of his age.

‘The King, near to Inglestoune Bridge, had been met with by Sir John of Quathquan [the bridegroom], with some fiftieth gentlemen of his oune name and his father’s vassalles, who waited upon his Majesty unto Cowthally Castle. John Lord Somerville, by reasone of his age, was not able to meet the King at any distance. However, being supported by William Somervill younger of Plaine, and William Clelland of that ilk, both his nephewes, he received the King at the west end of the calsay that leades from Carnwath toune to Cowthally house, where his majestie was pleased to light from his horse, as did his wholl retinue, and walked upon foot from thence to Cowthally, being  
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near a quarter of a myle of excellent way. At the outter gate Dame Marie Baillzie, then Lady Somervill, being at this tyme not above the fourtieth and sixth year of her age, with her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Carmichaell, Sir John of Quathquan's lady, the lady Applegirth, the lady Cleghorn, the lady Carmichaell, and the Captaine of Crawfuird's lady, with a great many others that both by affinitie and consanguinitie were related to the house of Cowthally, with severall other ladyes, were ther present to well-come his majestie to the infare and make the intertainment more splendid. What ther fare was needs not to be discussed upon; it is enough to know it was in Cowthally House, where three of his Majestie's predecessores had been intertained before, and his successor, King James Fyft, often. How long his Majestie continued at Cowthally, I cannot be positive, but by the chamberlaine's and steward's accompts I find there was noe fewer beastes killed than fiftieth kyne, two hundered sheep, fourtieth bolles of malt, and of meall sexteinth, of butter twentieth stone, spent at the infare, besyde fishes, tame and wilde foull in such abundance that both the King and the nobilitie declared they had not seen the lyke in any house within the kingdome; and yett this intertainment was short by neer a third as to that the first Hugh Lord Somervill gave to King James the Fyft at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Lady Cookpooles.'

Elsewhere he has a paragraph which makes the precise character of these Homeric feastings more clear, where he speaks of—

'wholl sheep and legges of coves being served up in timber plates, or rather in troches [troughs] of ane awell [oval] forme. . . . This was a vanitie and unthriftie custome they observed at ther treaties in those days, for it was in the great quantitie of these and abundance of tame and wyld foull that they gloryed most. The fashione of kickshoes and desertes was not much knoune and served upon great men's tables before Queen Marie's reigne.'

The very best story in the book turns upon feasting. We allude to the incident of the 'Speates and Raxes.' One of the Jameses having intimated that he would honour Somerville with his company at his castle, the Baron despatched a missive to his lady, with the significant postscript, 'Speates and Raxes!'—implying that spits and ranges were to be put into instant service. Unluckily, the letter fell into the hands of a new steward, who, not knowing the writing, read 'Spears and Jacks!' The lady, instantly concluding that there was war in the wind, raised the followers without delay; and the King and Somerville found a couple of hundred armed men, under the command of a neighbouring laird, awaiting them on the road. At first the King feared treason, but the mistake was soon explained. Few Stewarts, from the first James to Topham Beauclerk, were without a keen sense of fun, and the monarch's delight was long and loud. This tale, which was a

favourite with the diners-out of Edinburgh for many a day, is of course told with minute detail by our historian; but as his narrative is lengthy, and has found its way into the 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy' we have preferred to abridge it.

The lad who figures in the following narrative, as receiving chastisement according to the ancient severity, was James Somervill of Drum, the author's father. The Drum branch took up the succession of the line, and honourably distinguished themselves in the Civil Wars. Our author, by the way, was rigidly loyal and strictly episcopal, and lays well about him upon all foes of crown and mitre when they come before him:—

'His infancie and youth during his abode at schooles with his grandfather, Raplock, with whom he continued, or at least was upon his charges, untill the eighteenth year of his age, I shall pass with two or three remarks. The first two evidences how sensible he was of correctione and apt to take with rebuke att a tyme when he could hardly discern betwixt his right and left hand. The house of Raplock being much frequented by strangers, and the familie itself numerous, it cannot be imagined but servants took occasion to spend much of their tyme idly, if not profanely; there was nothing wherein they exercised themselves more than in dyceing and carding. One evening while they were gameing (ther master's grandchylde James looking on, being then in the fyfth year of his age), they first contended and then quarrelled with much noyse, which comeing to ther master's eares, resideing in the garden chamber directly opposite to the kitchen lights, who hearing this great noyse, he makes doune the stairs to understand the cause, but not soe quickly but the putting of his staff upon the steppes of the stair discovering his coming, which made all of them betake themselves to their heeles to seek for a place of shelter, knowing well that if they were caught they would be soundly battoned, forr he was a man naturally cholerick, severe, and superstitious, ffearing every bad man that might presage the least misfortune to his house and ffamilie. Being come to the kitchen he finds non there but his grand-chylde James, and the cards upon the table, which he takes up and throws in the ffyre: when they were burning the chylde cryes out, "Dear grandffather, the bonny king of hearts is now brunt"!—whereupon his grandffather with his staff strykes him twyce upon the head, saying "ffalse knave, know ye the cards allready? Soon get out of my sight, otherways ye shall be soundly whipt." This correctione even then took soe deep impressiōe that during his wholl life, he hated the playing at cards, neither did he ever but un-willingly exercise himself therein.'

Lord Somerville, we may see, was, notwithstanding his natural gifts, by no means a finished writer; and has sentences which are as long as his pedigree, without being nearly so clear. He has not the air of the gown which distinguishes his more pretentious

tious predecessor, Hume of Godscroft. Yet his book is the more agreeable of the two; and besides its nature and its heart, its very garrulity is one of its principal charms. He lets you entirely into his confidence and company, in the oddest bursts of feeling, such as, 'Pardon these hard words from a Scots gentleman of noe meane extraction!' and his book has many of the qualities of a good novel, along with the immeasurable merit of reality and truth. In times when artificial antiques in literature find as good a sale as those bits of ancient art which are manufactured at Naples for travellers, it is worth while to keep genuine old literary curiosities in public remembrance. The domestic life of its forefathers is as respectable an object of inquiry as a nation could have, and such books very notably contribute to the understanding of it.

We should not be surprised if lumps of old treasure like this 'Memorie of the Somervilles' were yet lying buried in the charter-chests of ancient and considerable families, along with other valuable and neglected papers. Would that we could be certain they were not rotting with damp, or travelling by slow but certain stages to an ignominious grave in the snuff-shop or the cheesemonger's. We cannot afford to lose them, for the truth is, as Sir Harris Nicolas observes in his edition of the Scrope and Grosvenor Roll, that 'if the literature of this country be compared with that of France or Italy, it will be found extremely defective in memoirs of eminent families.' This is an old complaint; but it is always finding fresh illustration. While we write, a new 'History of the House of Colonna' is announced. But we are still without a decent history of the Percies, the Talbots, the Greys, the Hastingses, Devereuxes, or Nevilles. It would be no easy matter to produce a book which an Englishman could see without a blush lying alongside the sumptuous and splendid volumes of Litta. And if a reader desires information about our families, he must be content with the compilations of Collins, the ponderous folio of Dugdale, county histories which for the most part give mere pedigrees and law documents, or Peerages which tell little more than tombstones.

Not in the whole list of family histories, in the pages of Moule's 'Bibliotheca Heraldica,' are there two books so intrinsically valuable—we speak of moral, historical, and artistic value—as the two of which we have endeavoured to give our readers a notion. There are however some curious specimens, and some which are important for their genealogical information. The first are the results of accident; the second are usually written either by professed genealogists or by domestic chaplains of an antiquarian turn. Neither class is readable; that is to say, neither

has exercised any influence on opinion, or has done justice to the houses which it celebrates in the eyes of the world.

Of the first class—those which we owe to the accident of some retainer's having taken up his pen to do honour to his masters—we have a specimen in Seacome's 'House of Stanley,' published at Liverpool about 1741. 'John Seacome of Liverpool, gent.,' had been house-steward to Earl William, grandson of the Earl James who died on the scaffold for the Stuarts. An honourable loyalty to the family characterises Mr. Seacome, but his intellect is of the humblest order. One paragraph will show us how the rationalism of the century was exploding old legends, and how Mr. Seacome reasoned according to the spirit of the age. He is speaking of the well-known legend of the Eagle and Child of the Lathams of Latham, whose heiress of line, as everybody knows, carried Latham to the Stanleys:—

'Whoever knows anything of the nature of *hawks* in general (of which the *eagle* is principal) must of consequence know with what fury and violence they strike their prey, killing all they stoop to at one stroke, or before they leave it; and knowing this, must allow it morally impossible that a bird of prey of that strength and rapacious nature that an eagle is known to be should carry a live child to her airey unhurt.'

The gravity of this is irresistible, nor does the style of the work rise any where above this level. He gives us an odd old rhyming history of the Stanleys, and we are very sorry to say that the poetry which he preserves is no better than the prose in which he embalms it:—

'Their names be Audley, of verry right descent:  
I shall show you how if you give good intent,  
As quickly as I can, without more delay,  
How the name was changed and called *Stanley*.

'In ancient tyme, much more than two hundred years,  
Was our Lord Awdley, as by stories doth appear,  
Awdley by creation, also by name Awdley,  
Then haveing a lordship that is called *Stanley*,  
Which lordship he gave unto his second sonn,  
For valliant acts that before he had done.  
Their this man dwelled many a daye,  
And many yeares was called Awdley of Stanley;  
Afterward he marry'd the heire of Scurton,  
And when Scurton dyed thither he went to wonn,  
And then he was called Stanley of Scurton,  
The which name sticketh still to all his succession.'

*Ohe! jam satis*—the reader no doubt exclaims. Compared with this, Dugdale is like the Arabian Nights, and Collins gay and

and graceful. Tradition, like amber, preserves sad trash sometimes. Weeds fasten themselves on the walls of old castles. It is melancholy to find such a singer in the train of a family with seven hundred years of gentility and four hundred years of peerage—such a poem, preserved by such an historian.

But this book, like most sincere books—for we are certain that poor Mr. Seacome did his best, and would have been a tolerable historian for a less renowned line—has its points of interest. His detailed account of the fate of Earl James gives particulars which have historical value, and touches of personal interest:—

‘When his body was taken up,’ he tells us, ‘and laid in his coffin, there was thrown into it the following lines by an unknown hand:—

‘Wit, bounty, courage, all three here in one lie dead—

A Stanley’s hand, Vere’s heart, and Cecill’s head.’

And we may learn from him, on the best authority, the degree to which the family suffered for their loyalty—loyalty how requited is but too well known!—

‘Earl William, whom I had the honour to serve several years as household steward, hath often told me that he possessed no estate in Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and Wales, but whenever he viewed any of them he could see another near or adjoining to that he was in possession of, equal or greater of value, lost by his grandfather for his loyalty and service to the crown and his country.’

In fact, the poorest and most meagre family record, written from *personal* feeling and *personal* knowledge, is sure to have some value; the instinct of affection will direct the writer to points of sentimental interest, and his position will throw in his way details which may often prove of no little historical importance. There is an attractive little ‘Genealogical Account of the Barclays of Urie,’ which was written by Robert Barclay, a son of the Apologist, and published at Aberdeen in 1740. Small as it is, it illustrates every advantage which this class of books possesses. The earnest religious character which appeared so strongly in the vindicator of the Quakers is there shown to have distinguished his ancestors; especially one Alexander Barclay of Mathers, who had a charter in 1483, and married into the Wisharts of Pitarrow, also an earnest stock. And here let us say, that nothing is more curious and touching to the student of this branch of antiquities than to see fine races transmitting their virtues through their women. This is a matter of which common biographers and historians take little heed; but we humbly submit, that when a great man is talked about we should have due honour given to his mother and ancestors in the female lines.

Few

Few writers in our day have a word of decent civility for the family of Stewart. It would be curious to trace its hereditary character in the chief line: our present purpose is only to remark on the greatness attained by some men who descended maternally from it. We need scarcely say that the mother of William of Orange was a Stewart princess. The mother of Cromwell was, beyond all doubt, of one branch of the family. So was the mother of the Admirable Crichton; and of the famous soldier Alexander Lesley, first Earl of Leven. Chatham was nearly and directly from the royal stem, through his grandmother—a descendant of the Regent Murray's. Fox's mother, Lady Lennox, was immediately descended from Charles II. Byron had the blood in his veins. How interesting to see eminent families sharing in this kind of way in a great man's renown! The gifted Shaftesbury's mother was a Manners; Algernon Sidney's a Percy; and his famous kinsman, Philip's, a Dudley;—the poet Beaumont's a Pierrepont. The mother of Marshal Stair was a Dundas; and the brilliant Peterborough was the son of one of the brilliant Carys. The Ruthvens and Carnegies gave mothers to Montrose and Dundee. The Villierses gave a mother to Chatham; the Granvilles to Pitt. Nelson inherited the blood of the Sucklings and Walpoles; Colingwood that of the Greys and Plantagenets. From the Hampdens came the mother of Waller; and also Mary Arden (of that ancient Warwickshire family), the mother of Shakspeare. The literary talent runs through female lines like other qualities. Swift's mother was a Herrick, and his grandmother a Dryden. Donne derived, through his mother, from Sir Thomas More. Thomson had the Hume blood in his veins. A daughter of Beccaria produced Manzoni. The late Bishop Coplestone evidently got his playfulness from the Gays; as Chesterfield his wit from Lord Halifax. The relationship between Fielding and 'Lady Mary' is well known. Sometimes, when a notable man comes from a family never before heard of, it happens that he just comes after a marriage with a better one. Thus, the mother of Selden was of the knightly Bakers of Kent; Camden's of the ancient Curwens of Workington. The observer, who chooses to keep his eye on such points in the course of his general reading, will find that 'blood' shows itself a great deal more than people who know nothing whatever of the subject would probably admit. The loose notions about 'aristocracy' prevalent in England—notions strangely vague, when we consider how thoroughly aristocratic England really is—the distinction drawn between nobility and gentility, terms once synonymous here, and still synonymous everywhere else—have the effect of making

making people forget how many great men have really been of what a Frenchman, for instance, would call 'aristocratic' families. Philosophers like Bacon, Hume, and Berkeley; poets like Spenser, Shelley, Scott; novelists like Fielding and Smollett; historians like Gibbon; seamen like Collingwood and Jervis; Vanes, St. Johns, George Herberts, and so many others of simple but ancient gentry, amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honour of producing the best men that England has ever seen. Yet, every other day, some 'sapient' organ of opinion 'flings out a rude taunt against an undefined 'aristocracy,' not choosing to recollect that if it is 'family' which constitutes aristocracy, the 'good families' in the peerage have, even in the last half-dozen generations, produced the best men—from Lord Halifax to Lord Derby; witness Carteret, Mansfield, Chesterfield, and Byron. An old Roman noble, according to Cicero, happily extinguished one such enemy, who told him that he was 'unworthy of his ancestors,' by replying, 'Hercules! you're worthy of yours!' But reasoning and sarcasm are lost upon persons who are dead to the first from their ignorance of facts, and safe from the second by their density of hide.

To return to the class of works before us: a fair notion of the regular family history of the eighteenth century may be derived from Anderson's '*History of the House of Yvery*,'\* published in 1742. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, has a lively passage about it. He is speaking in 1749 of the second Lord Egmont, who had just succeeded to the peerage:—

'The first event that made him known was his carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work, called the *History of the House of Yvery*, a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, . . . and which was so ridiculous that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election in these or some such words, "*And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!*"'

Of course, one is not surprised to find that the passage in question is not half so ridiculous as it is here represented: such things lose nothing in passing through the hands of Horace Walpole.

In the '*House of Yvery*' we find ourselves in a new atmosphere, after leaving Godscroft and Lord Somerville. The poetic,

\* For the great errors into which Anderson or Lord Egmont fell (some say his Lordship wrote the book, which we do not believe), see Drummond's '*Noble British Families*,' vol. ii., where the Perceval pedigree is given from more recent investigations.

old-fashioned loyalty—the tenderness of enthusiasm which, even when it excites a smile, never for a moment loses our respect,—these are not present in the pages of the historian of the house of Perceval. There is unbounded glorification of the family, no doubt, but not so simple, so innocent, and so sincere as the admiration of the older writers. There is a solemn and deliberate pedantry; and we can fancy we see an old herald officiating at an old funeral; not in the tearful state of the faithful servants, but wholly taken up with the banner and canopy, and bent on keeping the monks, who are carrying candles, barefoot, in a straight and proper line. We are treated to some opening remarks on the Incas of Peru, who ‘pretended to be children of the Sun.’ We have then a solemn inquiry as to the name of Percival. Is it an ancient British or Gallic word? or from a little village in Normandy? or from *val de Perce*? or from *per* or *par cheval*? or from *per se valens*, ‘which contains a haughty implication of the Grandeur and the Independence of this family’? We shall quote a sentence or two, in order to show that the erudite Anderson and his patron were determined to lose no claim to honour to which the ancient line could pretend. He tells us,—

‘It was usual in ancient times with the greatest families, and is by all genealogists allowed to be a mighty evidence of dignity, to use certain nicknames, which the French call *sobriquetes* . . . such as “the Lame,” or “the Black.” . . The house of Yvery, not deficient in any mark or proof of greatness and antiquity, abounds at different periods in instances of this nature. Roger, a younger son of William Gouel de Perceval, was surnamed *Balbus*, or the Stutterer.’

This recalls to our mind an old Scottish gentlewoman (one of those genealogical old ladies now, we fear, becoming rare), who would never allow that any but people of family could have *bonâ fide* gout! If it was mentioned that a *roturier* was afflicted with that disease, she would shake her head,—‘Na, na! it’s only my father and Lord Gallowa’ that has the *regular* gout!’ Mr. Anderson thought, like this old lady, that the weaknesses of great blood were honourable, as the disease of the oyster produces the pearl.

Mr. Anderson seems to have had a suspicion that the wags of his period, as well as its new families, would laugh at him, or would writhe with envy at his exhibition of the lustre and distinction of the House, and therefore he attacks in advance,—

‘William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, and First Minister to Queen Elizabeth during the greatest part of her long and glorious reign’ [it is characteristic of the genealogist, this formal description] ‘was frequently used to say that nobility was nothing else but ancient riches. Notwithstanding this, if some of the modern race of gentry,

gentry, some of whom since the beginning of this century have by various means, too odious to be mentioned, advanced themselves to great riches, should consequently expect to be acknowledged noble under the doctrine of the Lord Burleigh, as to be esteemed gentlemen from that expression in Spain, they would find themselves egregiously mistaken.\*

He provides carefully against opposition, for he says:—

‘Some expressions of the dignity of this family, which in works of this kind are not to be avoided, may create disgust in those who envy that eminence in others to which they cannot pretend themselves.’

This defiant tone indicates that he expected opposition; that there was a kind of ‘set’ among various people against family pretensions. Prior\* had said,—

‘Nobles and heralds, by your leave,

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior :

The son of Adam and of Eve ;

Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?’

And against aristocracy, viewed as a merely artificial institution, this way of talking was plausible enough. In fact, the fault of clever and practical men then was, that they underrated antiquity. Along with this, they neglected the doctrine of race. They spoke of birth as an ‘accident,’ which was only a limited way of considering it,† and did not take the pains to observe that the superior minds of England at that very time were men of birth,—as Carteret and Walpole, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, and Fielding; and that the same fact had been true in the Civil War. But aristocracy was not upheld on its real merits, nor viewed as an institution which sprang from deep roots in the heroic history of Europe; and which, for instance, had as much created ‘liberty’ as it had created titular distinctions. Those who maintained it dwelt too much on what was secondary and accidental about it, and so provoked an antagonism which did not spare what was primary and intrinsic. Swift had come to the rescue in the *Examiner*, and defended it on its true grounds, but with a fierceness quite equal to his brilliant wit. ‘A pearl,’ says he, writing of the positions from which great men come, ‘holds its value, though it be found on a dunghill ;

\* Horace Walpole seems to have thought that Prior was a son of Lord Dorset’s. A curious essay might be written on the great men of the Bend Sinister, or Border Wavy: it would illustrate the question of blood. One of the Leslies in the seventeenth century left some sixty-eight bastards!

† That is to say, it is an ‘accident’ as regards the *individual* that he should be born from this or the other source (as, in one sense, it is an ‘accident’ that he should have genius or beauty), but it is not by accident that whole bodies of men acquire the predominance in a country, and display superior vigour and conduct in keeping it.

only that is not the most probable place to look for it.' It is not uncommon in later times to find it assumed that it is absurd to look for 'pearls' anywhere else.

The 'History of the House of Yvery,' however, has its value; not literary, indeed, but antiquarian. It contains a mass of information about several ancient lines which played an honourable part in English history. The names of Perceval, Gournay, and Lovel, are not, to be sure, familiarly known, and carried *per ora virum*, like those of Howard or Herbert. Their importance was feudal rather than modern. But many a great man lived *ante Agamemnona*—before printing, as we may translate it—who, had he displayed proportionate merit in a publishing age, would have covered our drawing-room tables with his memoirs, his dispatches, and his letters. Many an old baron, of whom we can learn nothing, except through a writ of summons, or a few lines in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' or some Norman-French verses in the Roll of Carlaverock, would, if he lived now, have his portrait in Colnaghi's, and be famous in the newspapers. The old barons did their duty in that sphere of life to which God called them; and if we obtain louder celebrity, and make more noise, let us not mistake the multiplied reverberations and echoes made by our deeds for proofs that the deeds themselves are worthier and nobler.

As a specimen of the curiosities of genealogy, we quote a statement of Anderson's about the royal descents of the Egmont Branch of the House of Yvery. He assures us that they are descended fifty-two times from William the Conqueror, forty-five times from the Royal Family since the Conquest, eight times from the Kings of Scotland, and twenty-eight times from the ancient Kings of Ireland. To collect these details is an amusement characteristic of the heraldic mind. Probably it is the long dwelling on such fascinating *minutiæ* which makes the herald expose himself to those darts which in every age riddle his tabard. 'Old Peter Le Neve, the herald,' says Horace Walpole, 'thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family.' This was the man who wrote as an epitaph on Craggs, 'Here lies the last, who died before the first of his family.' It was not without justice that Edmund Burke objected to such writers, their disposition to make the possession of rank a proof of the possession of merit. 'Men,' he says, 'who when alive were the pity of their acquaintance make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Edmondson or Collins.' So strangely are objects of vision transfigured when seen through an atmosphere of *or* and *gules*!

At the period to which we have now arrived, it would really  
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seem as if the writing of family histories had been abandoned to men of the Anderson stamp; to mere antiquarians; men whose importance nobody but an ignoramus would question, but whose *forte* assuredly is not literature. A mere genealogist can no more write a family history than a sexton can write an epitaph. Who more likely than the sexton to have the name and dates correctly? but you want to know the men; and a skeleton in Surgeons' Hall is not more like a human being than a barren pedigree is a fair picture of a line of gentlemen. In fact, to a complete family history there go two men, or there needs a man singularly endowed with different qualities; it should unite the accuracy of the herald with the glow of the good narrator. Gibbon's Digression on the Family of Courtenay is a stately and luminous sketch, worthy of the historic house; Cleaveland's History of the Family lives only in the paragraph in which Gibbon observes of the historian, 'his gratitude is greater than his industry, and his industry than his criticism.' Gibbon had more respect for the sentiment of birth than many an inferior man. He was of old Kentish race himself; of a gentle family, which had produced an heraldic writer in the previous century; which gave a mother to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and a grandmother to Sir Egerton Brydges.

We have already intimated that to Sir Walter Scott more than to any other man we owe the renewed interest in these subjects, which makes them altogether more justly regarded in the middle of the nineteenth century than they were in the middle of the eighteenth. 'He delighted above all other books,' says Lockhart, 'in such as approximate to the character of good family histories.'

'Whatever he had in himself, he would fain have made out a hereditary claim for. He often spoke both seriously and sportively on the subject. He had assembled about him in his "own great parlour," as he called it—the room in which he died—all the pictures of his ancestors that he could come by; and in his most genial evening mood he was never weary of perusing them.'—*Lockhart*.

To this passion—which was deeper even in him than is commonly supposed—we owe that marvellous gallery of portraits in air, which for half a century has been the delight of Europe. It was his consciousness that he came from Swintons and Haliburtons, Rutherfords and Campbells—large hearted and heavily-handed champions full of valour and honour—that inspired his hand and gave vigour to his brush. The good that he did is incalculable. He roused the heart of Europe. Through colour, through song, his darling ideas were spread abroad. He awoke the languid interest in beautiful scenery, and covered the hills of Scotland with throngs of pilgrims who came back to the duties  
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of the world, elevated and enlivened. Thousands of men gathered from his pages so vivid a notion of their ancestors that they were penetrated with an energy not unworthy of them, and in the battles of life, or in the battles of war, showed the generous influence. Whatever increased activity is perceptible in art, in poetry, in architecture—whatever is most generous in politics or chivalrous in social life—we owe in large part, directly or indirectly, to Sir Walter Scott. His influence saved us from the entire triumph of an ignoble utilitarianism. Unthinking ridicule of ancient times and ancient traditions is pretty well confined, now, to the lowest buffoons. And grave philosophers not hurried away by romance, and full enough of our modern advantages and their importance—yet explicitly assign the birth of the manners of Europe—its regard for the family relation—its loyalty to women—its various ennobling sentiments of honour and courtesy—to the life of the feudal castles.

Let us now see what this revival has produced in the way of recent family histories. We shall find that it has done something; that in point of quality we have at least one history—the ‘Lives of the Lindsays’—far beyond anything that has appeared since the inimitable ‘Memorie;’ but that this branch of British literature still remains but bare, while so many other branches are bright with fruit and blossom.

We pass over what may be described as two good business-like books, ‘Anderson’s History of the House of Hamilton’ (1825) and the History of the Blounts by Sir Alexander Croke (1823). Everybody knows the greatness of the Hamiltons—that in the sixteenth century they were nearest the crown of Scotland after Mary; that the chief line carried its dukedom to the Douglasses, by whom it is still borne; that the head of the house is the Marquis of Abercorn; that one of their cadets wrote the Memoirs of Grammont; and that another of them is the well-known philosopher, Sir William, of Edinburgh. But the ‘history’ can only interest those who want special information about the branches, &c., of the bearers of the famous ‘cinquefoils.’ A similar criticism may apply to Sir Alexander Croke’s learned work on the Blounts; though men of letters ought to feel a regard for the family, which in the person of Lord Montjoy showed a kindness to Erasmus;—like that which Southampton showed to Shakspeare, Greville Lord Brooke to Camden, the Cavendishes to Hobbes, Lord Dorset and the Ormonds to Dryden, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry to Gay, and the Duke of Bedford to Fielding.

One or two private families of ancient gentry have in recent times printed their memorials—not inviting publicity, but still,

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as the works are to be seen by anybody in public libraries, not avoiding it. We shall give a specimen of the curious lights thrown on by-gone manners by them, from the 'Memorials of the Bagot Family,' an ancient house now raised to the peerage. We may note here that few untitled families can *now* vie with titled ones; so many, like the Bagots, Grenvilles, Lowthers, Lambtons, &c., having accepted peerages within the last century or two. The 'Memorials,' from which we are about to quote, were compiled by the late (second) Lord Bagot, and form an elegant little quarto.

It appears that the potent Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham—one of the grand families destroyed by the Wars of the Roses—derived their line from no other than an early Bagot, the Bagots having been landholders in Staffordshire at the Conquest. It is not uncommon for families with different names to be really sprung from the same ancestor; and just in this way the Iretons (of whom was the Parliamentarian) are from the Shirleys. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Richard Bagot appears to have felt a pardonable pride in mentioning the circumstance. The wrath of his neighbour Edward Lord Stafford was excited thereby, and he wrote him (in 1589) this curious and angry epistle:—

'Like as the High Shereef of this Shyre lately told me that you pretend my name to be Bagot and not Stafford, which untrew speeches you have said unto dyvers others, although som drunken ignorant Herawld by you corrupted therein, has soothed your lying, I do therefor answer you that I do better know the descents and matches of my own lyneage than any creature can informe me; for in all my records, pedigrees, and armes, from the first Lord Stafford that was possessed of this castle afore the Conquest, bearing the very same coate I now do, *the feeld Gould, a Cheveron Gules*—I cannot find that any Stafford married with a Bagot or they with him. I have faire recorde to prove that the Lords of my hows were never without heirs male to succeed one after another, and therefore your pretens in alledginge that Bagot married an ancestor's coief of mine (as peradventure she married her servant), yet will I prove that neither she nor no wydow of my hows did take a second husband before they were grandmothers by the children of their first husband; and therefor the lady of my hows was too old to have issue by your's. Beside this, we have been nyne descents Barons and Earls of Stafford, before any Bagot was known in this shire; for Busse, Bagot, and Green were but raised by King Richard II. And to prove that you were no better than vassals to my hows, MY STAFFORD KNOT remeyneth still in your parlour; as a hundred of my poor tenants have in sundry shires of England, and have ever held your land of my hows, untill thateynder of the Duke my grandfather. Surely I will not exchange my name of Stafford for the name of a "BAGGE of OATES," for that is your name, BAG-OTE. Therefor you do me as great wrong in this surmyse as you did with  
your

your writing to the Privy-Counsaile to have countenanced that shamefast Higons to charge me with treason, whereof God and my trawthe delyvered me. Your neighbore I must be. Edward Stafford.'

The descendants of Richard Bagot may be proud of his temperate reply :

'Right Honorable,—I perceave by your letters delivered to me by your chaplain Mr. Cope on Monday last, your Lordship is greatly discontented with some my speeches used to Mr. Stanford in pretending your honor's surname to be Bagot : I do confess I spake them ; and not offending your lordship (as I hope you will not) with trothe, I do avowe it. Not upon any "Dronken Herehaught's report, by me corrupted to soothe my lieing," but by good records and evidence under ancient seales, the four hundred years past. And if it may please you to send any sufficient man as Mr. Sheriff, or Mr. Samson Eardswick, Gentillmen of good knowledge and experience in these ac'cons, I will shewe them sufficient matter to confirme that I have spoken ; being very sorry to heare your Lordship to contemne and deface the Name of Bagot with so bad tirmes and hastie speeches as you do ; more dishonourable to yourself than any blemishe or reproche to me : and therefore if your Lordship take it in such disdaine, that I touch you either in credit or honour, you may (if you please), by ordinary proces, bring me before the Rt. Hon. the Earl Marshal of England, Chief Judge in these causes, when I will prove it—or take the discredit, with such further punishment as his Honor shall infliet upon me.

'Thus humbly desireing acceptance of this my answer in good part, till a further triall be had herein, I do comyt your Lordship to the protection of Allmighty, this first of March 1589.

'Your Lordship's at commandment,

'If you please,

'RICHARD BAGOT.'

These are exceedingly curious illustrations of the time. The 'Stafford Knot' in 'your parlour' is a charming touch for the way in which it brings the magnificence of the old feudal nobles before one, since though probably false of the Bagots, it must have been true of many families that they thus showed their loyalty to the house of Stafford. The tone of Richard Bagot's answer is everything that could be desired from a gentleman. Had this dispute reached the ears of their royal Mistress, she would probably have reminded them, as she did Sir Philip Sidney on his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, that when the gentleman contends with the nobleman, it only encourages the 'peasaunt' to presume against both !

We have nothing so piquant to quote as this, from the memorials of the Shirleys, or the memorials of the Howards by the late Mr. Howard of Corby ; but we recommend both these works to such as wish to study this class of literature. Mr. Howard's book gives a clear view of the descent and connexions—connexions almost unrivalled in their greatness—of the Howards, from the

the days of the founder (probably of Saxon race) in the time of Edward I. He mentions that the portrait of the Earl of Surrey,—

‘Who has not heard of Surrey’s fame?’—

by Houbraken, ‘is extremely like what the late Lord Henry Howard was at the same age.’ This hereditary likeness is one of the commonest phenomena in the world; and is an index of the moral resemblance which makes character of a particular class run through a line, and thus, in free countries like ours, produces hereditary politics, and affects the fortunes of the state, as was the case at Rome. ‘A Russell,’ says Niebuhr somewhere, ‘could not be an absolutist; the thing would be monstrous.’ This conviction is, no doubt, one excellent reason why liberals glorify the race with such constancy. The Russells are a better family from the genealogist’s point of view, than is generally supposed. But of Wiffen’s ‘Memoirs’ of them, which appeared in 1833, we are bound to say that the early part is dubious, and the later part tedious; that a fatiguing, commonplace kind of ‘eloquence’ is an unhappy characteristic; and that we defy even a Whig to read it through. Nay, we would almost stake our Dugdale against a copy of it—heavy odds!—that Lord John has not yet read it from cover to cover. At the same time, we applaud both Mr. Wiffen’s industry, and the kindness of the Bedford family in encouraging him. The truth is, that a good history of a powerful house is no easy task to get accomplished. A private gentleman—peer or commoner—shrinks from the labour, even if he does not shrink from the expense. If he keeps a tame genealogist on the premises for the purpose, the chances are he obtains a work which nobody can read except Sir Bernard Burke or Mr. Planché, and which his children view with an awe that in this enlightened time they do not feel towards the family ghost. Popular writers have other business. And so, stowed away in massive chests, continue to lie tons of parchments illustrative of the possessions, marriages, offices, and deeds of his ancestors; the love-letters of long dead generations; priceless documents of all kinds illustrative of the history of England. Indeed, it is almost a hopeless task to get a peep into an Evidence Room; the instant suspicion being that you are going to set up a right to the estates. Nor is this wonderful, when we remember the absurd claims to honours, and the fraudulent claims to lands, which are every day made by monomaniacs or swindlers.

When Mr. Drummond published the first two parts of his ‘Histories of Noble British Families,’ we did not fail to give our hearty support to the undertaking.\* Since that time, a further portion has been published, and the work has reached to two volumes—comprising Ashburnham, Arden, Compton,

\* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. lxxii., p. 165.

Cecil, Harley, Bruce; and Perceval, Dunbar, Hume, Dundas, and Neville. This splendid work is understood to have involved a great cost; and we apprehend that it will be continued no further. It was suggested by the sumptuous and luxuriant book on Italian families by Count Litta of Milan, and, like it, displays on its rich folio sheets fac-similes of seals, drawings of monuments, gorgeous heraldry, and—more welcome than all—beautiful portraits. The pedigrees have literary as well as artistic illustration, are enriched with historical anecdotes, and introduced by agreeable disquisitions. The plan, however, is not that of the family history proper, which we take to be a full and connected view of a family with especial reference to its unity and character. Mr. Drummond's sketches are historical, without being strictly histories. They are pedigrees with literary emblazonment; and when we consider the liveliness of the style, and the loveliness of the ornaments, we welcome the book as one which makes a genealogical tree as brilliant as a Christmas one. But still more ought to be effected through separate works in a country full of old families and great fortunes. We must add that Mr. Drummond has his peculiar views of these matters, as of all matters; that he concedes to tradition more, in certain points, than we should do; and that he is at open war with the erudite 'Dryasdust.'

Having reviewed the 'Lives of the Lindsays' some years since in a separate essay,\* we are now only called on to point out its special relation to the *genus* under discussion. To us, then, we may say that it appears to unite, more happily than any other performance, the old sentiment of past days with the knowledge and clearness of the time in which we live—the heart of the fifteenth century with the eyes of the nineteenth. This is the combination to be aimed at by the historian, who should share the loyalty of Godscroft or Lord Somerville, while bidding farewell to the 'Serpent' or the 'Black-gray man.' Lord Lindsay has an adequate theme—a family that has 'stood against the waves and weathers of time' for many centuries—a line visible, like a streak of light, away to the time when nearly all is dark and shadowy about our Teutonic ancestors—Norman in race, leaders in battle, great in rank, alliances, and possessions, when such were only to be won by the natural lords of mankind. Nor can we forbear to note with satisfaction that a writer so elegant and accomplished should be the historian of a house which early produced an excellent Scottish chronicler in Lindsay of Pitscottie, and a delightful Scottish humourist in Sir David of the Mount, and which in modern times, by producing the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and the book before us, contributes no little to our faith in the hereditary transmission of qualities and

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxvii., p. 465.

characteristics. We must not fail to remark, either, the honesty with which Lord Lindsay gives every branch of his house, poor and decayed as well as rich and flourishing, its due place in the history. When we take into account all the cadets of a numerous and spreading line, the amount of service done to a country by one stock, in the labours of war and peace, can hardly be over-rated. Lord Lindsay tells us that he found a degree of interest about the subject among his *gens*, as he was pursuing the investigation, much greater than he had expected. We are inclined ourselves to believe that there is a great deal more care for these matters all over the country, than is commonly thought. And we happen to know that the same fact is true of the Americans, few of whom now visit England without making pilgrimages to those parts of the island from which record or tradition declares their ancestors to have come. The sentiment of ancestry, in short, is not only inherent in human nature, and especially visible in the higher races of the world, but contributes in no small degree to the stability of kingdoms in the worst periods—as, assuredly, it is always found to be peculiarly vivid in the best. Having spoken so freely of the family histories which we possess in Great Britain—and admitting that they do not adequately represent the strength of the feeling among ourselves—we cannot conclude without hailing it as a good omen that the latest on our list should be such an admirable specimen of the class as the ‘Lives’ of Lord Lindsay.

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ART. II.—*An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.* By the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1855.

THE early history of Rome has of late years attracted no small portion of the attention of scholars, both in this country and in Germany. The somewhat disproportionate importance thus attached to that portion of the Roman annals which must always remain the most obscure and unsatisfactory is undoubtedly owing to the influence of Niebuhr. The first publication of his great work, somewhat more than forty years ago,\* may be considered as opening out a new field of historical inquiry. Rarely, if ever, has any book of a similar character produced so great a sensation in the literary world, or exercised so great an influence over the minds of succeeding investigators. It stands as a great landmark

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\* The first edition of Niebuhr's ‘History of Rome’ appeared in 1811; but the second edition, which was not only greatly enlarged, but so much modified and altered as to be substantially a new work, was not published till 1827.

in the progress of historical criticism. Almost all subsequent writers upon the same subject have either based their works upon his researches, and enrolled themselves as his disciples, or been engaged in controverting his arguments and assailing his conclusions. But one thing is certain: whatever opinion may ultimately be formed of the results he has arrived at, and however widely future inquirers may find themselves compelled to depart from his views upon particular points, we can never go back to the state in which we were before its publication. We can no more return to the blind and implicit belief in the early history of Rome—such as it was received in the days of our grandfathers, and embodied in such histories as those of Hooke and Rollin—than we can transport ourselves back to the days of our childhood, with its simple creed and uninquiring faith.

And yet it was far from being the main purpose or object of Niebuhr, thus to shake our faith in the received history. He was no mere iconoclast, who sought to destroy that which there were no means of restoring. He saw indeed the rottenness of the existing fabric, and that it was necessary to demolish it; but it was only with the view of raising in its stead an edifice of fairer proportions and more elaborate construction, on what he believed to be surer foundations. To reconstruct the early history of Rome was the problem which Niebuhr proposed to himself, and it is on the success or failure of this attempt that his reputation must ultimately depend. To assail the authenticity of the history as transmitted to us by Livy or Dionysius was indeed nothing new. Notwithstanding the spirit of blind reverence and uncritical admiration with which the ancient historians were regarded for more than two centuries after the revival of learning, there were found, even at an early period, some scholars who ventured to raise their voices against the undistinguishing faith, which received all the writers of antiquity as of equal credit, and all historical facts recorded by them as equally accurate. The learned and industrious Cluver, in his elaborate work on the geography of ancient Italy, not only rejects the whole story of Æneas as a fable, but boldly expresses his scepticism as to Romulus himself and the authenticity of the whole regal period of Rome. Similar doubts were suggested by Perizonius in his '*Animadversiones Historicæ*,' published in 1685, and at a later period more fully developed by Pouilly and Beaufort. The work of the latter author (*Dissertation sur l'Incertitude des Cinq Premiers Siècles de l'Histoire Romaine*, first published in 1738)—a little volume now seldom met with, and still more seldom read—claims our notice in this place as the direct precursor of the larger and more elaborate treatise of Sir G. Lewis. Beaufort was a French Protestant refugee, who had lived

lived long in England, and was a member of the Royal Society, but the latter years of his life were spent and his books published in Holland. It is probable that the spirit of criticism, often degenerating into scepticism, which was then prevalent, and especially conspicuous in the writings of Bayle, was not without its influence on the mind of his brother refugee; but the work of Beaufort, though purely negative in its character, was written with moderation, as well as learning and ability, and produced a considerable effect upon the literary world, or at least upon the few who turned their attention to such inquiries. The public, however, at large, both in this country and on the continent of Europe, were still content to draw their information from the superficial and uncritical histories of Rollin and Hooke; while the more popular, but still more superficial, abridgment by Goldsmith maintained its place in our schools down to our own time.

Such was the state of things when Niebuhr undertook to show—first, that the received history of the early centuries of Rome was (as already maintained by Beaufort) altogether unworthy of credit in its present form; and, secondly, that it was possible, by a due exercise of critical sagacity, to arrive at restoring the original lineaments of truth, stripped of the disguises which had been cast around them by poetical fancy or national partiality. The first proposition will, at the present day, we believe, be gainsaid by few, but many have risen up to controvert the second, some criticising the mode of execution, others altogether disputing the possibility of the attempted problem. In the foremost rank of this last class of adversaries stands Sir George Lewis. The name of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer was already so well known as that of a distinguished scholar, as well as a careful and accurate reasoner, that any work from his pen upon such a subject was well calculated to excite the attention of the literary world. His views upon this particular question were indeed already known. In a chapter of his former work, ‘On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,’ he had examined with considerable care the nature and character of the early history both of Greece and Rome, and it was evident that his conclusions approximated much more closely to the negative results of Beaufort than to the reconstructive method of Niebuhr. He has since devoted a much greater amount of time and research to the investigation of the same question; and the result of his additional labours—embodied in the two volumes now before us—has been to place him in a position of still more marked antagonism to the system and conclusions of Niebuhr.

The fortune of Niebuhr’s work in this country has indeed been not a little singular. Received for some time after its first appearance with silent neglect, or dismissed with still more

unmerited contempt, often by persons who had never taken the pains to examine it with due attention, it nevertheless found a few zealous partisans, who seemed disposed to atone, by the warmth of their admiration, for the indifference of the multitude. If the votaries were few in number, their zeal was only the more ardent, and they became the unhesitating disciples of the new teacher. This is strongly seen in the history of Rome, commenced by Professor Malden, for the Society of Useful Knowledge, the first few chapters of which (all that was ever published) are a mere epitome of the results of Niebuhr's researches, with scarcely an attempt at independent investigation. And the same thing must be said of the far more important work of Dr. Arnold, which, with all its merits—and no one can be more forward to acknowledge them than ourselves—laboured under the disadvantage of an adherence to the views of Niebuhr so close and constant, as almost to forfeit all claim to the character of original inquiry. It seemed as if the superstitious reverence for the authority of Livy and Plutarch had been broken through only to make way for as blind a worship of the great Prussian historian.

But the case was far otherwise in Germany. There the spirit which Niebuhr had evoked was soon turned against himself; and his own theories and conclusions were submitted in their turn to the test of the same searching criticism which he had been the first to apply to the narratives of ancient historians. In the course of the last five-and-twenty years the number of books published in Germany, either specially devoted to the early history and antiquities of Rome, or bearing incidentally upon the subject, is really prodigious; and there is scarcely one of these in which Niebuhr's views have not been freely discussed, and his positions controverted. The very men who have been the most deeply imbued with his spirit have been the first to assail his conclusions, and impugn his authority.\* But the host of assailants who have thus risen up against him have almost universally directed their attacks rather against particular points of his position than against the general basis of his system. They have fought him with his own weapons, and have themselves adopted his mode of investigation and principles of criticism, while most fiercely disputing the conclusions which he

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\* Mr. Newman's little work ('Regal Rome,' 8vo. London, 1852) is a striking instance of the same tone of feeling. Though he states in the Preface that his 'strong difference from the conclusions of Niebuhr' was one of the principal causes that induced him to publish it, yet the book is essentially *Niebuhrian* in spirit, and is for the most part based upon Niebuhr's researches. The work of Dr. Ihne ('Researches into the History of the Roman Constitution,' 8vo. London, 1853) also belongs wholly to the same German school of criticism.

has drawn from them. Even the recent work of Dr. Schwegler,\* one of those who has departed the most widely from the footsteps of Niebuhr, cannot be considered as an exception to this remark. He differs from his precursor not so much in his canons of criticism as in the application of them to particular cases. He refuses to accept the edifice which Niebuhr presents to his view, but sets about reconstructing it for himself, by a similar method, and out of the same materials.

Altogether distinct from this is the course pursued by Sir G. Lewis. He regards the whole subject from a different point of view, and does not merely object to the particular conclusions of Niebuhr, but boldly strikes at the root of his system, and assails not only the results of his investigations but the method by which he has arrived at them. He not only rejects Niebuhr's views as untenable, but maintains that it is impossible they should be otherwise. He not only discards as illusory the specious fabric reared by the Prussian historian, but affirms that any one which may be substituted in its place must be equally shadowy and unsubstantial. His views, like those of Beaufort, are simply negative, and his conclusions as to the early history of Rome may be summed up in the single line :—

‘All that we know is nothing can be known.’

The able and elaborate treatise of Sir G. Lewis is, indeed, substantially nothing more than the argument of Beaufort, reproduced in an enlarged and improved form, supported by a greater amount of learning, and having the advantage of the long course of critical examination to which the ancient authorities have been subjected by Niebuhr and his followers. But we cannot think that the general opinion of historical inquirers will go along with Sir G. Lewis to the full extent of his scepticism any more than it has done with that of his precursor. It was not, we believe, from any want of learning or ability on the part of their author that the views of Beaufort produced so little effect upon the literary world. But the truth is that men are naturally indisposed to acquiesce in conclusions merely sceptical. They cling to what they have once been accustomed to receive as truth, so long as even a shred remains. And thus they felt in this case, that if the gorgeous narrative of Livy was no longer to be received with undoubting faith, yet it was not altogether to be discarded. If it was not all true, neither was it all false ; and they might fairly have applied to the early history of Rome the fine words of Milton, so singularly unfortunate in their application to that of our own country :—

\* *Römische Geschichte*, vol. i. (two parts). Tübingen, 1853.

‘For what though Brutus [*Æneas*] and the whole Trojan pretence were yielded up; . . . yet those old and inborn names of successive kings [and consuls], never any of them to have been real persons, or done in their lives at least some part of what hath so long been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict an incredulity.’

The words we have just quoted may serve to remind some of our readers that there was once an early history of England, the belief in which was as strongly established, and as generally received, in this country as that of the Romans in their own ancient annals. The fictitious history of the imaginary line of monarchs, from Brute the Trojan to Cassibellaunus and Arviragus, is now so utterly forgotten that we are apt to forget likewise that it once formed a part of the history which every one read, and every one believed. Not only were these romantic fictions repeated by successive chroniclers, from Geoffrey of Monmouth to Fabyan and Hollinshed; from the days of Henry II. to those of Elizabeth; not only were they adopted by popular tradition, and incorporated in our literature by Spenser and Shakspeare, but they were gravely cited by statesmen, and appealed to as authority in national disputes. And the question may, perhaps, suggest itself, whether the long-received traditions of the earliest Roman history rest on any better foundation; whether the annals of Tullus Hostilius, and the tales of Coriolanus and Camillus, or Tarquin the Proud, may not be as imaginary and unreal as those of King Bladud or King Lear.

Fortunately we are distinctly able to answer this question in the negative. Whatever be the amount of fiction that has been introduced into the early Roman history, it contains unquestionably an element of truth. Some points, at least, are certain; some few landmarks stand fixed and definite in the midst of the shifting mists of antiquity. The capture of Rome by the Gauls—one of the most important eras in the history of the city—is recorded by Greek writers nearly contemporary with the event, and is unquestionably an historical fact. The fall of Veii, a few years before, which terminated the long series of wars between that city and Rome, is admitted even by Sir G. Lewis to rest upon a secure basis of historical evidence. But, again, at a period considerably earlier than this, the legislation of the Decemvirs was attested by a record of the most unquestionable character—the Twelve Tables of the laws themselves, which were preserved by an uninterrupted tradition down to the historical period; which were committed to memory by every schoolboy in the days of Cicero, and had undoubtedly been equally familiar to every successive generation of young patricians from the time they were first promulgated.

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The same line of argument may be carried still further back. Even the period of the seven kings, abounding as it does in romantic fictions, which sufficiently display their unhistorical character, and forming as it were the very border-land of history and mythology, cannot be rejected as wholly fabulous. The fact that the original form of government at Rome was monarchical, and not republican, is sufficiently proved by two anomalous institutions which were preserved in later times: that of a titular king, called the King of the Sacrifices (*Rex sacrorum* or *Rex sacrificulus*), who was still retained for the performance of certain sacred rites, which, according to the ancient ritual, none but the king could celebrate; and the analogous case of the *Interrex*, a magistrate whose name and functions were clearly derived from a state of things that had passed away. Both cases remind us of many legal fictions and processes in our own time, which are only intelligible by a reference to those feudal institutions in which they had a real meaning, but which they have long survived. In like manner a solemn festival, which continued to be celebrated down to the days of Augustus, commemorated the *Regifugium*, or anniversary of the expulsion of the kings, and thus proved that the change of government was really brought about, as it was represented in the traditional history, by a sudden and violent revolution. Nor are there wanting some other traces of authentic history, even at this earliest period. Laws were extant in later days which were referred by tradition to the kings, and known as '*leges regię*;' and though there is no conclusive evidence that these could be traced back to the time of their reputed authors, the tradition certainly seems entitled to credit, at least so far as to prove that they were more ancient than the laws of the Twelve Tables, and if that was the case there is no reason to reject the origin ascribed to them.

In some other cases there is no doubt that the original documents were themselves preserved. Dionysius refers to the treaty concluded by Servius Tullius with the Latins in terms which leave no doubt that he had himself seen it;\* the treaty between Tarquinius Superbus and the city of Gabii was also preserved in the time of Augustus; and Horace refers both to this and a similar treaty with the Sabines as among the most ancient specimens of Latin extant in his time.† There can therefore be no reasonable doubt that these were the original treaties, with all their peculiarities of language and orthography; and we know this still more positively in the case of a record of very little later

\* Dionys., iv. 26.

† Hor. Epist., ii. 1, 24; Dionys., iv. 58. The treaty with the Sabines was probably that mentioned in Dionysius, iii. 33.

date—the first treaty between Rome and Carthage, which was concluded in the very year following the expulsion of the kings; the substance of which is preserved to us by Polybius, an unexceptionable witness, who had himself seen it, and remarks on its antiquated language, which was even in his day become obsolete, and almost unintelligible.\* The treaty of Sp. Cassius with the Latins (only a few years later) was unquestionably preserved down to the days of Cicero, and had been seen and consulted by the great orator himself; though it no longer remained at the time when he alludes to it.† Another treaty with Ardea, in the sixty-sixth year of the republic, was still extant in the time of Licinius Macer, though it seems to have likewise disappeared before the days of Livy.‡

Again, one of the most important events in the history of the regal period, the destruction of Alba—the reputed parent of Rome itself, and for a long period the chief city of the Latin people—rests also on evidence of much the same nature as that of Veii. Though the city itself was destroyed, its temples were preserved; and that of Vesta, which still existed in the days of Domitian, § was designated by sacerdotal tradition—one of the most permanent of all authorities—as the parent of the worship of the same goddess at Rome. The name of the Alban territory ('Albanus ager') was retained (as in many similar cases) by the district which had belonged to the city, though the latter had ceased to exist; and the family traditions of many of the most ancient patrician houses at Rome concurred in tracing their descent to the more ancient city of Alba.||

The proofs we have already cited are sufficient to show that the Roman history, even for the three first centuries of its existence, cannot be rejected as a mere creation of fiction or popular legend. And every candid reasoner must admit that the existence of a few such cases, transmitted to us as they have been in

\* Polyb., iii. 22.

† Cic., pro Balb., 23; Liv., ii. 33.

‡ Liv., iv. 7.

§ Juvenal, Sat. iv. 61.

|| Sir G. Lewis, indeed, appears to look upon the very existence of Alba as questionable, an excess of scepticism which we confess ourselves at a loss to understand. The remark of Dr. Schweigler, one of the most sceptical of the German school, appears to us perfectly just—'The destruction of Alba Longa, and the emigration of the Albans to Rome, are beyond all doubt historical facts; but the manner in which these two events are connected with Tullus Hostilius is in all probability fictitious.'—(*Römische Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 580.) No one, we presume, will at the present day contend for the historical truth of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, or the story of Mettius Fuffetius; but these incidents are not more obviously fictitious than the circumstances associated in the received history with the fall of Veii—the swelling of the Lacus Albanus, and the capture of the city by a mine at the very moment of a sacrifice which was to be decisive of its fate. In both cases the main fact is historical, though it has been dressed up with romantic details from other sources.

great measure casually, raises a reasonable presumption that others would be found, were our acquaintance with the historical literature of Rome more complete. If we find, for instance, that the treaty with Ardea, though seen by Licinius Macer, a contemporary of Sylla, was no longer forthcoming in the time of Livy, it seems a probable inference that other ancient documents and records were consulted by the elder historian (who seems to have had a strong turn for antiquarian investigations) which were no longer accessible to his successor, or at least were not, in fact, consulted by him. Again, the treaty with Carthage, so distinctly described by Polybius, is not noticed by any later writer; and the conclusion seems irresistible that the original was no longer in existence in the days of Livy and Dionysius. But if a document of such importance had been allowed to perish between the days of Scipio and those of Augustus, how many more may have shared the same fate? And how many others that had already disappeared in the time of Polybius may nevertheless have been accessible to the earliest Roman annalists, or to those from whom they derived their information?

At the same time it must be admitted that such monuments, even supposing them to be more numerous than we have any ground for really believing them to have been, could have gone but little way towards constituting even the most meagre skeleton of the Roman history; much less could they have furnished the materials for that history, such as we find it in the glowing narrative of Livy, or the pragmatistical details of Dionysius. What then were the materials out of which that history was actually composed? What were the authorities which enabled the historians of the days of Augustus, or the earlier annalists upon whom they relied, to weave an historical narrative which appears at the first glance at once so copious and so consistent? It is upon this question that all inquiries into the early history of Rome really depend. The nature and value of those authorities must determine at once the credibility of the history, and the kind of criticism which we are at liberty to apply to it.

The merit of being the first to see clearly this principle, and investigate critically the *sources* of the early history of Rome, unquestionably belongs to Beaufort. The same inquiry was followed up by Niebuhr, with his characteristic originality as well as industry, and his views—often rather hinted at than stated in his larger 'History'—are given in a connected form in the introductory series of his Lectures. But no one has entered into this investigation with the same method and clearness,—no one has brought together the various authorities that bear upon it in a form so complete and satisfactory as Sir G. Lewis. We are the  
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more desirous to express our strong sense of the merits of this part of his work, and of the great obligations that he has hereby conferred on the student of Roman history, because we feel ourselves compelled to differ from him to a considerable extent in his conclusions, and shall have occasion to combat several of the inferences which he has drawn from the materials that he has so ably brought together.

It is admitted on all hands that the earliest Roman historians were Fabius Pictor and Cincius Alimentus, both of whom were contemporary with the Second Punic War, and therefore did not begin to write till more than five centuries after the foundation of the city (according to the received chronology), and more than two centuries and a half after the commencement of the Republic. It is evident that for such a period as this mere oral tradition could be of little value. At the present day we are so accustomed to have everything that takes place not only recorded in writing, but multiplied and disseminated by printing, and to gather even our first childish notions of history from printed books, that it is very difficult to transport ourselves in imagination to a different state of things, and picture to ourselves what can be done by unassisted tradition. But if we suppose a man of middle age at the present time attempting to compose a history of the past, solely from oral sources, it may fairly be assumed that he would have great difficulty in going back much more than a century. The events of the last great war and the struggles of the French Revolution are still fresh in the memories of many persons now living: and those of the American War—though already separated from us by a great gulf, for they belong to a generation that has past away, and have now few or no living witnesses—are still but one step removed from us, and we have no doubt that a narrative of them, substantially correct, though unavoidably defective in many points of detail, and probably erroneous in others, might be gathered from oral tradition alone. The same thing may be granted—though with increased allowance for the probabilities of error from the increased distance of time—for the wars and administration of Lord Chatham, and even for the rebellion of 1745, a striking event which exercised so important and enduring an influence over the fortunes of those concerned and their families, that all its principal outlines and many of its details would be carefully preserved, at least by the descendants of those that were ‘out in the ’45.’ But what sort of history should we be able to form of the comparatively uneventful period that preceded it? of the long administration of Walpole and his party struggles with Pulteney, or the political contests that agitated the last years of Queen Anne? The name of Marlborough would,

no doubt, have been preserved to us, and his fame as a general; probably also the names of his most celebrated battles: but who would be able to trace the plan of his campaigns, or account for the masterly movement that carried him from the Netherlands to Bavaria, and prepared his victory at Blenheim?

We need not pursue this subject further; for it must, we think, be universally admitted, that oral tradition, alone and unsupported, would afford a very insufficient basis for history, after an interval of little more than a century. Not but that some leading facts, some striking events, would be perpetuated by mere tradition for a much longer period. Special circumstances (as Sir G. Lewis himself admits) will give to particular events a more lasting hold on the popular memory. He cites as an instance of this the attempt of Cylon, in the Athenian history, which created an hereditary curse in the powerful family of the Alcmaeonidæ, and thus tended to perpetuate the recollection of the event in which it had originated. In like manner—to take a more familiar illustration from our own history—the rebellion of 1745 would not only revive and refresh the recollections of that of 1715, but the increased sufferings of the Jacobite party would keep alive in the breasts of the numerous exiles the memory of that revolution which had been the beginning of all their misfortunes. Even if the ‘glorious revolution’ of 1688 could have faded from the memory of the great Whig families, who owed to it a long period of ascendancy, it could never have been forgotten by the unhappy refugees, to whom it was the source of poverty and degradation.

Let us now apply this criterion to Roman history. The exact time at which Fabius Pictor, the earliest Roman historian, or rather annalist—for it may well be doubted whether he deserved the former name—commenced his history, is unknown to us; but we know that he served in the war with the Gauls in B.C. 225, and that a few years later he was selected as one of the deputies sent to consult the oracle at Delphi after the battle of Cannæ. We can hardly doubt that a man chosen for an honorary embassy of this nature must have been of mature age and of some distinction in the state. Hence he may very well have been contemporary with the whole of the First Punic war, and at all events must have grown up in the midst of those who had themselves taken an active part in that long protracted contest. His account, therefore, of that war, as well as of the still greater struggle with Hannibal, though disfigured, as we are told they were,\* by national partiality, would certainly be entitled to claim the authority of contemporary history. The war with Pyrrhus, the first in which

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\* Pol. i. 14; iii. 8, 9, &c.

the Romans came in contact with any power beyond the confines of Italy, would still be as fresh in the memory of the older generation then living as that of the French Revolution in our own day. The Samnite wars which preceded it, and extend back with but short intervals over a space of above sixty years, would still be remembered in their general outlines, and many, at least, of their details. The great disaster at the Caudine Forks, for instance, was separated from the time of Fabius by an interval somewhat shorter than that which has now elapsed since the rebellion of 1745. And the great war with the Latins—unquestionably one of the chief turning-points in the history of Rome—was only twenty years earlier. But that war was already removed by another interval of half a century from the capture of Rome by the Gauls; so that this last memorable event was already, at least, as distant from the days of Fabius as the revolution of 1688 is from our own. Still it may fairly be admitted that for the whole of this period something like a connected history would probably be preserved, even by tradition alone; a narrative, as Sir G. Lewis expresses it, 'correct in its general substance, though erroneous in many single facts.'

And this is very much the character of the history that is actually preserved to us for the period in question. The war with Pyrrhus, though grievously disfigured by national partiality, is undoubtedly as historical in its general outlines as that with Hannibal. The wars with the Samnites are full of discrepancies and difficulties in detail, arising probably at least as much from national vanity, which sought to disguise defeats and disasters, as from the mere uncertainty of transmission; but there is nothing inconsistent with the supposition that the general outline of them is historically authentic. The great war with the Latins, from the close connexion of that people with Rome, would naturally be better preserved and more carefully remembered, and, in fact, we find no portion of the history of this century which bears a more purely historical character. Even the romantic incidents of the execution by T. Manlius of his son, and the self-devotion of Decius, are admitted by Sir G. Lewis himself to be events which cannot be reasonably doubted. As we go further back, indeed, and recede more and more from the broad daylight of history, we find difficulties and uncertainties multiplying upon us. The disputes between the two orders, and the anarchy resulting from them, seem to have deranged the regular succession of the magistrates, and thus thrown the chronology into great confusion; while the successive irruptions of the Gauls, and the wars to which they gave rise, became a favourite field for romantic and poetical legends.

We have hitherto been assuming that the history of this period had to be gathered by the first Roman historians from oral tradition alone. But we are not, in fact, compelled to make any such supposition. The presumption is the other way. There is no reason to suppose that in the fifth century of the city the use of writing was either unknown or rare, and it is impossible to conceive but that some records at least of the names of the consuls and dictators, the triumphs that they celebrated, and the other most important public events, would be preserved by this means. There is, indeed, no reason why the register or chronicle known as the *Annales Maximi*, which was kept from year to year by the Pontifex Maximus, should not have been preserved for the whole of the period in question. These were certainly more ancient than the annals of Fabius and Cincius, and there is nothing to render it improbable that they really went back as far as the Gaulish war. The very arguments which (as we shall presently see) appear to disprove their existence before that time must be admitted to be in favour of their preservation in an authentic shape after the same period.\* Moreover, the custom of inscribing treaties, laws, and other public documents on tables or columns of stone and brass, would give a great perpetuity as well as publicity to all such monuments; and we have no account of any great conflagration or catastrophe, *after* the burning of the city by the Gauls, which could have caused any general destruction of these records.

But it is precisely at this point—just when we have already reached the extreme verge of the period for which we can fairly assume the existence of something like an historical tradition—that a great break occurs. Few writers, indeed, have stated this more strongly than Livy himself, and it is remarkable how entirely those modern historians who profess the most unbounded reverence for his authority have forgotten the warning words with which he opens his sixth book:—

‘I have set forth (he writes) in my first five books, the events of the Roman history from the foundation of the city to its capture, their wars abroad and their seditions at home: things both obscure from their too great antiquity, like objects which can be hardly discerned from their remote distance, and because during that period writing was little and rarely used, by which alone the memory of events can be preserved

\* Sir G. Lewis, indeed, lays much stress upon the fact, that the records of prodigies, so frequently found in the later books of Livy, and evidently derived from some official source, do not make their appearance before the end of the first decad. But this argument seems to us to prove no more than that the copy consulted by Livy (if, indeed, he consulted the originals at all, which may well be doubted) reached no further back. It certainly does not exclude the supposition that they were extant for a much earlier period, in the days of Fabius or Cato.

with accuracy; and moreover, such memorials as did exist in the pontifical commentaries and other public and private records, for the most part perished in the conflagration of the city.'

He then proceeds to contrast this character of the early history with its more certain and authentic foundation for the succeeding periods. It may appear strange to some of our readers that so remarkable a passage should have been overlooked or tacitly ignored by many modern writers. But perhaps they will think it stranger still that its authority is disputed by none more strongly than by Niebuhr himself. There cannot be a stronger proof how completely the tendency of his speculations is mistaken by those who consider them to have solely, or even principally, a negative character. In one passage he asserts, with characteristic confidence, that this statement of Livy 'is only half correct, or rather altogether false, and gives us quite an erroneous idea of the early history.'\* We entirely concur with Sir G. Lewis in thinking that the testimony of Livy on such a point—which is moreover confirmed by other and independent authorities—is worthy of the highest respect, and could only be overthrown by that of which we are wholly destitute—direct proof of the contrary. At the same time we must be careful not to press his authority too far. Livy does not say (what Niebuhr represents him as saying) that there were *no* written records of the period before the invasion of the Gauls, nor that *all* such as might have once existed perished in that catastrophe. His words are not even inconsistent with the supposition that there might be preserved from a much earlier time some scanty and meagre chronicle, such as we may suppose the Pontifical Annals to have been, not unlike the earliest chronicles of the middle ages, or those which recorded the last expiring struggles of the Western Empire. It is almost certain that the series of these annals which was familiar to Cicero, and which he has characterized in the brief but expressive phrase, that 'nothing can be more jejune,' commenced with the very earliest period of the city, probably with its actual foundation. It is certain also that the mode in which they were kept—the Pontifex Maximus himself writing on a whitened board the principal events of the year, together with the names of its chief magistrates—clearly indicates that the custom derived its origin from a remote antiquity. However scanty and imperfect such a record might have been, it would still be of inestimable value, as giving a fixity to the floating mass of popular traditions, and securing at least a skeleton of truth, whatever

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\* Introductory Lectures, p. v.

might be the character of the external covering in which it was enveloped.

Unfortunately the prospect of any such resource disappears on a closer examination. There are the strongest reasons for believing that the original annals of the Pontiffs—supposing them to have been really kept from a very early period—perished in the burning of the city, and that those which bore their name in the time of Cicero were in fact a later compilation. In the first place, it is almost incredible that if there had been such a remarkable exception to the general loss of historical documents at that period, it should not have been noticed by Livy. Moreover, it is highly probable that when he speaks of the 'Pontifical Commentaries' as having perished on that occasion, he means to include under that designation the records in question, which are variously called the *Annales Maximi* and *Annales Pontificum*. Again, the existence of such an authentic and contemporary register as these annals would have been, had they been preserved in their integrity, would have been decisive of the chronological discrepancies and difficulties so repeatedly noticed by Livy himself, and still more strongly by an author named Clodius, cited by Plutarch, who is probably the same with the well-known annalist Claudius Quadrigarius.\* This writer, indeed, expressly asserted that the old registers had perished at the burning of the city, and that those existing in his time were the fabrication of a subsequent age. It is remarkable, also, that Licinius Macer, who seems to have taken more pains than any other annalist to investigate these questions, and is repeatedly appealed to by Livy, refers for the names of the consuls not to the pontifical registers which, if extant and genuine, would have been conclusive on the subjects, but to certain linen rolls (*lintei libri*) which were preserved in the temple of Juno Moneta, one of those which, from its situation on the Capitoline hill, must have escaped the Gaulish conflagration.

Another argument, on which great stress has deservedly been laid by Niebuhr as well as by Sir G. Lewis, is derived from a passage of Cicero,† in which he tells us that an eclipse of the sun was recorded in the *Annales Maximi*, as well as by Ennius, as occurring in the year of Rome 350, and that the other eclipses had been calculated back from thence as far as the one which accompanied the death of Romulus. This statement seems clearly to imply that there was no authentic contemporary record of any earlier eclipse. But if there was one thing more than

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\* Plut., Num. i.

† De Repub., i. 16.

another that the Pontifical Annals made a point of recording it was this very class of phenomena. Cato, indeed, complained that they contained little else.\* The inference would appear to be conclusive that these annals did not exist in an authentic form for the earliest periods.

But if we are compelled to give up the existence of even the most scanty and meagre contemporary chronicle, it may well be asked, what authority *could* there be for the first three centuries and a half of the Roman history? Unassisted tradition could certainly have done little for so long a period; and we have already seen that even the close of that period was already far removed from the days of Fabius and Cincius, the first whom we know to have committed those traditions to writing. And yet there is a general consistency in the broad outlines of the received history, so soon as we have eliminated from them the obviously poetical and romantic element, which carries to our minds the conviction that they must be founded on a basis of truth. This is apparent even in the histories of the wars of the infant republic, although it is there that the romantic and fictitious element most strongly prevails; but far more strongly is it marked in the internal history of the commonwealth, and the records of the gradual development of its constitution. As this is by far the most important part of the early history of Rome, it is fortunately also by far the most satisfactory; and we must express our conviction—wholly unshaken by the numerous instances brought forward by Sir G. Lewis, of discrepancies in points of detail—that such a consistent and intelligible outline of constitutional history could never be the result of mere unsupported popular tradition.†

The fact was, we believe, that such tradition was not unsupported. There were numerous causes in the framework of Roman society which essentially contributed to give fixity and stability to what would otherwise have been vague and fluctuating. Foremost among these we must place that strong attachment to forms and precedents, which was even more marked in the Roman character than it is in our own, and would cause the rituals and formularies, the ceremonies and observances, which were inseparably bound up with their political as well as religious institutions, to be transmitted with superstitious care

\* Non enim rubeo scribere, quod in tabula apud pontificem maximum est, quoties annona cara, quoties lunæ aut solis lumini caligo aut quid obstiterit.—Cato ap. Aul. Gellium, ii. 28.

† We observe with pleasure that Dr. Liddell, in his recently published 'History of Rome,' which we had not read when the above paragraph was written, has come to a similar conclusion with regard to the authenticity of the constitutional traditions.

through successive generations. Even in the days of Cicero a standard was set up on the hill of the Janiculum, whenever the people was assembled in the Campus Martius; and the assembly was broken up if the standard was torn down, because that had been the signal of the approach of an enemy, when the frontier of Rome had been within a few miles of the Tiber, instead of on the Rhine or the Euphrates. A people so studious to perpetuate old usages would scarcely fail to preserve some account of the events in which they originated, and which gave them their significance; nor would the haughty patrician families, who had once monopolized the whole power in the state, be disposed to forget, any more than to forgive, the successive steps by which it was wrung piecemeal from their reluctant grasp.

Many other circumstances combined to render the same families the natural depositaries of a traditional history very different from what might otherwise have existed. There is, as we have already observed, a great probability that, though the authentic series of the Pontifical Annals was not preserved without interruption, the custom itself was derived from a very early period; and the Pontifex Maximus was, in the first ages of the republic, always of necessity a patrician, while the choice was practically limited to a few great families. These would undoubtedly preserve in their memory a very considerable portion of the contents of documents of such public interest, and of which they were the privileged authors and sole depositaries. Thus, even if the Tables themselves perished in the Gaulish conflagration (as we have seen reason to think probable), a great part of their contents would be preserved, and might easily be supplied and restored after the catastrophe. Nor is it credible that a people so attached to ancient precedents, and who were in the habit in all ages of heading their treaties and other public documents with the names of the consuls, should not have preserved some record at least of the names and succession of these magistrates, as well as of the triumphs they had celebrated—that crowning glory of the Roman pride and ambition.\*

But besides these, the same families would undoubtedly possess a large body of traditions of their own, which would be by no means without historical value. Even in modern times, family traditions, however liable to be disfigured by partiality,

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\* It is probable that this was very much the character of the 'linter libri,' already noticed; but we do not know with certainty at what time they were composed. The 'Fasti Triumphales' and 'Consulares,' now extant, are undoubtedly a late compilation, and hardly entitled to more authority than Livy or Dionysius, though apparently (like the annalistic notices in Diodorus) derived from independent sources.

have a remarkable character of permanence ; and this must have been far more strongly the case with the Roman Gentes, which had often their own peculiar sacred rites, and many other traditional peculiarities, which were handed down from generation to generation. Nor have we any reason to assume that such traditions were transmitted purely by oral delivery ; and there are at least some reasons which would lead to a different conclusion. It was a custom universal in later times with all noble families to adorn the halls of their houses with the portraits or busts of their ancestors ; and though we do not know how early this custom originated, there is one circumstance which seems, like the whitened board of the Pontiffs, to derive it from a remote antiquity. The images were of *wax*—not of stone or marble, or even of terra-cotta, though the use of this last material for statuary was certainly known at Rome, as well as in Etruria, from a very early period. These images were accompanied, as we are expressly told, by inscriptions, not only recording the names of those whom they represented, but commemorating their exploits—inscriptions probably brief and simple enough, not unlike those which still exist upon the tombs of the Scipios, but which would serve to perpetuate the memory of the magistracies they had borne, and the exploits they had performed. Nor can we doubt that every noble scion of the house of the Fabii or Quinctii could repeat by heart the whole list of these ancestral inscriptions. The custom of delivering funeral orations on the death of each distinguished member of a family, which not only recounted the virtues and exploits of the deceased, but recapitulated those of his ancestors, must have tended to the same result, and served to revive and perpetuate through each succeeding generation the memorials of the family. And though these orations very probably were not in early times committed to writing, their substance would undoubtedly be transmitted from father to son, and they would thus have become valuable auxiliaries in consolidating and fixing the traditionary history.

Unfortunately this last class of authorities would be wanting for the period which preceded the commonwealth ; and it must be admitted that when, in tracing back the stream of Roman history, we arrive at the period of the regal government, the traces of anything that has even a semblance of historical character become very few and very faint. The chronology of the whole period has long been shown to be wholly arbitrary and fictitious : and this in itself negatives the supposition of any contemporary record, or even any connected tradition that could supply its place. The received history of the kings of Rome bears indeed the appearance, on a somewhat closer scrutiny, of a string of detached

tached legends, strung together into a semblance of chronological sequence, but obviously derived from very different sources. Some of them have a purely romantic and poetical aspect; others bear the obvious character of what have been called *ætiological* legends—stories invented to account for the derivation of names, or the origin of customs, the true significance of which was forgotten. Many of them again are clearly sacerdotal traditions, preserved by the different sacerdotal bodies, and subsequently introduced into the annals as historical events. Yet some few points even here are historical—at least the main fact is in all probability true, as in the case of the destruction of Alba, though the circumstances and the date are alike uncertain. The wars of Romulus with Tatius, for instance, are obviously fabulous in their present form; but the introduction of a Sabine element into the Roman nationality, and its combination with the Latin one, is a fact which cannot be doubted, and the influence of which may be traced through a great part of the Roman customs and institutions. In like manner the conquest of Antemnæ and Cænina by Romulus, and that of Politorium, and other Latin towns, by Ancus Marcius, cannot be received as positive historical facts to which we can assign their definite place in history; but it is nevertheless certain that these and other small towns in the neighbourhood of Rome had been reduced under the dominion of the rising city before the period when it threw off the kingly form of government. The treaty with Carthage, already adverted to as a document of undoubted authenticity, sufficiently proves that before the close of the monarchy the Roman state had really risen to a position of no inconsiderable power, and that the traditional greatness of the Tarquins was no mere fiction of the popular fancy.

The result of the preceding inquiry appears to us to be, that, though we have no proof of the existence of any contemporary record for the period preceding the burning of the city, yet there must have existed, at least from the beginning of the commonwealth, many sources from which a tolerably authentic narrative, correct in its broad and general outlines, however defective in its details, could be put together. Many of the records which perished on that occasion were of a class which could easily be preserved in the memory, and probably were in fact so preserved, until they were at a later period again committed to writing. And if it was attempted, as appears to us most probable—at a time not long after the catastrophe, or at all events long before the days of Fabius and Cincius—to put together such a chronicle as might replace the earlier series of the *Annales Maximi*, there would not be wanting the materials for such a work. No

doubt these materials would be far from possessing either the completeness or the authenticity of a genuine contemporary chronicle, but they would be in the main substantially true: and a body of annals so composed would bear very much the same relation to the later annals that the earlier portions of the Saxon Chronicle do to the latter parts of the same document. We do not know from what materials or at what time the former were compiled, though there is good reason to assume that they are not, like the later portions, a really contemporary record; but we do not on that account reject them altogether as fabulous. Hengist and Horsa may be, and indeed very probably are, mere mythical personages, like Romulus and Remus; but the Saxon conquest of England is not the less an historical fact; and the occurrence of this mythical element at their commencement cannot be reasonably assumed as vitiating all the subsequent annals of the Heptarchy. Their authority has been generally admitted by all our historians, and whether they are founded on earlier chronicles which have now disappeared, or rest mainly on the basis of popular tradition, there is no reason to doubt the substantial correctness of their meagre and scanty narrative.

But, it may reasonably be objected, this is not the character of the early Roman history. So far from being meagre or scanty, the narrative is full and copious in the extreme. It is related with circumstantial minuteness, with a richness of detail, and above all with an abundance of personal anecdote and traits of individual character that remind us rather of historical romance than of meagre annals; they resemble rather Xenophon's 'Cyropædia' or Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe' than the Saxon Chronicle. From whence could all these details have been derived? The answer given by Niebuhr, and generally adopted by subsequent writers is—from popular poetry. Hardly any of Niebuhr's discoveries—if such it may be called—have attracted more attention than this. In this country it has acquired especial prominence from the manner in which it was turned to account by Mr. Macaulay in his spirited lays of Ancient Rome, as well as from the clearness and ability with which the theory is set forth in the preface to that charming volume. It has been extensively adopted and applied, especially by German writers, to the early history of other countries. On the other hand, it has been laid hold of by the detractors of Niebuhr as the ground of a most unjust charge of plagiarism, because the same idea had already been suggested more than a century and a half before by Perizonius—a fact which had been so completely forgotten that it would probably have remained unknown to all his detractors had not Niebuhr himself, with his wonted candour, brought it to light. Sir G. Lewis,

Lewis, on the contrary, as well as the most recent German historian, Dr. Schweigler, reject altogether the supposed discovery, and refuse to admit the poetic element among the ingredients of the early Roman history. But we cannot discover that either the one or the other has brought forward any new arguments against the theory, or has weakened the force of the strong presumption in its favour. Sir G. Lewis, indeed, has not even noticed the striking analogy of the instances produced by Mr. Macaulay; from the Spanish history of Mariana—an author frequently styled the Spanish Livy—who has reproduced as history without the slightest suspicion the substance of the old ballad of the Cid; as well as that of the amours of Edgar with Elfeda, which are narrated with equal confidence by Hume, though they rest only on the authority of popular ballads.

Sir G. Lewis may indeed object—and this is in fact the substance of his objection to the whole theory—that in these cases we have direct evidence that the tales in question were taken from such ballads, and that we have no such evidence in the case of any of the early Roman legends. But when we consider how purely accidental is our knowledge of the sources from which the Spanish and English historians in both cases derived their materials; and how easily all trace of them might have disappeared, we cannot wonder that we should have no such proof remaining in a case where the whole of the early historical literature of the country is lost to us. If the works of Fabius and Cincius, of Cato and Licinius Macer, had been preserved to us in their integrity, and no allusion had been found in them to these early poetical sources, the objection, though still far from conclusive, would have been entitled to much weight; as it is, it is surely unreasonable to require that kind of proof, which, from the nature of the case, could scarcely by possibility be still forthcoming.

The greater part of Sir G. Lewis's argument is directed against the hypothesis that these lays had been worked up into a longer poem, or a kind of popular epic—an addition by no means essential to the theory, and which has, we believe, been accepted by few of Niebuhr's followers. Indeed, his own views on this subject are by no means clear and consistent. In some passages he certainly speaks of the 'Lay of the Tarquins' as a great historical poem, ending with the 'battle of giants' at the Lake Regillus; and supposes the history of Romulus and the war of Tullus Hostilius with Alba to have been each the subject of a single poem, necessarily, therefore, of considerable length. But he admits also the existence of shorter detached lays, in a separate form, as well as of the still earlier lays or ballads which formed the foundation of the longer poems.

Whether

Whether these ballads were ever worked up into more extensive poems, such as the *Nibelungen Lied* or the Spanish poem of the *Cid*, before they passed into the hands of the annalists and received their final poetic treatment at the hands of Ennius, is a question which we have no means of deciding; but that there once existed among the Romans a considerable body of ballad poetry, which was still extant in the days of the elder Cato, though its loss was already lamented by Cicero, is a fact which appears to us established on unquestionable evidence. It was this body of popular poetry to which alone Nævius could refer when he represented himself as the last of the Roman poets, after whose death the Muses would forget how to speak Latin; and which must have furnished the materials out of which Ennius constructed the noble poem that was at once adopted by the Romans as their national epic. We have no doubt that the almost unbounded popularity enjoyed by this great work, which was published no long time after the prose histories of Fabius and Cincius, exercised a material influence over the subsequent history of Rome, and contributed to perpetuate the poetical character so strongly impressed upon its earlier portions; but we have no doubt also that he was indebted for its numerous poetical episodes to the songs of far earlier and ruder minstrels, whose rugged strains were forgotten when the more polished hexameters had banished the rough Saturnian metre. But the care with which the poems of Nævius and of Ennius himself were cherished and stored up in their memory by the Romans of the days of Cicero, and even of Augustus, was doubtless but the representative of that with which their ancestors preserved the ruder ballads that had been the delight of their still ruder forefathers.

If any answer were required to the argument of Dr. Schweigler that the Romans were essentially an unpoetical people, we should find it sufficient to point to this deep and intense admiration for the writings of Nævius and Ennius; but the best answer to this charge is to be found in the stories themselves. There they are; and their poetical colouring, as well as their poetical merit, is unquestionable. We know that they do not owe this character to the inventive power of Livy; and it will scarcely be contended that they derived it wholly from Ennius. We must therefore suppose them to be popular legends narrated in poetical style, at a period when literature was yet in its infancy, and polished prose writing unknown. The presumption appears to us irresistible that they would assume the form of that popular poetry which is common to all ages and almost all countries. Even at the present day, in a very different state of society, and certainly one far more

more prosaic than that of the rude husbandmen and warriors of the infant Roman state—in the midst of the dingy streets and smoky chimneys of London or Manchester, not an event occurs that is not caught up and celebrated in popular poetry. And the very metre employed is often the same with the old Saturnian verse, which, rude and irregular as it was, differed but little, if at all, from that which we find in many of our own old ballads and nursery rhymes, as well as in the old Spanish poem of the *Cid* and in the heroic lays of modern Greece.\*

We come then to the conclusion that the materials for this part of the Roman history were composed, as represented by Niebuhr, mainly of two classes. The first, or what may be called the prosaic element, was derived from the earliest annals, and could have been but a mere chronicle, strictly chronological in form, and dry, meagre, and barren of details as such works always are; trustworthy in its general outlines, but not always to be depended upon, because not really based upon any contemporary record. By the side of this there existed a wholly different class of materials, of poetical origin as well as character, forming by itself no complete history, and wholly devoid of chronology, but comprising all the beautiful legends, and all the noble stories which are now inseparably bound up with our notions of the earliest Roman history. The two had grown up independent of one another; they had nothing in common; and when later historians attempted to interweave the poetical legends with the prosaic chronicle, it was found that they did not fit. It was like attempting to find in our own history a definite chronological place for the slaughter of Chevy Chase or the exploits of Robin Hood. Hence arose chronological difficulties and discrepancies which are repeatedly alluded to by Livy, who represents, far more faithfully than the pragmatist Dionysius, the sources from which he derives his materials.

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\* Mr. Macaulay appears to us to have apprehended the true nature of the Saturnian verse in the admirable preface already quoted; while Sir G. Lewis, following too closely the pedantic grammarians of later times, has endeavoured to limit the character of this rude and primitive metre, or rather rhythm, in a manner wholly at variance with its origin and usage. The very grammarians who give us an account of its structure, admit that it was difficult to find verses, of sufficiently regular construction, to serve as models in the whole poem of *Nævius*. The same thing might be said of the poem of the *Cid*, the regular metre of which is only a longer Saturnian verse, but its irregularities defy all control. But if this was the case with the later and comparatively regular poem of *Nævius*, how much more must it have applied to the ruder and earlier ballads, or to those extempore military strains which were the unfailing accompaniment of every triumph, from the days of Cincinnatus to those of Julius Cæsar (*Liv.*, iii. 29; *Suet.*, *Cæs.*, 51). This custom is in itself a sufficient proof, were all others wanting, of the aptitude of the Romans for ballad poetry.

One of the most remarkable instances of the juxtaposition, without combination, of these two elements occurs in his second book (ii. 19), where we find the events of two successive years thus related:—

‘Servius Sulpicius and M. Tullius were consuls: nothing took place worthy of memory. After them came T. Æbutius and C. Vetusius. In their consulship Fidenæ was besieged; Crustumeria taken; Præneste came over from the Latins to the Romans.’

We may well remark, as Cicero does of the Pontifical Annals: ‘Nothing can be more dry.’ But in the very next sentence Livy slides off into a totally different style, and proceeds to relate the battle of the Lake Regillus, with all its romantic details and its personal combats of heroes, that remind one, as Sir G. Lewis justly observes, of the battles in the *Iliad*. And after relating all these incidents, as circumstantially as Froissart does those of the battle of Crecy, and as if they were in like manner derived from the immediate testimony of eye-witnesses, he proceeds to tell us, a few pages further on, that it was uncertain in what year the battle was fought, and that many annalists placed it several years later.

A third class of materials, in some degree intermediate between the other two, was that derived from the family traditions and funeral orations already adverted to: a source by no means to be relied on as authentic, but at the same time of a very different character from the purely poetical legends, and certainly not altogether to be rejected. Both Cicero and Livy have adverted to the effect of these causes in corrupting and falsifying the Roman annals, and their influence in this respect is distinctly traceable at a much later period; but while their effect would be simply injurious where better materials were at hand, they would undoubtedly, during the earlier periods, supply to a certain extent the deficiency of other authorities. The causes which would contribute to give them an unusual degree of permanence and value have been already noticed; and we cannot doubt that they would preserve the memory of many striking events which might otherwise have been lost. The slaughter of the Fabii at the Cremera, for instance, was a calamity to the great house which it befell that would undoubtedly have been preserved by tradition for many generations; and though there is no question that it has been greatly exaggerated, and the circumstances invested with a romantic garb and an heroic colouring, we see no reason whatever to question the historical foundation of the incident itself. Can any one believe that the massacre of Glencoe would have been forgotten by the clan of the Macdonalds even

even if it had been recorded by no contemporary writers, and transmitted by no regular historians?

A history based upon such authorities, and put together out of such materials as these—passing, moreover, through the hands of many successive writers, more or less distinguished for accuracy and conscientiousness, and some of them strikingly deficient in both qualities, before it assumed the form in which alone we now possess it—is undoubtedly far removed from a complete and authentic history. But neither can we admit that it is to be discarded with undistinguishing contempt or unmingled scepticism. It appears to us that it is exactly a case for the application of criticism: a fair field for the exercise of historical judgment. We cannot believe, with Niebuhr, that it is possible to arrive at reconstructing a picture of ancient Rome as complete in its details, but more trustworthy in its lineaments, than that presented to us by Livy; but neither are we prepared, with Sir G. Lewis, to apply a sponge to the whole gorgeous composition, and wipe out at once the broad original outlines, as well as the rich colouring with which they have been overlaid.

We are very far from being blind to the great defects of Niebuhr's celebrated work. It is utterly unaccountable to us that any one should, after working long and carefully over the same ground, as Arnold had done, come to the conclusion that he was a safe guide, or that his views were to be accepted with the blind reverence of a disciple. Niebuhr undoubtedly possessed great qualities—qualities of a far higher order than those which enable his German successors to combat his theories. Few men ever possessed in a higher degree that most important of all qualities for an historian, the power of forming in his own mind a living picture of the times that he was considering, and viewing the subject before him not merely as an aggregate of details, but as an organic whole. Few men, in our times at least, have equalled him in the accuracy and extent of his multifarious learning; none certainly have surpassed him in that minute acquaintance with the whole mass of the surviving Roman literature which is the necessary foundation of all researches into the history. His wonderful memory, which almost realized the fables that are related of the Scaligers or Picus Mirandula, enabled him to bring together at any moment all the resources of this vast erudition. Every scrap and fragment of a lost historian or annalist, preserved by some obscure grammarian, was ready at his hand when he wanted it, and was applied and fitted into its place with matchless ingenuity. Nor was he ever, as is too often the case with many of his countrymen, overwhelmed with his own learning. He was no mere school pedant, no book-learned professor

professor whose acquaintance with men and things was confined to his own study. He had taken an active part in public affairs, and had co-operated, with characteristic energy, in the struggles of the War of Liberation in Germany. His acquaintance with the constitutions of modern Europe, and their practical working, was at once accurate and profound; and he was able to illustrate the institutions of ancient Rome by analogies drawn from those of modern England, as well as from the republics of ancient Greece or the mediæval customs of his native Ditmarsh.

But the very qualities which constituted the greatness of Niebuhr were the sources also of his defects. The same power of imagination which led him to picture so strongly to himself the immediate object of his studies, and to blend into one harmonious whole all its subordinate details, would sometimes mislead him into mistaking for reality the creations of his own fancy. Still more often would he put a construction upon his ancient authorities which they would not fairly bear, or set aside their testimony altogether because it interfered with his preconceived notions, and marred the symmetry of his design. He saw so clearly the picture that he had presented to himself that he could not understand that any one else would refuse to see it likewise. The confident tone in which he frequently asserts his own convictions, even when based only on far-fetched analogies or uncertain inferences, and entitled at the utmost to claim our assent as plausible conjectures, was calculated to impose upon his disciples, but has failed, and justly failed, to awe his adversaries into submission. Even his memory, powerful as it was, sometimes failed him; he had learnt to rely upon its strength more than it could bear. Still more frequently do we find him attaching an undue importance to some obscure passage or fragmentary notice, which had been overlooked by preceding writers, in preference to the broader and more distinct, but more familiar statement, of some well-known historian.\* But several subsequent writers have borne testimony to the fact that they have come round, on fuller investigation, to his opinions on points where they had at first rejected them; and one of the ablest of his followers, but at the same

\* All these faults are especially conspicuous in his Lectures, which have been published within the last few years by Dr. Isler and Dr. Schmitz. Though containing many valuable hints and suggestions, and sometimes setting forth his views more clearly and distinctly than he has done in his larger history, we cannot think these lectures are calculated to advance the reputation of Niebuhr. They are frequently careless and inaccurate, and often contain crude and imperfect views, which we have no doubt he would himself have rejected on maturer consideration. It must, however, in justice to Niebuhr, be added, that they were never prepared or designed by him for publication. They were delivered, we believe, in all cases extempore, and were never reduced to writing by himself at all, being now published only from the copybooks of his pupils.

time one of the severest of his critics, has observed that Niebuhr's views often appear on a first aspect arbitrary and unfounded, only because he was himself led to them by a kind of historical intuition, and neglected to fortify them by the necessary proofs and arguments which were required by others, though he himself did not feel the want of them.\*

But while we are fully ready to admit the defects of Niebuhr's investigations, and to allow that he was often led away by his ardent and enthusiastic character beyond the just bounds of historical criticism, we are far from concurring with Sir G. Lewis in his sweeping condemnation of the principles and method that he pursued. Believing as we do, and as even Sir G. Lewis is prepared to admit (though in a much less degree), the existence of an historical element in the received accounts of the early ages of Rome, we cannot consent to abandon altogether the attempt to distinguish and recover the thread of truth that runs through the tangled web of traditions and legends. It is true that we may have no fixed criterion, no unerring guide; but we cannot admit that we are therefore to be debarred from the exercise of that discriminating judgment which is the foundation of all historical criticism. We know that the received history is not a mere fiction, like the romances of Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Archbishop Turpin. We know also that it is not a mere poetical aggregate of heroical and mythological legends, like the wars of Thebes or Troy; and we have already given the reasons which appear to us to prove that it was not based, as Sir G. Lewis assumes, upon a mere vague and floating mass of popular traditions. Under these circumstances, it appears to us that the attempt to separate the truth from that which is fictitious; the poetical from the historical; the leading facts, which are intrinsically probable, and were likely from their nature or circumstances to be perpetuated by a trustworthy tradition, from those accessories and details which could scarcely be so preserved, is by no means the arbitrary and unphilosophical process which it is considered by Sir G. Lewis. He objects, indeed, to the assumption by Niebuhr and his followers of what they have called a power of historical intuition. The phrase is, perhaps, objectionable; and the right has undoubtedly been exercised both by Niebuhr and many of his successors with a boldness and laxity which cannot be justified. But within reasonable limits, it is not only useful but necessary to the historian; and, indeed, we do not understand how anything like historical criticism can exist without it. When Sir G. Lewis himself pronounces the execution of T. Manlius by

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\* Schwegler, *Römische Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 147.

his father to be an event calculated to make a deep impression on the popular mind, and that therefore 'no reasonable doubt can be entertained of its historical basis;' still more when he adds that the devotion of Decius is doubtless equally historical, notwithstanding the strangeness of the superstition that dictated it, he is, in fact, exercising just the same right of arbitrary judgment which he denies to Niebuhr. We entirely agree with Sir G. Lewis in the judgment he has here pronounced. His view appears to us sound, and his reasons satisfactory. But we should say the same of many of Niebuhr's conclusions, which he, on the contrary, rejects as arbitrary and unfounded. We cannot understand by what right he pronounces the siege and fall of Veii to be 'facts which cannot be reasonably doubted,' though the circumstances which are related in connexion with them 'bear throughout a legendary character,' which might not be equally claimed by Niebuhr or Schwegler, in regard to the destruction of Alba. Again, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, an event universally admitted to be historical, is related by ancient writers with much diversity of detail, and dressed up with many incidents undoubtedly fictitious. Yet these are the very grounds on which Sir G. Lewis rejects many leading events in the earlier history, as devoid of an historical foundation.

A very large part of his book is, indeed, occupied with a detailed and minute examination of the accounts given by Livy, Dionysius, and other authors, of the same events, with a view to show that there are such discrepancies in the details, such variations in the narrative, that no credit can be attached to any of them, and we have, therefore, no assurance of the truth even of the main facts. It was hardly necessary to enter into all this detail to prove the fact, familiar to every scholar, of the existence of these discrepancies. But we altogether demur to the conclusion which he has drawn from them. Discrepancies in details are no doubt fatal to the credit of witnesses who speak from personal knowledge and ocular observation; but the case is surely otherwise, not only with historical traditions but even in regard to contemporary events, where they are transmitted through many different channels. It is a judicious remark of Paley that 'the usual character of human testimony is substantial truth under circumstantial variety.' So far from being disposed to reject such important facts in the early history of the Republic as the Secession of the Plebs to the Sacred Mount, or the execution of Sp. Cassius, on account of variations in the circumstances with which they were related, these very variations appear to us rather to confirm the main facts to which they refer, as showing that the accounts were derived from different and independent sources.

Both

Both facts were emphatically such as to fulfil Sir G. Lewis's own test of credibility, as 'events calculated to make a deep impression on the popular mind:' the one as inseparably connected with the institution of the tribunes of the people, so long their only safeguard against the oppression of the patricians; the other as the tragical end of the first man of noble birth who had dared to advocate the cause of the plebeians by proposing an agrarian law.

It is true that in both cases there are material differences in regard to the circumstances that accompanied them; and there seem to have been, at least, two different versions of the traditions connected with them. But if such discrepancies are to be admitted as overthrowing all belief in the main facts, we must at once reject a large part of the later as well as the earlier history of Rome. There were two different versions of the history of Hannibal's march upon Rome current in the time of Livy, and he himself declines to decide between them. But, as he justly observes, the fact of the march itself could not be doubted.\* And yet such discrepancies are far more startling in the narrative of events that were recorded by contemporary history than where they were not. The absurdities and contradictions in Livy's narrative of the campaigns in Spain during the Second Punic War, were long ago pointed out by Sir Walter Raleigh;† and it is certain that we can no more restore the details of those campaigns than we can those of the wars with the Samnites or the Volscians. But we do not on that account reject altogether the history of the war in Spain, or refuse to believe the death of the two Scipios or the victories of Hasdrubal. If again we take up the history of the Social War, the most desperate struggle which Rome ever encountered and the most important turning-point in her whole history, we shall find as much difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory knowledge of its progress and vicissitudes as in the case of the war with the Latins, two centuries and a half before. The Social War itself is as undoubtedly historical as the wars of the French Revolution, and its events were as familiar to all men in the days of Cicero, even in their minutest details, as those of the last war with France in our own. They were recorded by numerous contemporary historians, several of whom had personally borne a part in the contest; but those histories are irrecoverably lost, and if we attempt to put together the scanty and imperfect notices which have been preserved to us by Appian and other writers now extant, we shall find ourselves met by difficulties very similar to what we encounter in the earlier history. There are contradictions to be reconciled, gaps to be filled up or

\* Liv. xxvi. 11.

† History of the World, book v. chap. xiii. sect. 11.  
indicated,

indicated, deficiencies to be supplied from inferential reasoning; in short, we shall have to go through a process of historical criticism closely resembling that which Sir G. Lewis refuses to allow us for the first centuries of the Roman state.

We do not mean to press this argument too far. It is not our intention to assert that the main facts and leading outlines of the earliest history can ever be recovered to the same extent or traced with the same certainty as those of the last two centuries of the Republic. But we maintain that the difference is one of degree, not of kind, and that the application of the same severe rule of criticism on which Sir G. Lewis insists for the earlier period, would be fatal also to a great part of the later history. We can never hope to reproduce a picture of the first two centuries and a half of the Roman Republic as clear and definite as that of England from the Norman Conquest, any more than we can supply a history of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla as full and circumstantial as that of the House of Stuart, which we find in Hume or Clarendon. But we cannot consent on that account to abandon the attempt to recover and retrace its general outlines; still less are we willing to forego altogether the exercise of our critical judgment, as we should be compelled to do were we to fetter ourselves by the canons of criticism laid down by Sir G. Lewis.

We have already adverted to the superior consistency of the accounts which have been transmitted to us of the internal history and constitutional changes of the Roman state. It is fortunate that, as this is by far the most important part of the early history, it is also that to which the method of Niebuhr could be most successfully applied. For the Roman constitution was, like our own, the gradual growth of centuries, uninterrupted by any violent revolutions, such as sweep away the landmarks of society, and characterised by a strenuous adherence to form and precedent, which often preserved the external semblance even where the real essence had been changed. It would be as impossible to understand the Roman polity, as it existed in the days of Cicero, without reference to the earliest history of the Republic, and even the obscure period of the Monarchy, as it would be to explain the growth of our own institutions without going back to those of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors and the centuries of the Norman domination.

An uniform tradition, of which there is no reason to doubt the accuracy, referred the origin of all these Roman institutions to a very early period. The appointment of the consuls was coeval with the first beginning of the commonwealth: the first dictator was appointed in consequence of a great public emergency but a few years later. Only fifteen years after the expulsion of the kings

kings the oppression of the dominant patricians led to the appointment of the first tribunes of the people. The first agrarian law was brought forward by Sp. Cassius, the man whose name was rendered familiar to all by his concluding that treaty with the Latins which subsisted for above a century and a half, and which was still extant on its brazen column in the days of Cicero. The legislation of the decemvirs had been confined to the private relations between citizens, and exercised no permanent influence over the constitutional arrangements of the state. Even the change in the form of government from regal to republican had left the other most essential features of the constitution unaltered. The relations between the patricians and plebeians, between the patrons and clients, the institution of the comitia, and the complicated arrangements of the centuries and classes, were universally believed to be derived from a still earlier epoch, and to belong to that regal period concerning which our information is so fragmentary and imperfect. The constitution which was ascribed to Servius Tullius continued to be the foundation of the Roman polity for almost the whole period of the Republic; and whatever may be the truth of the tradition, which referred these legislative arrangements to the popular king, his name is as indissolubly united with the fundamental institutions of the Roman commonwealth as that of Lycurgus with those of Sparta.

The great services rendered by Niebuhr in this department of Roman history have been acknowledged by almost all succeeding labourers in the same field. The same author whom we have already quoted, Dr. Schweigler, expresses his conviction that 'Niebuhr was the first who had a just and complete notion of the ancient constitution, and who rightly understood the origin, the divisions, and the mutual relations of the Roman institutions.' It was this clear comprehension of the whole, this insight into the general spirit and character of the constitution, that guided him most surely in the investigation of details, and frequently afforded him a clue through what would otherwise have been a hopeless labyrinth.

On the other hand it is precisely the discussion and treatment of these subjects by Sir G. Lewis that is to us by far the least satisfactory part of his book. He refuses altogether to admit that general unity and consistency which appear to us so striking in the early history of the constitution, and confining himself almost entirely to details, objects to stir a step without the distinct testimony of ancient authors. He rejects, for instance, the explanation suggested by Niebuhr, and adopted by almost all later writers, of the origin of the relation between the patricians and plebeians, on the ground that it is not found in any ancient writer, and that both Greek and Roman historians

treat

treat the separation of the two classes as coeval with the Roman state. But upon his own principles, the authority of Dionysius or Plutarch upon such a point is utterly worthless; and no one, we presume, will ascribe any historical value to statements concerning the legislation of Romulus, a being as visionary and unsubstantial as most other eponymous heroes. But in reality the view put forward by Dionysius is no more entitled to be called an historical statement than that of Niebuhr. It is evidently nothing more than the mode in which the Greek historian, or the annalist whom he followed, accounted for the origin of that broad distinction between patricians and plebeians, the existence of which was an undoubted historical fact. The only real difference between the two views is this: the account given by ancient writers of an arbitrary division of the Roman people—a body of refugees and voluntary emigrants—by their own chosen leader, into two classes, of which the one was to have exclusive possession of all that was valuable in the state; the other was to be debarred from all honours and privileges, and condemned to a permanent and hereditary state of degradation, is simply absurd. On the other hand, the explanation suggested by Niebuhr, that the plebeians were a body of new citizens derived from the towns and territories of Latium, which had been subjected by the early kings of Rome, and who were admitted to the position of Roman citizens without being allowed to share in all their privileges, is plausible, consistent, and supported by strong analogies, both in other states of antiquity, and in the republics of the middle ages. Its reference to the particular reign of Ancus Marcius may be admitted to be doubtful; but the general fact seems to us as certain as any such inference from analogy and reason can be.

But our limits warn us to conclude. We have been obliged to express freely our dissent from many of the arguments and conclusions of Sir G. Lewis. But we should be ungrateful if we did not again bear our testimony to the diligence and industry with which he has brought together all the authorities that bear upon his subject, and the ability with which he has analysed and discussed their statements. We do not believe that the future historian of Rome will acquiesce in his sweeping scepticism; but he will undoubtedly be indebted to him for the most ample and complete examination of his materials; and will derive from his elaborate essay that advantage which must always proceed from every fresh examination of an obscure subject by an independent and original thinker.

ART. III.—*The Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his Brother, James Alexander Haldane.* By Alexander Haldane, Esq. Fourth Edition. London, 1855.

THIS work, though clumsily executed, and without pretence to literary merit, is yet neither uninteresting nor unedifying. It is a biography of two noble-minded men, whose character we cannot but venerate, even when their actions furnish warning rather than example. It has been said of the saints and worthies of the Old Testament, that whatever were their defects, and however far they fell short of the standard of Christian virtue, yet they were all distinguished by this characteristic—that they lived for God and not for self—they walked by faith and not by sight. The same praise can truly be given to the heroes of this biography, whose piety indeed, in many important points, belonged rather to the Judaic than to the Evangelic type. It may be that their zeal for God was not altogether according to knowledge; it may be that their religion, though pure, was hardly peaceable; it may be that they did not join to their faith wisdom, nor to wisdom patience, nor to patience charity. They inherited the traditions of the Scottish Puritans, and the milk of human kindness in their bosoms may have been curdled by the acidity of their hereditary creed. But, nevertheless, their life and energies were given wholly and unreservedly to God's service. They devoted their labours and their substance to promote the cause which they believed the cause of truth. They lived as they taught, and preached nothing which they did not practise. And, therefore, a Mammon-serving generation may well profit by their example, and venerate their memory.

Robert and James Haldane were the sons of a captain in the East India Company's merchant-service, who inherited a property, near Stirling, which had been purchased early in the reign of George III. by his uncle, who was also the commander of an East Indiaman. The latter, having returned from India with a fortune, bought the estates of the ancient family of Haldane, and took their name.\* He left the estate of Airthrey in Stirlingshire to his above-named nephew James, the father of our heroes.

His two sons were left orphans, by the death of their father and mother, at an early age. Upon this circumstance their biographer has the original remark, that—

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\* His former name is not mentioned, but as he was only connected with the old family of Haldane by the half-blood, we infer that he must have changed it. But we shall revert to this subject at the conclusion of our article.

‘The union of parent and child is a bond, of which it has been finely said, that it strengthens with life, acquires vigour from the understanding, and is sealed and made perfect in the community of love. *Once severed, it is a tie too sacred and holy to be renewed.*’—p. 14.

The last assertion is certainly indisputable, where (as in the present case) the death of both parents renders the existence of stepfather or stepmother an impossibility.

The boys were educated under the care of their uncle, Captain Duncan, afterwards well known as Admiral Duncan, and raised to the peerage for his services. Under his auspices Robert Haldane (who is the chief subject of the biography before us) entered the navy in 1780, at the age of fifteen.

In the following year he joined the *Foudroyant*, then commanded by Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; and was engaged in the celebrated midnight action in which that officer took the *Pégase*, a French ship of the line. Robert Haldane distinguished himself by his courage and coolness in the engagement, and was selected by Captain Jervis to accompany the lieutenant who took possession of the French ship after she had struck.

In 1782, while the grand fleet, which was to relieve Gibraltar, was lying at Spithead, our young midshipman witnessed the loss of the *Royal George*. From the deck of the *Foudroyant* he was watching through a telescope the operation of heeling the great ship over, when suddenly she capsized, filled, and sank, with twelve hundred souls on board. The boats of the *Foudroyant* were instantly manned, and pushed off to save the drowning multitude, one of them being in the charge of Robert, who distinguished himself by his zeal and activity in rescuing some of the victims of this great catastrophe.

The naval and military power of England had at that epoch reached their nadir; Gibraltar was besieged by the combined armies and navies of France and Spain, and its capitulation was daily expected. The loss of the *Royal George* was felt even as a national calamity, diminishing as it did the strength of that British fleet, which was already unequal in number to the enemy. On the 11th of September, Lord Howe sailed with only thirty-four ships of the line, to relieve a fortress which was blockaded by fifty. A storm partly reduced this disparity of force, and the enemy having put to sea to the westward of the Rock, the British fleet contrived, by a skilful manœuvre, to sail round them, and entered the bay from the eastward, carrying the convoy safely into Gibraltar, to the inexpressible relief of the starving garrison. In this manœuvre the *Foudroyant* was the leading ship.

During

During the return of the fleet to England, an incident occurred which tested the character of Robert Haldane. His ship was in full chase of a Spanish first-rate, and carrying a press of canvass, when he was ordered to take his post on the fore-top-gallant mast, and remain on the look-out till recalled. The mast sprung, and as there was no order to come down, he expected at every blast to be hurled into the sea. Another midshipman, who was with him, thought himself justified in descending to a safer position. But Haldane (like young Casabianca at the battle of the Nile) refused to quit his post, acting on his captain's maxim, 'Never make a difficulty in obeying orders.' He therefore stood fast, with one old seaman beside him, who advised him to lay hold of the lower parts of the ropes, so that when the expected plunge should come, there might be a better chance of keeping hold of the mast with their heads uppermost. At this moment there arose the cry of 'a man overboard;' upon which the captain gave orders to shorten sail; and then, first discovering the danger of those on the look-out, instantly relieved them from their perilous position.

This was the last adventure in the brief nautical career of our hero. The peace, which immediately followed, put an end to the promise of professional excitement and success, and, at the age of nineteen, he quitted the navy. The next two years he spent in a continental tour; and, upon attaining his majority, he married, and settled down on his property as a country gentleman.

But he was not destined to the life of an ordinary squire; and even during the first ten years after he took possession of his estate, though he lived in the country, and devoted himself to rural pursuits, his energetic character and vehement force of will found means to display themselves. He took to landscape gardening, and determined to make Airthrey the prettiest park in Scotland. Wood and water were both requisite for this object, and he had neither; but he resolved to get both, and he got them. He excavated an artificial lake, to which he sacrificed many acres of his best pasture; and into this he conducted distant brooks from among the hills. Timber, too, he obtained, with equal determination to triumph over nature, by transplanting full-grown trees of eighty years old to the sites where he chose to have them. He seems to have set the earliest example of this method of transplantation, which Sir Walter Scott and others afterwards successfully adopted. In a letter dated June, 1788, he writes of it as follows:

'The trees I transplanted are full-grown ones of about eighty years old. This is their second year, and they are doing as well as I could wish.

wish. Indeed, from the manner in which I transplanted them, I had little fear of their doing well from the first, as the whole root was always taken along with them, which, from its weight, kept them perfectly steady, and afforded the same nourishment as before. I measured one of the roots, which is about forty-five feet in circumference."—p. 39.

Besides these greater feats of gardening, he made walks through the glens, built gazaboos on the crags, and finally erected a hermitage 'on the model of the woodland retreat to which Goldsmith's Angelina is led by the taper's hospitable ray.'

'The wicket opening with the latch, the rushy couch, the scrip with herbs and fruit supplied, and all the other sylvan articles of furniture described by the poet, were there; whilst on the sides of the adjacent rock, or within the hut itself, were painted, at proper intervals, the invitation to the houseless child of want to accept "the guiltless feast, the blessing, and repose."'—p. 38.

Nay, feeling the hermitage incomplete without its tenant, Mr. Haldane actually advertised in the newspapers for a real live hermit, specifying the conditions, which were strictly in accordance with Goldsmith's ballad, including the prohibition of animal food. He received many applications in answer; but there was one condition which proved too unpalatable to be swallowed by any one. This was not the diet, but the solitude enforced; no one was found willing to pledge himself to spend his life without ever quitting the hermit's wood. We mention this anecdote the rather, because it shows that, in his youth, Mr. Haldane was not altogether destitute of a sense of humour. From such trifling pursuits, however, he was roused by that trumpet-call which woke Europe from its slumber. The French Revolution first called out the whole latent earnestness of his character. In common with most of the ardent and generous minds of his own generation, he hailed the dawn of liberty in France with sanguine enthusiasm. Writing at a later period of his then feelings, he says—

'A scene of melioration in the affairs of mankind seemed to open itself to my mind, which I trusted would speedily take place in the world, such as the universal abolition of slavery, of war, and of many other miseries that mankind were exposed to.'—p. 79.

These hopes he continued to entertain, even after the sanguinary excesses of the Reign of Terror, which, he tells us, he then ascribed 'solely to the state of degradation to which the minds of the French had been reduced during the ancient despotic government.' He was therefore a determined opponent of the war with France; and he showed his courage and independence  
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by openly maintaining his opinions in opposition to the government, at a time when (particularly in Scotland) it required no little nerve in any man to avow such doctrines, exposing him, as they did, to political suspicion and social excommunication. Special sensation was excited by a speech which he made at a meeting of the freeholders of the county of Stirling in July, 1794, held to consider the propriety of arming corps of volunteers. The following is part of a summary of this address, which he afterwards published :—

‘ I then delivered my opinion upon what I conceived the impolicy and injustice of the war. I afterwards described what I considered to be the true character of a person properly called a democrat ; as a friend of his country, a lover of peace, and one who cherished the sentiments of general benevolence ; and contrasted it with that of persons who held opposite sentiments, who were desirous of hugging their prejudices, and of adapting the maxims of government belonging to the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, a period so much more enlightened. . . . I then declared to the freeholders that I thought they would have been much better employed had they been meeting to consider how all abuses that were generally allowed to be such might be reformed.’—pp. 81, 82.

It is easy to imagine the indignant clamour which must have been excited in Scotland, at that epoch of alarm, against a man of property who openly gloried in the name of democrat.

It was not long, however, before he was led, by the course of events, to abandon his dream of human perfectibility. He saw that the miseries of man lay too deep to be remedied by revolutions ; yet this conviction did not cause his enthusiasm to subside into Epicurean indifference. On the contrary, it led him to raise his aspirations to higher objects, to rise from earthly politics to the city of God, and to seek for that perfection in things eternal which he had vainly thought to witness in things temporal. He himself describes the change which was thus wrought in his religious sentiments :—

‘ Before the French Revolution, having nothing to rouse my mind, I lived in the country, almost wholly engaged by country pursuits, little concerned about the general interests or happiness of mankind, but selfishly enjoying the blessings which God in his providence had so bountifully poured upon me. As to religion, I contented myself with that general profession which is so common and so worthless, and that form of godliness which completely denies its power. . . . When politics began to be talked of, I was led to consider everything anew. I eagerly caught at them, as a pleasing speculation. As a fleeting phantom they eluded my grasp. But missing the shadow, I caught the substance ; and while obliged to abandon these confessedly empty and unsatisfactory pursuits, I obtained in some measure the solid consolations

tions of the Gospel. So that I may say, as Paul concerning the gentiles of old, *He was found of me who sought Him not.*—p. 84.

At the same time his biographer informs us that the coldness shown towards him by the gentry on account of his politics, threw him more into the society of some of the best of the Presbyterian clergy, whose conversation made a deep impression upon him; and this impression was increased by intercourse with his younger brother, whose mind had also been awakened at this time to a more intense consciousness of spiritual truth. It should be added that the early instruction received from a pious mother had never been effaced from his recollection, and now the seed which she had sown sprang up and bore fruit abundantly: for Robert Haldane was not a man to do anything by halves. When once he had determined in his mind that religion was the one thing needful, he did not hesitate or waver between God and Mammon. He chose his service and his master once for all, and abode by his choice to the end.

‘Christianity,’ he said himself, ‘is everything or nothing. If it be true, it warrants every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be false, then let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it.’

The first manifestation of his zeal was shown by an almost literal compliance with the precept, ‘sell that thou hast, and follow me.’ The proximate cause of this determination was the deep impression made upon him by the early accounts of the Serampore mission, which had then recently been established by Carey and a few other apostolic emissaries of the English Baptists. On reading their simple narrative, says he,

‘It immediately struck me that I was spending my time to little profit, whilst, from the command of property which, through the goodness of God, I possessed, I might be somewhere extensively useful. . . . I had seen the accounts of the Baptist mission in Bengal, which pointed out both the condition of the natives as destitute of the Gospel, and also the wide promising field then opened for the exertions of Christians. A strong desire occupied my mind to engage in the honourable service. The object was of such magnitude that, compared with it, the affairs of time appeared to sink into nothing; and no sacrifice seemed too great in order to its attainment.’—p. 91.

Animated with such feelings, he determined to sell his estate in Scotland, and devote the proceeds to the establishment of a mission among the Hindoos living under British government. It is probable that, in choosing this special object of Christian benevolence, he was influenced partly by the fact that his property had been purchased by money accumulated among these oriental idolaters, and perhaps (for such was the popular impres-  
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sion concerning all large fortunes made in India during the last century) wrung from the wretched natives by oppression and cruelty. It might have seemed to him therefore that, in devoting the price of his estate to their spiritual benefit, he was in some measure redeeming the past, as well as consecrating the future.

However this may be, he decided on devoting his life and substance to the evangelisation of India, and after taking six months to deliberate, lest he should act precipitately, he parted with his estate of Airthrey for this holy purpose. His design was to embark accompanied by a band of brother missionaries, together with all the means and appliances necessary for translating and printing versions of the Scriptures. To this end he engaged the services of Mr. Ritchie, a printer in Edinburgh, with a staff of assistants, to act as catechists and schoolmasters; and he selected three eminent and pious clergymen of the Scottish Kirk, Dr. Innes, Mr. Bogue, and Mr. Ewing, to share his labours among the heathen, and especially to devote their literary and theological attainments to the task of translation. Upon each of these ministerial coadjutors he undertook to settle 3500*l.*, as a compensation for the sacrifice of their professional prospects. Besides this, he was to defray all the expenses of the outfit, voyage, and establishment of the missionaries. And to secure the mission from the consequences of his own death, he proposed to invest a further sum of 25,000*l.* in the names of trustees. Benares, the holy city of Brahminism, he chose with characteristic boldness as the scene of his future labours.

But before finally embarking his fortune in this noble enterprise, he determined to obtain the sanction of the Indian Government. For this purpose he addressed himself to Mr. Dundas, then President of the Board of Control; and likewise, in conjunction with his clerical coadjutors, petitioned the Court of Directors for their licence. The latter petition by a strange oversight is not given in this biography; but it was no doubt identical in substance with their second petition to the same body presented after the failure of the first, which runs as follows:—

‘If we obtain leave from your Honourable Court, we propose to go out to Bengal with our families, to take a few persons with us as catechists, and to settle in a part of the country which may be found most convenient, both on account of a healthful situation and for furnishing opportunities of communicating instruction to the natives. When we have made ourselves masters of the language, we design to employ our time in conveying the knowledge of Christianity to the Hindoos and Mahometans by translating the sacred Scriptures for their use, by conversation, and by erecting schools to be kept by the catechists for teaching

teaching the children the first principles of religion. Such is our object, and we have sufficient funds for its support.

‘The favour we ask of you, gentlemen, is leave to go out to Bengal, and protection there while we demean ourselves as peaceable subjects of the government and good members of the community.’—p. 108.

It now seems strange that there could be a possibility of the refusal of such a petition. But in those days there was nothing so dreaded and abhorred by the Mammon-loving merchants who swayed the destinies of India as an attempt to Christianise their unhappy subjects. The danger of upsetting their government by offending the superstition of the natives was their favourite bugbear. And every copper-coloured nabob who returned from the banks of the Ganges was a new and eager witness to prove the madness of interfering with the monopoly of Juggernaut. Just before this period (in 1793), when the new Charter was granted to the Company, Mr. Wilberforce had carried in the House of Commons a resolution asserting the duty of ‘promoting, by all just and lawful means, the religious improvement of the natives.’ He had also obtained the insertion of clauses in the Charter for establishing schoolmasters and chaplains throughout India. But the Court of Directors protested, and the clauses were struck out on the third reading of the Bill. There was, therefore, from the first, but little chance that the Directors would sanction such a project as Mr. Haldane’s by any official consent; although they might perhaps have given it their tacit toleration if he had gone without asking their leave. Accordingly he received from the Board in due time the following answer to his petition:—

‘GENTLEMEN,—The Court of Directors of the East India Company have had under consideration your letter of the 29th ult., requesting permission to proceed to India with your families, and reside in the Company’s territories, for the purpose of instructing the natives of India in the knowledge of the Christian religion. And I have received the Court’s commands to acquaint you, that, however convinced they may be of the sincerity of your motives, and the zeal with which you appear to be actuated in sacrificing your personal convenience to the religious and moral purposes described in your letter, yet the Court have weighty and substantial reasons which induce them to decline a compliance with your request. I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

‘W. RAMSAY, *Secretary.*’

‘To Robert Haldane, Esq.

” The Rev. D. Bogue.

” The Rev. G. Ewing.’—(P. 107.)

This was exactly such an answer as might have been expected, and only worthy of a confederation of traders who, regarding the world

world as one big market, without the least relation to moral and religious influences, were resolved to govern a mighty empire on the lowest principles of commercial speculation. They had truly, as they said, 'weighty and substantial reasons' for defending the shrine of Juggernaut; the same reasons which made Demetrius the silversmith so eager to maintain the idolatry of Diana—the true and only object of adoration in both cases being the great god Mammon, 'whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.'

Under these circumstances, and after a second application had met with a second refusal, Robert Haldane gave up his design. He might no doubt have gone out, as the Baptist missionaries had already done, without the official consent of the Company. This course might have been expected from his uncompromising character, and was recommended to him by some of his advisers. His reasons for not adopting it are not explained in the biography before us; but whatever they were, we may be very sure that they were not such as are suggested by his biographer, who seems utterly incapable of comprehending the unworldly character and aims of those whose actions he records. Mr. Haldane, he tells us,

'was not disposed thus to peril his property, his time, or his character, on such a foolish errand (!). It was one thing for a few *obscure* but noble-hearted men, like him who was sneered at as "the consecrated cobbler" [Dr. Carey], to *steal into a Danish settlement at Serampore* and begin those translations of the Bible which have already shaken the superstition of India to its foundations. It was quite another for a *man of position to devote a fortune* to an object,' &c.—p. 97.

On behalf of Robert Haldane's memory, we repudiate the attribution to him of any such low-minded self-exaltation. We are very sure that he did not plume himself on his '*position*' or his '*fortune*,' or shrink from sharing the risks and humiliations of Carey and his companions. His motives for receding from the enterprise were probably in part that he was unwilling to subject his mission to the risk of destruction by the active opposition of the Indian Government, which might perhaps have been provoked by the great scale on which he proposed to operate. But the principal cause of his abandonment of missionary labour abroad is to be found in the fact, that during the discussion of and preparation for this undertaking his attention had been called to the need which existed for missionary labour at home. He began to doubt whether, in deserting Scotland for India, he might not be forsaking a certain for an uncertain field of usefulness. And he took the refusal of the Indian Directors as a Providential intimation that he was called to labour for the spiritual benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

To

To understand this alteration in his views, we must give some explanation of the state of the Scottish Church as it existed at the end of the last century—a period which has been called *the mid-night of the Kirk*. The *Moderate* party, as they were termed, had then supreme rule in the Assembly. Their leaders were more than half suspected of infidelity; and the bulk of the party were applying in practice the principles of their chiefs. The ordinary class of ministers are thus described, with the fidelity of an eye-witness, by their brother-presbyter Dr. Hamilton, of Strathblane, in his autobiography:—

‘The parishes were occupied by the pupils of such divines as Simpson, Baillie, and Wight. Many of them were genuine Socinians. Many of them were ignorant of theology as a system, and utterly careless about the merits of any creed or confession. They seemed miserable in the discharge of every ministerial duty; they eagerly seized on the services of any stray preacher who came within their reach. When they preached, their sermons generally turned on honesty, good neighbourhood, and kindness. To deliver a Gospel sermon, or preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners, was as completely beyond their power as to speak in the language of angels. And while their discourses were destitute of everything which a dying sinner needs, they were at the same time the most feeble, empty, and insipid things that ever disgraced the venerated name of sermons. The coldness and indifference of the minister, while they proclaimed his own aversion to his employment, were seldom lost on the people. The congregations rarely amounted to a tenth of the parishioners; and one half of this small number were generally, during the half-hour’s soporific harangue, fast asleep. They were free from hypocrisy; they had no more religion in private than in public. They were loud and obstreperous in declaiming against enthusiasm and fanaticism, faith and religious zeal. Their family worship was often confined to the Sabbath; or if observed through the week, rarely extended to more than a prayer of five or three minutes. But though frightfully impatient of everything which bore the semblance of seriousness and sober reflection, the elevation of brow, the expansion of feature, the glistening of the eye, the fluency and warmth of speech, at convivial parties, showed that their heart and soul were there; and that the pleasures of the table, and the hilarity of the light-hearted and the gay, constituted their paradise, and furnished them with the perfection of their joy.’—p. 122.

The above description is illustrated by the account of a clerical dinner given by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to which Mr. Haldane was invited about this time. He went, hoping for spiritual, or at least rational conversation. Instead of this, the company were treated to bacchanalian songs, the wit of which consisted in absurd allusions to their own ministerial functions. The burden of one song was the prescription of ‘a bumper of Nottingham ale’

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to be taken in the pulpit at the different stages of a Presbyterian discourse; which would certainly have given a most unfair advantage to the preacher over his audience.

Another illustration of *Moderatism* is supplied by the account of a tour which the brothers took in England in their school days under the care of Dr. Adam, the head-master of the High School at Edinburgh, and Dr. Macknight, the well-known commentator on Scripture. So long as their route lay through Scotland the travellers attended divine service on the Sunday. But

‘When they had crossed the Border, and arrived in an Episcopalian country, Dr. Macknight persuaded his learned friend that, being out of the bounds of Presbytery, and under no obligation to countenance Prelatical worship, it would be very absurd to allow their journeying plans to be deranged by the intervention of the Sabbath. This convenient doctrine at first surprised, but at last proved very palatable to the young travellers. For a time Dr. Adam felt very much ashamed when they entered a town or village when the church-going bells were calling the people to the services of the sanctuary. But these scruples were soon overcome by the doughty commentator.’—p. 21.

Mr. Haldane’s biographer observes, in explanation, with much truth, that at this period

‘The infidelity of David Hume, Adam Smith, and their coadjutors, first infecting the universities, had gradually insinuated its poison into the ministrations of the church. Some had altogether thrown off the mask, like the eminent Professor Playfair. . . . Other ministers, with more inconsistency, exhibited the same infidelity, while they still ate the bread of orthodoxy. Dr. M’Gill, of Ayr, had published a Socinian work, . . . yet even he was absolved by the Assembly. . . . Dr. Robertson, the friend of Hume and Adam Smith, was not without reason more than half suspected; while Dr. Blair’s moral sermons had shown how, in Scotland as well as in England, the professed ministers of Christ could become (in the words of Bishop Horsley) little better than “the apes of Epictetus.”’—p. 122.

The readers of the Life of Dr. Chalmers will remember how he bears testimony to the existence of the same state of things, and acknowledges that he was himself an unbeliever when he was first ordained to the ministerial office.

Robert Haldane was at first, as we have seen, brought into contact with clergymen of a very different stamp from those of the dominant faction—men like Dr. Innes of Stirling, who preached the genuine doctrines of the Westminster divines, and enforced their preaching by their example. But as he gradually learnt that such ministers formed only a small minority of their order, and as farther experience showed him how much there was of spiritual destitution and heathenish brutality among the people,

people, he became convinced that his native country opened before him a field of labour no less important than that of India.

This impression must have been much strengthened by the debate on Christian missions which took place in the General Assembly in 1796, at the very time when Mr. Haldane was occupied with the preparations for his own departure, and only a few months before the Indian government rejected his petition. A resolution had been proposed by the religious party in the synod, to the effect 'that it is the duty of Christians to carry the Gospel to the heathen world.' This resolution was opposed by the '*Moderate*' party, and actually rejected by a large majority. Its opponents based their resistance partly on the alleged uselessness of converting barbarians, partly on the duty of providing for domestic before foreign needs. 'Why not look at home?' they asked. 'Why send missionaries to foreign parts, when there is so much ignorance, unbelief, and immorality, at your own doors?' The appeal was not lost upon Robert Haldane, who felt its urgency the more, from his conviction that those who made it had no intention of exerting themselves to supply the needs, the existence of which they hypocritically put forward as an evasion. In the year after this debate took place he began, in concert with his brother James, to give practical effect to his new views of duty. Together they founded in Edinburgh the '*Society for Propagating the Gospel at Home*,' with the object of sending out at Robert's expense itinerant preachers, catechists, and schoolmasters, to Christianise the population wherever it should be found most destitute of religious teaching.

Such a step necessarily involved a breach of the discipline of the Scotch establishment, and, of course, excited violent opposition. But neither of the brothers had any strong feeling of the evils of religious separation, and they at once emancipated themselves from the yoke of Presbytery; and without waiting for ordination, travelled through the length and breadth of Scotland preaching the Gospel. Their zeal and earnestness were contagious, and they were listened to by crowded audiences wherever they went. The result of this was the formation of several independent congregations, who seceded from the communion of the Kirk. For these worshippers Robert Haldane built '*tabernacles*' in many places, and provided ministers and endowments. In order to furnish a succession of such pastors, he established theological seminaries at Dundee, Glasgow, and other places, and there maintained between sixty and eighty students, entirely at his own expense, according to a graduated scale for each married and unmarried student. Besides this, he printed for circulation many thousands of religious tracts, and distributed many hundreds

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of Bibles and Testaments, at a time when the London Tract Society and the Bible Society did not as yet exist.

Nor did all this profuseness exhaust his generosity. While engaged in the maintenance of so many expensive institutions at home, he no sooner heard that money was wanted for religious objects abroad than his purse was instantly opened. Thus, when he heard that the Serampore translation of the Scriptures was languishing for want of funds, he at once sent a hundred pounds to its conductors. And again, on learning that a plan for educating thirty African children in England was abandoned on pecuniary grounds, he wrote to Mr. Z. Macaulay, then the governor of Sierra Leone, guaranteeing six thousand pounds, for the cost of bringing over, educating, and sending back the children, and requesting him to select them, and send them without delay to Edinburgh.

Ultimately Mr. Haldane withdrew from this latter scheme, on finding that its originators were not willing to intrust him with the education of the young Africans; but this does not detract from the munificence of his offer, to which he had always annexed the condition of exercising personal superintendence over the children. The disagreement, however, which took place between himself and some of his religious friends upon the subject, illustrates the love of power which was one of his chief faults. In fact, like most other men of strong character and great force of will, he was apt to be overbearing, and could not go on long with any object in which he was denied his own way. Thus it happened that almost every scheme in which he was engaged in concert with others ended in some quarrel. And hence, after spending ten years of his life in organising, managing, and maintaining the extensive congregational secession which we have mentioned, he at last retired from his work disheartened, leaving the 'New Connexion,' as it was called, in a state of hopeless disruption.

We will not weary our readers with any detail of the causes of this disunion, or the minute points of theology and discipline on which the New Connexion split. A principal cause of its dissolution was a difference of opinion between Mr. Haldane and one of his chief allies, a Mr. Ewing, the pastor of the Glasgow congregation, upon certain questions of ecclesiastical order. Finding that they could not agree, Mr. Haldane deemed it his duty to withdraw from Mr. Ewing the maintenance which he had hitherto allowed him. This called forth a most acrimonious pamphlet from the dismissed minister, to which Mr. Haldane replied; whereupon followed rejoinders and sur-rejoinders, to the amount of, we are afraid to say how many,  
hundred

hundred pages. Mr. Ewing seems to have been, or, at any rate, to have put himself in the wrong, and was even ungrateful enough to charge his munificent patron with covetousness. Mr. Haldane was himself a very bitter and unsparing controversialist; yet it is gratifying to find that a sense of the Christian duty of forgiveness prevailed over his naturally proud and overbearing temper, even when he had such just cause of provocation. The following letter to Mr. Ewing, written some years after the rupture, is a touching example of the power of Christianity in softening his stern spirit:—

‘MY DEAR SIR,—Having had the other night a pleasing dream respecting an interview which I thought I enjoyed with you, and which recalled all that tenderness of affection I once had for you, I cannot let the feeling it excited pass without sending you these lines. Life is too short for such a prolonged contention. A great portion of yours and mine has past since the unseemly strife began. Peace be with you.

‘I would not, however, desire to place so important a matter merely on the foundation of feeling; but it appears to me, considering the complication of circumstances which were, and perhaps still are, viewed by us in different lights, and the long period which has elapsed since we met, that while to each of us there are strong grounds for searching of heart, all real or supposed offences may now be mutually set aside, and give place to peace and cordial good will. . . . Being at such a distance, it is uncertain whether we shall ever meet on earth. May we enjoy a blessed eternity in His presence. I am, my dear Sir, yours,

ROBERT HALDANE.’—p. 349.

It was in the year 1810 that Robert Haldane retired from the public labours to which he had devoted the ten best years of his life. Since the sale of his estate he had lived in Edinburgh, except when he was engaged in the inspection of the numerous institutions which he had established in other parts of Scotland. At first, as we have said, he had itinerated as a preacher; but the weakness of his lungs, and the rupture of a blood-vessel, obliged him soon to desist from this employment. His work had consisted in establishing Sunday-schools, building chapels, superintending the education of preachers, catechists, and Scripture-readers, and sending out nearly three hundred home and foreign missionaries. In fact, he was discharging in his own person the functions of those societies which have been since established for the sending forth of Bibles, tracts, and missionaries, and other similar purposes. And upon these objects he had, between the years 1798 and 1810, expended no less than 70,000*l*.

This munificent expenditure, however, had not exhausted his large fortune. And now, when he made up his mind to retire from

from labours whose results had disappointed him, he was able to purchase another estate of considerable size and value, named Auchingray, in Lanarkshire. Here he principally spent the next six years of his life, occupied in his old employments of fencing, draining, planting, and gardening; and all this with so much success, that a property which he found a barren and treeless wilderness, he left a waving forest, studded with slated cottages and new farm-houses.

Such employments, however, were now but the relaxations of his leisure, not the serious business of his life; for though disheartened by what appeared, comparatively speaking, the fruitlessness of his own labours, he had not abandoned his religion. He now gave himself up to religious meditation and theological study. For the latter, indeed, he was strictly speaking disqualified, by his ignorance of the learned languages. But this was a disqualification which he did not himself appreciate; and he seems to have carefully and conscientiously studied the chief English works upon the interpretation of Scripture and the evidences of Christianity. On the latter subject he himself compiled a work at this period, which was published in 1816, and has had some popularity in Scotland. In addition to these private labours, he conducted public worship on Sundays in a chapel which he built close to his own residence, where he expounded Scripture to the neighbouring peasants. His doctrine proved so palatable as to draw from the adjacent churches a considerable proportion of their congregations. A *Moderate* minister in the vicinity asked one of his truant sheep what there was in Mr. Haldane's preaching that took away so many people to hear him. 'Deed, Sir,' replied the sturdy Scot, 'I'm thinking it's just the contrary to your preaching.'

After six years spent in this way, Mr. Haldane's energetic spirit began to tire of repose; and in 1816, the continent being once more open to Englishmen, he started upon a missionary tour in Europe. His first object was to propagate his views of the Gospel among the Roman Catholics of France; but when he reached Paris, he found, to his surprise, that the French Protestants themselves were farther from Christianity than their Catholic brethren. Even their pastors were either Deists or Socinians; and the seats of French Protestant theology, Geneva and Montauban, were the seminaries of infidelity.

This intelligence caused an alteration in his plans; he resolved to attempt the conversion not of the Catholics, but of the Protestants. And in order to do this more effectually, he would establish himself at the fountain head, whence whatever influence he might gain would necessarily diffuse itself far and wide.

Acting

Acting on this plan, he first took up his residence at Geneva, and at once commenced a crusade against the Socinian professors of theology at that university.

It was a singular coincidence that, after his long warfare with the 'Moderates' of Scotland, he should now be engaged in a similar struggle with the 'Moderates' of Geneva, defending in either case the traditional theology of Knox and Calvin against their degenerate representatives. His present undertaking, however, would have seemed to every one far less likely to succeed than his former efforts; indeed, the very conception of it must have struck the world at first sight as Quixotic, when we take into account the character and aspect of the man, and the nature of those youthful students of theology whom he sought to rescue from the toils of their heterodox teachers. If we picture him to ourselves as he is described by some of his converts—an elderly gentleman, with stiff Scotch manners, powdered hair and pigtail, and an English Bible in his hand, striving, by the aid of an interpreter, to gain the attention of a set of lively young Frenchmen whom he could not even address in their own language—who would suppose that such an attempt could have had any issue, save to provoke mockery and derision? Yet such is the persuasive influence of earnest zeal, so great is the convincing power of personal holiness, that in a few months the foreign teacher was surrounded with a crowd of attached converts, who continue the disciples of his doctrine to the present hour, and gratefully look up to him as their father in the faith.

He commenced operations by inviting all the students who were so disposed, to discuss matters of religion with him in his apartments. '*Voilà le berceau de la seconde réformation de Genève,*' exclaimed the celebrated Merle d'Aubigné, not long ago, pointing to the house in which Mr. Haldane had lodged. Here, in a saloon upon the ground-floor, were placed seats for about thirty students, who sat round a long table, with good store of Bibles in the centre. Curiosity attracted an audience at first; the remarkable character of the man, and the unmistakable depth of his piety, so strongly contrasting with the lazy irreligion of their professional instructors, riveted their attention and won their hearts.

The following is a description of the scene by Mr. F. Monod, then a student, now, like his more celebrated brother, a distinguished preacher among the French Protestants:—

'Even after this lapse of years, I still see presented to my mind's eye Mr. Haldane's tall and manly figure, surrounded by the students; his English Bible in his hand, wielding as his only weapon that word which is the sword of the Spirit, satisfying every objection, removing every

every difficulty, answering every question by a prompt reference to various passages. He never wasted his time in arguing against our so-called reasonings, but at once pointed with his finger to the Bible, adding the simple words, "*Look here. How readest thou? There it stands, written with the finger of God.*" He was, in the full sense of the words, a living Concordance. . . . I reckon it as one of the greatest privileges of my now advancing life to have been his interpreter, being almost the only one who knew English well enough to be thus honoured and employed. . . . What struck me most, he adds, and what struck us all, was Mr. Haldane's solemnity of manner. It was evident he was in earnest about our souls, and about the souls of all who might be placed under our pastoral care; and such feelings were new to all of us.'—p. 402, 403.

It was a most happy circumstance that Mr. Haldane chose Geneva instead of Germany for the field of his battle against Protestant infidelity. Had he challenged all comers at Berlin or Tübingen, it may be feared that he would have encountered champions far more deeply conversant with the language of Scripture than himself. But the Socinian professors of Geneva were shallow and flippant sciolists, as utterly unacquainted with scriptural exegesis as Mr. Haldane himself, and destitute of that knowledge of the vernacular Bible which he so eminently possessed. Consequently he had not merely the moral advantage over them of zeal over sloth, and piety over irreligion, but likewise an intellectual superiority, inasmuch as he had studied the subject in dispute earnestly and honestly, while they had neglected the study of it altogether.

Their careless indolence may be appreciated by the following statement of Mr. Monod :—

'During the four years I attended the theological teachers of Geneva, I did not, as part of my studies, read one single chapter of the word of God, except a few Psalms and chapters exclusively with a view to learning Hebrew; and *I did not receive one single lesson of exegesis of the Old or New Testaments.*'—p. 401.

With young men of candid minds, thus wholly ignorant of Scripture, Mr. Haldane had an easy task. They had been trained in the shallowest school of Socinianism—a school which professed to acknowledge the authority of the New Testament, and explained away its plainest teaching by the most palpable evasions. It was not difficult to expose their sophistries, or to show that a theology which denied the divinity of our Lord, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the corruption of man, was very different from the theology of the Apostles. It is true that if Mr. Haldane's hearers had been more conversant with the original of that English Bible upon which he lectured, they

might in their turn have proved that the dogmas of the Westminster Assembly, which he taught them as divine, were not much nearer to the views of St. Paul than those of the Genevese professors. But their ignorance disqualified them for any such critical examination of his assertions, and his affectionate zeal and fervent exhortations carried them along wheresoever he led. Thus they saw Scripture only through his spectacles, and embraced his narrow system of traditional Calvinism as a complete interpretation of God's revelation to man.

His success may well have filled him with astonishment and thankfulness. The students thronged to hear him, in spite of the vehement opposition of their tutors, who vainly attempted to withdraw them from the seducing influence of this 'Momier Anglais.' The professor of theology, M. Cheneviere, an ardent disciple of Socinus, attempted to awe them into obedience, by pacing backwards and forwards under the trees of the boulevards, in front of Mr. Haldane's door, at the hour of meeting, and noting down the names of those who entered. But such opposition only added a zest to the pleasure of their new pursuit, by enlisting on its side the juvenile love of independence. The final result was, that Mr. Haldane's views of religion were embraced by the ablest of the theological students, some of whom have since attained a European reputation. The best known are Merle d'Aubigné, who, at the time of Mr. Haldane's arrival, was president of a Socinian association, Gonthier, Monod, and Malan, the last of whom, soon after Mr. Haldane's departure, was deprived of his ministerial and academic offices by the ecclesiastical authorities of the canton, as a punishment for preaching the divinity of our Lord; an act of persecution which greatly strengthened the party it was designed to intimidate.

These striking results were effected by Mr. Haldane's labours at Geneva in a single year. At the end of that time he believed his work there to be accomplished, and proceeded to Montauban, the chief seminary in France for the education of Protestant pastors. Here he spent two years, but without the same remarkable success which had attended his Swiss mission. Meanwhile, he had left behind him, at Geneva, a successor, who carried on his crusade against the unfortunate divinity-professors with still keener relish. This was no other than the now celebrated Mr. Henry Drummond, concerning whose early life and adventures there are some curious anecdotes in the work before us. We give the following account of his arrival at Geneva, partly because it derives an interest from him who is the subject of it, partly because it amusingly illustrates some peculiarities of the author of this biography.

'The occasion of Mr. Drummond's arrival at Geneva had in it something providential. Early satiated with the empty frivolities of the fashionable world, and pressed by the address of our Lord to the rich young man, he had first broken up his hunting establishment, and finally sold his magnificent house and beautiful estate of the Grange in Hampshire. His plans of usefulness were, however, indistinct, and he was going *with Lady Harriet* to visit the Holy Land. *As the nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty*, he had been accommodated with a passage on board the *Tagus* frigate, whose captain was the now well-known Admiral Deans Dundas, whose pious mother (*a sister of the late Lord Amesbury*) was a frequent hearer of Mr. J. Haldane. \* \* \* Standing on deck beside the captain, just as they were going to dinner, Mr. Drummond's quick eye perceived at a distance a ripple on the waters. He remarked it to Captain Dundas, when in an instant orders were given to take in sail and trim the ship. The ripple indicated the approach of one of those sudden storms for which the Mediterranean has been famed from the day when the Apostle Paul was caught in the euroclydon. In this instance it was the means of sending Mr. H. Drummond to Geneva. The ship took refuge in the port of Genoa before nightfall, and *Lady Harriet begged with tears that they might land*. At Genoa Mr. Drummond accidentally heard of Mr. Haldane's doings, and the commotion at Geneva. His resolution was taken. He came to Geneva, and introduced himself to Mr. Haldane two days before he left the city. \* \* \* Mr. Drummond's great wealth and boundless liberality made him to the persecuted ministers a wall of defence against the bigoted zeal of the Consistory. Taking up his abode at the beautiful hotel of Secheron, near the lake, but outside the walls of the town, his hospitable apartments were open to all who chose to visit him. The Company [i. e. the Academical Council] had hoped that, in getting rid of Mr. Haldane, they were going to enjoy an easy victory. But the gallant zeal, the untiring energy, the splendid generosity of Mr. Drummond, filled them with despair. They appointed a deputation to go to Secheron and remonstrate. \* \* \* This deputation, consisting of Messieurs Pictet and Chenevière, found Mr. Drummond in the garden, in conversation with a friend. M. Chenevière, with a manner more resembling that of a dancing-master than a professor of divinity, pompously demanded if he were going to teach the same doctrines as Mr. Haldane. Mr. Drummond, with consummate address, baffled the impertinent inquirer, by requesting an exposition of Mr. Haldane's doctrines. In the sequel, the deputation returned in a rage. A violent letter of remonstrance was met by a reply, which added fuel to the flame. In a Geneva newspaper, it is described as a letter in which Mr. Drummond dared to treat the venerable company as heretics and blasphemers. Mr. Drummond was summoned to appear before the Council of State; and after an interview, intended to intimidate, in which he was required to withdraw his letter, he removed his quarters from Secheron into the French territory, where, at a villa in sight of the irate Company and their supporters, he remained at a time when his countenance and support were of the greatest con-

sequence to the Christians suffering under their Arian persecutors.'—p. 428.

From his foreign warfare Mr. Haldane returned triumphant to Scotland, but not to repose. The excitement of theological controversy had gradually become necessary to him, and he now took the earliest opportunity of plunging into a new contest, which lasted for the twelve following years. This time it was not against infidels or Socinians that he made his onslaught, but against his own familiar friends and co-religionists. The occasion of the strife was as follows. The Bible Society, which was founded at the beginning of the century for the circulation of the Scriptures, was instituted on the most comprehensive principles, and admitted all sects of Christians among its members. It had adopted a fundamental rule, forbidding the circulation of any notes or other extraneous matter in addition to the Bible itself. But, in order to enable it to circulate the Scriptures among the Roman Catholics, it had printed the Apocrypha in several of its editions, the apocryphal books being reckoned canonical by the Church of Rome. This conciliatory practice, however, was contrary to the strict letter of its law, and was highly offensive to Mr. Haldane; the more so, because it enabled some of the 'servants of the Beast' (so he called the Romanists) to join the Society, which at that time reckoned even Roman Catholic priests among its members. He, therefore, organised a fierce agitation against the publication of the Apocrypha; his war-cry being 'the sin of adulterating the Word of God.' His vehement invectives were answered by the leaders and friends of the Bible Society, against whom he rained a storm of pamphlets in reply. His opponents numbered among them many of the chiefs of the 'Evangelical' party, some of whom had hitherto been his chosen brethren in the faith. On the other hand, his chief ally was a Scotch divine of the name of Thompson, with whom he had formerly been engaged in pamphleteering hostilities. The advent of the latter to the fray is described with truly epic grandeur by Mr. Haldane's biographer as follows:—

'It was at this crisis that the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thompson for the first time appeared in the field, in a cause worthy of all the energies of his colossal mind. His gigantic intellect, his unflinching courage, his elastic spirits, his buoyant humour, his indomitable industry, his vigorous pen, his powerful eloquence, and his wonderful capacity for business, entitled him to rank among the first men of his age.'—p. 495.

Alas for human greatness! We fear that this 'colossal mind,' this 'gigantic intellect,' has long been forgotten by our readers  
south

south of the Tweed. And yet we now find that he was 'among the first men of his age.' Truly saith the poet,—

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men.'\*

Animated by the support of this doughty champion, Mr. Haldane dealt redoubled blows against the foe, and raised a perfect tempest in the religious world by the fury of his assault. The pertinacity of his temper and the fluency of his pen may be estimated from the fact that he published no less than fifteen separate pamphlets upon this controversy alone. The magnitude of its dimensions in his eyes, and the keenness with which he snuffed the battle from afar, may be seen by the following characteristic letter to one of his supporters:—

'I trust that Mr. White will not faint in this business, and become weary of well-doing. Remind him of the magnitude of the question, which refers to the purity of the Divine Word, and the expulsion of that dreadful abomination the Apocrypha—a question which now shakes all Europe, and which was never before agitated on its true merits, or to such an extent. Never in his life, it is probable, will he have such another opportunity of glorifying God. So far from sinking under the persecution and evil-speaking which he has to encounter, he should take fresh courage from them, like the apostle Paul, and, like him, fight the good fight of faith. Let him by no means give up attending the committee, but watch more earnestly and sedulously than ever. Let all of us remember the words of God, and not incur the rebuke, *If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small: if thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? . . . Most gladly, then, let him rejoice in these tribulations, Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith Jehovah.* Could the enemy desire anything better than that the servants of God should flee from their post like Jonah, and succumb in such a struggle?'—p. 509.

As we read the above, might we not fancy that it was written by Balfour of Burley as a testimony against the Prelatists, or by David Deans as a screed anent Erastianism? In truth, Mr. Haldane was a kind of mean proportional between those two worthies, uniting the agricultural pursuits of the latter with the martial propensities of the former. Among those whom he here reckons as the enemies of God were included such men as Owen and Brandram (the secretaries of the Bible Society), Daniel Wilson (now the Bishop of Calcutta), and even Simeon of Cambridge. Such were the lengths to which he was carried by the intemperate eagerness of his zeal.

Yet we must not forget that, with all this bitterness, there was

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\* Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde.'

no mixture of personal malignity. He had really persuaded himself that it was an awful sin to print the Apocrypha under the same covers with the Bible. Nay, he believed that if, as a member of the Bible Society, he failed to protest against this sin, he would incur the curse pronounced against those who add anything to the word of God. And the intensity of his feelings was much increased, when, in the progress of the controversy, questions were mooted touching the nature of inspiration and the authority of the Canon. On the former point especially he was a most superstitious alarmist. He had a microscopic eye for the slightest deviations from the narrow path prescribed by his idolatry of the letter. He trembled at every investigation which seemed to threaten the palladium of his faith, the doctrine of 'verbal inspiration.' He believed the inspired writers to have done nothing more than hold the pen with which the finger of God wrote every word of Scripture. Hence an acknowledgment of the smallest discrepancy in chronology, or the slightest variation in narrative, seemed to him equivalent to the denial of revelation and the destruction of Christianity. In short, he was one of those who, in the words of Bishop Hall, 'make every point of heraldry in the sacred genealogies matter of no less than life and death to the soul.' The only parallel we have ever met which fully illustrates his views on this question was supplied by the teacher of a school, who, whenever a pupil misplaced a syllable in a text of Scripture, or omitted the word *Selah* in saying a Psalm, used to compel the offender to recite the anathema in Rev. xxii. 18, 19, beginning, '*If any man shall take away from the words of the book.*' Mr. Haldane's ignorance of the original languages of Scripture and of the researches of modern criticism rendered it possible for him to hold a theory which, by all men even moderately acquainted with such subjects, is now abandoned as untenable. And the same ignorance explains and excuses his presumption in putting forth what his biographer calls 'a systematic treatise' on the 'Inspiration of the Scriptures.' Indeed, this was less astounding than his previous exploit in publishing a voluminous and elaborate 'Commentary on the Romans,' while utterly unacquainted both with Greek and with exegesis. We are told, however, by way of palliation, that he got all that required scholarship done for him by some assistants whom he employed.

His Apocryphal agitation was in great measure successful, at least so far as to compel the Bible Society to desist from any further 'adulteration of the Scriptures;' but he did not consider that a sufficient acknowledgment was made of the Society's previous transgressions, and finally renounced connexion with it.

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By the time that this wearisome controversy had worn itself out, he was already advanced in age. The repose of his remaining years was only broken by a dropping fire of occasional pamphlets against societies or individuals whom he detected in any right-hand transgression or left-hand deflection.

At length the time came when the energies of his vigorous constitution were exhausted, and he sank into a state of languor, which in a few months ended fatally. The following death-bed scene occurred on the day when his doctor had announced to him his hopelessness of recovery. It is a striking example of that system of interpretation so characteristic of his school, which wrests the plainest texts into forced accordance with a theory of rigid and unbending dogmatism :—

‘He had told no one of the doctor’s announcement, and he did not notice it now ; but his manner was grave, and his countenance evinced the intensity of his self-searching meditations. He began at once :—“ I have been thinking of our Lord’s words to his disciples, *He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me* ; and the parallel passage, Rev. iii. 20 (which he also repeated). Now, I have been asking myself what must my answer be, if tried by this test. Have I kept His commandments ? Have I kept His sayings ? ” And with emphasis he exclaimed, “ I bless the Lord that, through His grace, I can say *Yes* ; that I *have* his commandments, and have *kept* them.” He explained that the *commandment* is to believe in *Jesus Christ* ; and the Lord had been pleased to give him grace to believe.’  
—p. 582.

Yet, whatever we may think of his premises, no Christian will doubt the justice of his conclusion. His life had been devoted to the cause of God to the best of his ability, and according to the measure of his knowledge ; and his death might well be peaceful, for he fell asleep in Christ. The last words he was heard to utter were several times repeated at intervals :—‘ For ever with the Lord ’—‘ for ever ’—‘ for ever.’

In estimating his religious character, we must not forget the national influences under which it was formed. We must regard him as faithfully endeavouring, amid the complications of modern life, to carry out the stern creed of a Scottish Covenanter. He was led to assail the Bible Society and anathematise the Apocrypha by the same conscientious intolerance which would, in an earlier generation, have led him to hang papists and burn witches. To do him justice, we must look at his life through the medium in which he himself regarded it. If we do this we shall see in him a noble type of strict adherence to duty, united to the personal devoutness of one who had his conversation in heaven. He lived by faith, and overcame the world. His life

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was a perpetual rebuke to the sordid spirit of our age, free from its paltry motives, its low aims, its grovelling ambition. And his faults, such as they were, sprang not from a baseness of the soul, but from a weakness of the understanding.

We have not left ourselves much space for an account of the other hero of this work, James Haldane, the younger brother of Robert. But there is the less need to enlarge upon his career, because he was in almost every point a facsimile of his elder brother, only with less force of character.

His early life was spent in the merchant service of the East India Company, which he entered as a midshipman at sixteen, and gradually rose to be captain of an Indiaman, as his father and great-uncle had been before him. This circumstance evidently not a little troubles his son, the author of the work before us, who exhibits great alarm lest his readers should think such an employment derogatory to the aristocratic pretensions of his heroes. He, therefore, takes pains to inform us how far superior the East India merchant-service was in those days to its present state. 'Many of the captains,' he says, 'were the younger sons of the nobility; some of them were baronets; most of them were either connected with the landed aristocracy or the great merchants, and frequently indulged in expensive habits, which rendered them rather objects of jealousy to the juniors in the Royal Navy' (p. 44). And again, 'It was then unusual for an officer of any East India ship to travel with less than four horses' (p. 49).

James Haldane made several voyages to the East Indies, and showed himself a bold and skilful seaman. Before he left the service, he had an opportunity of proving his coolness and courage on a remarkable occasion, when he quelled the mutiny of the Dutton Indiaman at Spithead, in 1794. The following account of this occurrence is given by his biographer:—

'In paying off certain men at Portsmouth from the Dutton, such a spirit was evinced as induced the captain to apply for assistance to H. M. ship the *Regulus*. The men complained that, owing to their detention, their stores were exhausted, and they demanded an additional advance of pay. It was refused, and hence the mutiny. On the evening of the 19th March, Lieutenant Lucas of the *Regulus*, with his boat's crew, came on board to demand four of the ringleaders, when the greatest part of the crew hastily got up the round shot on deck, threatening they would sink the first boat that came alongside. The crew emboldened, and increasing in fury, the Lieutenant thought it prudent to leave the ship, as did also the captain, under the impression that their absence might assist in restoring peace and quietness. The crew, however, becoming outrageous, were going to hoist out the boats. The Carnatic, Indiaman, hearing the confusion, fired several alarm-guns,

guns, and armed boats from the other ships were now advancing. By this time, the crew of the Dutton, being in a most serious state of mutiny, had begun to arm themselves with shot, iron bars, &c., and at last made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers, having lost their command, were firing pistol-shots overhead, when one seaman, getting over the booms, received a wound, of which he died six days after.

'It has been said the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port. But at this moment far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the powder-magazine, and madly end the strife by their own death, and that of all on board. One of the two medical men had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Capt. Haldane of the Melville Castle appeared at the side of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults—the shouts of the officers, "Come on board, come on board!" were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, "Keep off, or we'll sink you!" The scene was appalling; and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Capt. Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, sword in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking them what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But observing there was still much confusion, and inquiring where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening with horrid oaths, that whatever it should prove, heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel full of live coals ready to throw in. Capt. Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed first on this man, and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were also secured, when the crew, finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the Captain returned to the Melville Castle. Next day the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.'—pp. 62-64.

Soon after this event, Mr. Haldane retired from his profession into private life, having shortly before married. He lived at first chiefly in his brother's house, and it was at this period that both the brothers experienced that decided change in their religious principles of which we have previously spoken. That this change was no mere brain-sick fancy or sentimental delusion is sufficiently

sufficiently proved by its permanence and its fruits. Thenceforward they gave up their former habits and pursuits, and renounced in great measure their social station and domestic comforts, in order to devote themselves to promoting by fifty years of labour the spiritual good of others. And the moving spring and original cause of all this energy they derived from that change of feeling which they deemed to have been their conversion to God.

We have already seen that both brothers began their religious career by itinerating through Scotland as home missionaries. James Haldane's first tour was in 1797, when he travelled through the west of Scotland, with a view to establish Sunday-schools and distribute tracts. At first he had no intention of undertaking regular ministerial duties; but the popularity of the occasional addresses which he delivered was so great, as to induce him ultimately to devote his life to the work of preaching. In 1799 he was ordained at Edinburgh as pastor of a congregation of seceders from the Kirk, which assembled in the 'tabernacle' in that city; and there he continued to officiate for above fifty years. His labours during all that time were entirely gratuitous, his private fortune enabling him to dispense with any salary. For some years, however, he continued to itinerate through Scotland as a field-preacher in the summer months. In this capacity he had an opportunity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the religious necessities of his country, and witnessed many curious scenes. The following is an interesting illustration of the primitive simplicity of Highland manners fifty years ago:—

'On a sacramental occasion, he had been present in a parish church where there was a pause, and none of the people seemed disposed to approach the communion tables. On a sudden he heard the crack of sticks, and looking round, saw one descend on the bald head of a highlander behind him. It was the ruling elders driving the poor people forward to the tables, much in the same manner as they were accustomed to pen their cattle in the market.'—p. 260.

The field-preaching of the Messrs. Haldane and their associates at first excited a good deal of local opposition from magistrates and clergy, which the sailor-parson encountered and overcame with nautical boldness and resolution. Once, while his attendant was announcing the intended field-preaching to the congregation as they were going out of church, he was interrupted by the minister of the parish, in a style savouring rather of Ireland than of Scotland. Standing with a heavy loaded whip in his hand, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, 'If you repeat that notice, with one stroke of my whip I'll send you into the eternal world!' On another occasion, Mr. Haldane and his colleague were

were actually arrested by a magistrate's warrant, and sent twenty miles over the country under a guard of soldiers, to the sheriff of Argyll.

'To the sheriff they were very unwelcome visitors. He was an old man, and having been apprised of their coming, was by no means disposed to commit himself to the violent proceedings of the anti-preaching chiefs. He put several questions, which were satisfactorily answered; and after consulting with a gentleman who sat with him as his adviser, he said, "But have you taken the oaths to Government?" They replied that they had not, but that they were most willing to do so. The sheriff said that he had not a copy of the oaths, and that they must therefore go to Inverary for the purpose. A merchant from Glasgow, who had joined the itinerants, quoted the words of the Toleration Act, to show that, if required to take the oaths, they were to be administered *before the nearest magistrate*. "Now (said Mr. J. Haldane) you are the nearest magistrate. We are peaceable, loyal subjects, transgressing no law, and prepared to do all the law requires. But to Inverary we will not go except as your prisoners, and on your responsibility." The sheriff had wished to make the affair a drawn battle, and to screen the magistrates from blame. But Mr. J. H. felt the importance of avoiding all compromise, and of bringing the question to issue. The sheriff was therefore obliged to give way; and, after once more consulting with his friend, briefly said, "Gentlemen, you are at liberty."—p. 264.

The result of this failure was to establish the lawfulness of field-preaching, and no further legal opposition was made to the proceedings of our itinerant. He spent the half century which followed in the unvaried routine of his pastoral duties, and the even tenour of his useful life was but little disturbed by the storms which raged around him. The walls of his tabernacle were shaken not by assault from without, but by revolt within. The little church soon became the schism of a schism. It was plunged into dissension by such momentous questions as, whether the mutual exhortation of the brethren by means of public speaking were or were not a binding duty; whether a plurality of elders were or were not imperative; whether collections should be made from all the congregation, or from the communicants alone; whether the Lord's Supper should be observed twice a year, once a month, or once a week; whether it were lawful for Baptists and Pædobaptists to communicate together. On some of these points of controversy a rupture took place, and the tabernacle was split in twain. But James Haldane peacefully continued his ministrations to a diminished flock, and the true devotedness of his character and the zeal of his preaching gave him through life a great and constantly increasing influence over his fellow-townsmen.

In theological opinions and ecclesiastical controversies he ranged himself

himself uniformly on the side of his elder brother, between whom and himself a warm and unbroken affection existed through life, cemented not merely by the *eadem velle atque eadem nolle*, but by the *idem sentire de civitate Dei*. They took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends. Such perfect intellectual and moral harmony between two brothers, engaged for fifty years in the same pursuits, and living in constant contact, is so rare and beautiful a spectacle, that it might well call forth the admiring sympathy of all who knew them. 'There they are,' exclaimed their friend Mr. Murray, as he saw them walking together in their old age, 'There they are! the two brothers that have always dwelt together in unity!' The younger survived the elder eight years, and died at the age of eighty, in 1851.

We turn with reluctance from the lives of these high-minded and venerable men to notice the contrast to their unworldly spirit exhibited by the tone of their biographer. Few things are more painful to a serious mind than to observe the tendency so often exhibited by every type of earnestness to degenerate in the second generation. Truths which were spirit and life to the parents become stereotyped formulas in the mouths of the children. The regenerating creed is metamorphosed into a dead shibboleth; and a flimsy veil of cant vainly strives to hide the moral deterioration. The work which we are reviewing is a practical illustration of this remark. The most offensive feature of English worldliness, that servile worship of wealth, rank, and title which is our national disgrace, is here found in unseemly conjunction and ludicrous contrast with the most devout religious phraseology and the most exalted pretensions to spirituality. We have already given some examples of this in the course of the above narrative. We may add the following specimens, taken at random from the volume:—

'There were along with them [the Haldanes] attending the High School . . . the Earl of Rossmore, General Sir W. Erskine, two Vandeleurs (one of whom became a titled general, the other an Irish judge), also Lord Decies, eldest son of the Archbishop of Tuam,' &c. —p. 17.

'Dr. Erskine rose with a dignity worthy of the descendant of Lord Cardross.'—p. 125.

'Dr. Stuart was a lineal descendant of the good Regent Murray, and at one time stood third in prospective succession to the Earldom.' —p. 139.

'In December Mrs. J. Haldane lost her mother. . . . Her father [*i. e.* Mrs. J. H.'s grandfather], Mr. Abercromby of Tulliebody, was distinguished for his strong sagacity. . . . He had four sons and four daughters. . . . Of these daughters, Elizabeth married her

her cousin, Major Joaff, the grandson of General Abercromby, and great-grandson and heir of line to George, second Lord Banff, and heir-general to the third and fourth barons who died without issue. Two other daughters were married, the one to Colonel Edmonstone of Newton, the other to Mr. Bruce of Kennett, *whose family claim the male heirship of the royal house of Bruce, but who was himself better known by his title of Lord Kennett.*—p. 379.

What possible interest can the readers of Mr. Haldane's life be supposed to take in learning who were the great-grandfathers of the husbands of his wife's grandfather's four daughters? Or again, how can it edify them to know that Dr. Thompson (the man of 'colossal mind' formerly mentioned), when on a visit to Mr. Simons, the rector of Paul's Cray, *'accompanied a niece of Lord Bexley's on the organ'*?—the said lady never appearing in the book elsewhere, and the isolated fact above mentioned having no connexion with anything which precedes or follows it.

But still more absurd and objectionable are the pretentious claims to aristocratic birth and connexion made on behalf of the single-minded heroes of the biography, by the parade of titles and pedigrees which prove illusory upon examination, and keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the sense.

Thus the mother of Messrs. Haldane's mother, whose real name was Mrs. Duncan, is in this book always called 'their grandmother Lady Lundie,' on the alleged ground that this title was 'by the courtesy of Scotland then allowed to the wife of a minor baron [*i. e.* a lord of a manor].' If this justification be worth anything, the title should at any rate have been *Leddy Lundie*.

Again, there is a pedigree of the Haldanes given with great pomp and prolixity at the beginning of the volume, where it occupies the first nine pages. In it are duly recorded the exploits of Aylmer de Haldane of Gleneagles, in 1296, who signed the Ragman's Roll, and swore fealty to Edward I. at the same time with the more celebrated ancestor of Sir Arthur Wardour; of Sir John Haldane, master of the household to King James III. in 1450; of another Haldane of Gleneagles who fell at the rout of Dunbar; and so on. Ninety-nine readers out of every hundred of course suppose that these mediæval barons were the ancestors of Robert and James Haldane, whose uncle Robert possessed the old family estate. But on minutely examining the statement in page 7, we find that this uncle Robert only *purchased* Gleneagles with a fortune which he made in India; and that he was not one of the old stock of Haldanes at all, but only connected with it by the half-blood. In other words, his mother, whose child he was *by some other husband*, had formerly been married to a Haldane.

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The only parallel to this pedigree which we know is that of the 'Newbiggen family' given by Theodore Hook in one of his novels, which runs as follows:—

'This ancient and honourable family is descended from Hugo de Hoaques, one of the followers of King William the Conqueror, who married on 19th August, 1058, Hermengilda, Duchess of Coutance, daughter of Reginald D'Evreux, by Margaret, great niece of the Emperor Charlemagne.

'*Stephen de Hoaques*, of Tenterden, married, March 6, 1108, Emma, daughter of Sir Tristram Dummer, by Florence, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Chittenden, who was afterwards knighted by King Henry I., in memory of the great services he had rendered to his late Queen Matilda.

'Stephen had seventeen children by his wife, nine of whom survived him. He died April 1, 1151, having been married forty-three years.' [After several generations, the estates passed by marriage into the family of *Nethersole*.]

'In the reign of George II., the family of *Nethersole* were possessed of considerable landed property in Glostershire, of which county *Mr. Isaac Nethersole* was foreman of the grand jury in the year 1759. His daughter *Anne*, by Margaret Alicia, first cousin to the Honourable Patrick O'Callaghan of Sculduddery, in the county of Tipperary, married, June 9, 1754, Sir T. Walkinghame, knight and alderman of the city of London, who had by her

'*Thomas*, died young.

'*Anne*, born May, 1762, married, December 21, 1778, John Hogmore, of Dilbury, in the county of Gloster, who dying, bequeathed his paternal estates to his nephew, George Bamford Hogmore, Esq., from whom a portion of them descended *by purchase* to the present owner, *Isaac John Newbiggen* of Bumbleford, Esq., now the representative of that ancient family.'\*

It must be remembered, however, that none of these pretentious absurdities are chargeable upon Robert or James Haldane, the heroes of the biography. On the contrary, they appear to have both been men of genuine simplicity of character, and perfectly free from all such unreal assumption and ignoble vanity. Indeed they abandoned, of their own free choice, a higher for a lower social position; and the younger brother especially, in adopting the profession of a dissenting minister in Scotland, manifested a contempt for the prejudices of society and an absolute superiority to all such paltry considerations of personal aggrandisement.

Notwithstanding these grievous blemishes in its execution, we are glad to see that the work before us has had considerable popularity, and has already reached a fourth edition; for we regard

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\* 'Jack Brag,' by Theodore Hook, vol. iii.

it as a most hopeful sign of the times that religious biographies and manuals of devotion, however ill written, invariably command a larger circulation than any other species of literature. Thus even the enormous sale of the first two volumes of Mr. Macaulay's history was eclipsed by that of an insignificant devotional treatise, which was published at the same time. Thus the second-rate compilations of Bickersteth brought him in (as we learn from his life) an income of 800*l.* a year. Thus the sickly sentimentalities of Mr. X. are printed by thousands annually, and the reams darkened by the dreary verbosity of Mr. Z. would already girdle the earth.\* These facts are doubly cheering, because the very mediocrity of such authors proves that their works are bought for the sake of their religion, and for that alone; whereas the innumerable editions of such books as Keble's '*Christian Year*,' Cecil's '*Remains*,' or Bunyan's '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' may be explained in part by their literary as well as by their devotional merit. But hopes of religious benefit could alone lead any one to purchase the writings of Bickersteth and his compeers. Hence the great circulation of their works proves incontestably that the reading classes of England are sound at heart, and that, in spite of all which Mr. Carlyle tells us to the contrary, faith is not yet dead, nor Christianity obsolete. It is true that beneath those classes which furnish the readers of books like these, there is a lower stratum of operatives and artizans, many of whom are almost wholly given up to infidelity. But the unbelief of these poor labourers springs not from superiority of culture, but from ignorance. And it is surely not too much to hope that, as they rise in education to the level of the ranks immediately above them, so they will also rise to the level of their faith.

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\* The popularity of a certain class of devotional works may be illustrated by the fact that a friend of ours complained (with perhaps a pardonable amount of exaggeration) that his wife and he between them had received among their wedding presents 119 copies of '*Bridges on the 119th Psalm*.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Modern Painters*. By a Graduate of Oxford. Vol. I., Fifth Edition, 1851. Vol. II., Fourth Edition. London, 1856.
2. *Modern Painters*. Vol. III. *Of Many Things*. By John Ruskin, M.A., author of the 'Stones of Venice,' 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' &c. &c. London, 1856.
3. *Notes on some of the principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy*. By the author of 'Modern Painters.' London, 1855.

THERE are many reasons for the popularity of Mr. Ruskin's works. In the first place he is a thinker—a character sufficiently rare to obtain—we do not say to deserve, for that depends on the issue—that class of thoughtful readers of whom a writer may be justly proud. In the next place he is a very positive and confident thinker—also a comparatively rare phenomenon—and any positive man or opinion commands, at least for a time, a certain amount of followers, for people naturally trust those who trust themselves. And further, he is a positive and confident thinker on a subject which is now engaging the attention of a large class of the educated English public. But in proportion to the increasing love for art is the consciousness of ignorance about it, and in proportion to the consciousness of ignorance is the prevalence of self-distrust; and here we arrive at a more interesting, because a more earnest section of readers, including especially the young and uncritical, who gratefully follow the guidance of any one who suggests thought and lays down principle on a subject on which many can feel, but few have the power or opportunity to reason. But while the arts enjoy the advantage of being at this time a reality of the most earnest and almost sacred kind to many, they suffer, as must always be the case, the disadvantage of being a fashion of the most empty and pedantic sort to many more. Here the reasons are at once apparent which furnish Mr. Ruskin with another class of readers more numerous than any we have mentioned; for fashion cannot think, and must talk, and is therefore the eager adherent of those who save the brains and supply the tongue on the favourite topic of the day. And, lastly, while art is now temporarily in fashion, it must be borne in mind that strange and new doctrines on any subject in the world are always the fashion, and this accounts at once for the most prolific source of Mr. Ruskin's popularity, and discloses a class of readers larger than all the foregoing put together.

There are also many reasons why Mr. Ruskin has not been more generally or broadly answered—we will not say more effectually, for that he has been on particular points in several  
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of the monthly and weekly journals. The pure and enthralling power exercised by art over the imagination and the emotions is supposed, and not always erroneously, to be purchased somewhat at the expense of the prosier faculties of the mind. The lover of art, like all true lovers, is, on that point at least, a shy and sensitive being. He can confess his passion, but little more. Nor is art a worship in which there is any duty to give a reason for the faith that is in us. Taste is rightly defined by Hazlitt as 'a sensibility to the excellences of art;' and our sensibilities to anything, from the relish for poetry to that for an orange, are facts in ourselves, the grounds of which we are not required to define. Why we believe in any given thing we are bound to know, but why we feel involves no such responsibility. A man may therefore say of art, as, in the song, the *innamorato* of his mistress, 'I love you, because I love you,' and yet not be thought deficient either in enthusiasm or in understanding, but rather the reverse. Artists themselves are seldom able to define in words the principles which their works triumphantly exemplify. And thus it is that the lovers and followers too of art present the anomaly of being at once the most devoted of adherents, and yet often the least able or inclined to fight for the cause. It is certain also that discussion and criticism, unless of a most enlightened, and therefore most rare, description, is more depressing than stimulating to the producers of art, while to encourage litigation and debate among the classes who are constituted its judges is to encourage that which most unfits them for the privilege. Freedom of opinion, like true freedom in anything, can do art no harm,—though, from the fact that the greatest period of art was that of the greatest religious and political thralldom, it is evident that freedom is a condition on which it is in no way dependent,—while all that licence which abuses the name of liberty is incalculably pernicious to it. This is one of the profounder reasons why, in the economy of European civilization, art, as a means of public education, was sent before letters, and this is why now, and at all times, its best friends will abstain from that war of words which is foreign to its nature, adverse to its promotion, and incompatible with the temper necessary for its enjoyment.

These are the reasons that may be said to apply to the subject of art in general: as to those which especially withhold many an answer to Mr. Ruskin, they lie chiefly in the imagination of the persons who are otherwise admirably qualified to controvert him. As a thinker, mechanically considered, of the most able and elaborate class, Mr. Ruskin is supposed to require much of that same faculty to refute him; while, as a controversialist, of the rudest manners, many an antagonist is deterred by the supposition that

something of the Ruskin is needed, at all events in process, to catch a Ruskin. It would, however, be as useless to meet this writer with the same properties of thought, as undesirable to use the mere style of argument which he wields, and a victory so achieved would be but an additional subject of regret. Mr. Ruskin reminds us of the tale of the Emperor's clothes in the 'Fairy Legends' of Andersen. Like the cunning weavers, he persuades his readers that it is the test of their religion and morality to see as he sees, and the delusion is kept up till some one not more clever, but more simple, ventures to speak the plain truth. The real way, therefore, to face Mr. Ruskin, is not with those weapons he has selected from the mental armoury, but with those he has left, and thus accoutred the humblest adversary has nothing to fear. And this requires us to be the more plain-spoken in the consideration of his writings, for downright and unvarnished truth is doubly necessary in the conflict with sophistry and irony, and doubly justified towards one who by his treatment of others has in reality forfeited all title to courtesy.

We must commence with a short but necessary analysis of the author himself, before proceeding to his works. Mr. Ruskin's own mind, judging from his writings, is an extreme exemplification of that which is pronounced—we do not stop to consider whether rightly or wrongly—the defect of the present age, and to which the absence of all *greatness* in the various departments of life is now-a-days imputed. The period is declared to be one rather of brilliant intellectual talents than of great moral qualities—those qualities which, though they cut no figure in debate, and make no show in print, yet lead a man to prefer duty to fame, and truth to everything. Now, Mr. Ruskin's intellectual powers are of the most brilliant description; but there is, we deliberately aver, not one single great moral quality in their application: on the contrary, he appears so far more destitute than others, like himself, more intellectually than morally gifted men, of these higher aims, as not even to recognise the necessity for feigning them. Where the truth of a conclusion is no object in the process of reasoning, there no restraint exists on that activity of the thinking faculty, which can never lead to better things than itself without a higher principle to enlighten it. Nay, there is something at once sad and consoling in the fact that the intellect cannot even ripen itself. Mr. Ruskin's writings have all the qualities of premature old age—its coldness, callousness, and contraction. There is no development apparent in all he has written. Even in his first volume, the most able, and therefore the most favourable to himself, his overbearing spirit has nothing of the self-excusing insolence of youth. In his crotchety contradictions

traditions and peevish paradoxes there is nothing of the perverse, but often charming, conflict between the arrogance and the timidity of a juvenile reasoner—between the high spirit and tender mouth of the young courser in the race of thought. His contradictions and false conclusions are from the beginning those of a cold and hardened habit, in which no enthusiasm involuntarily leads astray, and no generosity instinctively leads aright. His revilings of all that is most sacred in the past, and his insults to all who are most sensitive in the present, bear the stamp of proceeding rather from an unfeeling heart than a hasty judgment; while such, necessarily, have been the vitiating effects on himself of the unrestrained indulgence of these habits, that his latter works, as we shall have occasion to prove, show him to have arrived at a blind rhodomontade of reasoning and a reckless virulence of language almost unparalleled in the annals of literature.

It will, however, sufficiently answer all our purposes of justice, and better those of equity, to form our estimate of Mr. Ruskin's title to be considered an authority on the matters he treats, chiefly from his first volume. From this we abundantly gather those qualities by which we may define him as a writer, viz. active thought, brilliant style, wrong reasoning, false statement, and unmannerly language.

After this definition, it will not surprise the reader to find us start with the declaration that Mr. Ruskin's principles, as applied to art, are unsound from the outset; and that, the foundation having a radical defect, it follows that the structure he has raised upon it, however showy, is untenable. Throughout, therefore, as a consequence of this false beginning, we observe a prevailing unfitness between the means of investigation he uses and the object for which he uses them. His tests may be ingeniously compounded, and have all the qualities of care and thought, but it stands to reason that a test is not a test unless applied to the right substance. Now, art is a thing which, as we have said already, appeals more to the heart, the seat of emotion, than to the head, the seat of thought, and is, therefore, more dreamt and raved about than reasoned about. Still it contains principles and admits of tests which, though utterly superfluous for the guidance of the artist—for he is not an artist at all with whom these principles and tests are not more or less intuitive—yet are interesting to an educated public, and necessary as a refutation of such teaching as Mr. Ruskin's. We need hardly state that we have no romantic project of doing battle to all the fallacies Mr. Ruskin has penned. Life is short, and if art be long it is in its practice, not in its theory: all that we have time or

occasion to deal with are the errors of his fundamental principles; knowing that, if these main fortresses of his modes of thinking can be demolished, there will be little to fear from all that labyrinth of specious argument which depends upon them. Further, it is only with the errors of his fundamental principles, as applied to *Painting*, that we propose to deal at all; his Architecture and other subjects would require a separate campaign.

In the first chapter after his Introduction, Vol. i., page 7, the first fundamental false principle will be found, viz.—

‘that painting, or art generally, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting—that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully—has as yet only learned the language in which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet.’

Here we have an erroneous statement, namely, that ‘the language of painting is invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing;’ and wrong reasoning in the comparison of two unanalogous things, viz. the language of the painter and that of the poet. We begin with the first.

The only way to arrive at the true end for which an art is valuable at all is by determining those qualities which no other art but itself can express, and which are therefore to be considered as *proper* to it. Now thought, having a language proper to itself, cannot possibly be defined as the great specific excellence or purpose of the art of painting. On the contrary, the slightest reflection will show that thought when expressed by painting is, by the inherent conditions of the art of painting itself, restricted in range, depth, and originality,—those very qualities which are the great essentials of thought itself. No picture, whether good or bad, that does seek to embody depth and range of thought, even in the very limited degree possible, can be deciphered without borrowing another language, in addition to its own, in the shape of a glossary; while, so far from original thought being even a recommendation, the whole history of art shows that it is the *familiar* thought which is sure to be the most attractive. The best pictures the world ever saw or perhaps will see, repeat, as in the innumerable Madonnas and Holy Families, the same thought over and over again; while with the Greeks, not only the same thought, but the same motive or particular mode of expressing the thought, was handed down from one generation to another. Indeed, were we required to answer Mr. Ruskin’s proposition

position as positively and broadly as he has made it, we should be far nearer the truth by denying it altogether, and declaring that the language of painting is comparatively of no value as the vehicle of thought, which is a faculty conveyed much better by its own proper medium—the written forms of speech; but that the language of painting being capable of utterance where every other art is silent is in itself *everything*.

That there is, however, a certain measure of thought compatible with, and separate from the language of, painting, we shall be the last to deny. But here we are stopped by the vagueness of the term itself; for though Mr. Ruskin urges, further on, that 'it must be the part of a judicious critic carefully to distinguish what is language and what is thought, and to rank and praise pictures chiefly for the latter' (vol. i. p. 10); yet such is the confusion and contradiction prominent in his own thoughts and language that it becomes no easy task to ascertain what he really means by 'thought,' 'ideas,' 'subject of intellect,' &c., as applied to painting. All we can do, therefore, is to try his meaning by certain pictorial attributes connected with the domain of thought, but distinct from the language of painting itself: thus, for instance, by the word commonly acknowledged to convey the topic a painter has chosen—viz., the *subject* of his picture—and under this head to show how very little thought even in this sense is either admissible or endurable by defining how very much is neither the one nor the other.

For this purpose we have only to glance at the different fields of thought—moral, speculative, theoretic, poetic, epigrammatic—those which most occupy the thinking faculty. Assuming, therefore, that it is not necessary that the thought which the painter's language is to express be original (which no little diminishes its value as a vehicle), we perceive at once that such men as Aristotle, Bacon, Paley, and Pope—each the representative of certain fields of thought—offer as thinkers no subject to which the painter's powers of expression can be applied. Here, therefore, we should rather say that the department of thought proper—thought 'by itself'—far from being indebted to the language of painting for an 'invaluable vehicle,' is not so much as able to make any use of it at all, and would not suffer one iota in its means of conveyance to the human understanding were painting even blotted from the creation.

But lest it should be supposed that there is something too untangible and diffuse in this class of general thought to come within that grasp of positive representation which constitutes a subject for a picture, let us next look at that most essential and compact form in which thought can be condensed—that

that which is defined as 'the thought of one and the wisdom of many,' as often taking the form of an image as of a moral reflection—and we find the Proverb equally untransmittable by the painter's vehicle. Teniers, for one, committed the mistake of trying to depict the proverb, if not as the entire subject of his picture—a landscape—yet as the principal subject of his foreground; and with all his skill in adorning the commonest, the vulgarest, and the most unthoughtful circumstances of life, he failed the moment he attempted the region of thought itself, the picture remaining a record of his folly.\*

We come now to the very frontiers of what we may term the picturesque in thought—that class of mental conceptions which are always poetical, and sometimes representable. But even they do not stand the test of investigation. For the Allegory is a form of subject from which, when seen on canvas, the eye turns coldly or impatiently away, and which requires the utmost strength of art itself to carry what is essentially so unfit to be conveyed. This is why it will never be found successful, except with glorious colourists and splendid draughtsmen—in short, with such men as Titian and Rubens, who occupy us so completely with the attractions proper to the art, as to render us indifferent to the unattractiveness consequent on the thought.

And next we turn to the very garden of poetic thought and imagination—that beautiful land where, by means of scenes described and images raised, the painter's and the poet's materials are in some measure identical, and the confines of vocal and visible language partially united. But indeed they meet here on such amicable terms as to be equally lenders and borrowers in turn. To say, therefore, that that portion of poetry where natural scenes and objects are attempted to be painted in words is the thought proper for the painter's language to convey, would be a very false and absurd illustration of Mr. Ruskin's definition, for it must be remembered that the materials of poetry are here borrowed from the picture—real or imaginary—and that in reversing the process the painter's language only resumes what belongs not to thought, but to itself.

Still, as we need not inform the reader, there are, in all lofty and imaginative poetry, ideas and images which the painter delights to interpret into his own tongue, and does so with the utmost success, provided always he have the taste and instinct to select such subjects as are adapted to his vocabulary, and especially to steer clear of those in which the poet has invested, not the least, but the most thought. For the truer the artist the more intuitively he knows

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\* A picture at Belvoir Castle.

that he must be chary in the use of this element, and that, wherever a poet's thought is complete and thoroughly worked out in itself, the language of painting becomes not an invaluable vehicle, but a superfluous load. And especially as regards a poetical image—that form of thought in which the highest poet will ever most excel, and the best poetry be found most replete—here especially the painter will deliberate. For though the tangible forms under which the poet has imaged the abstract thought seem all ready fitted to his hand, yet the subject he may attempt to form from them will be found after all but the illustration of an illustration, and, in that intermediate step, utterly removed from the parent thought which ought to give the meaning to the whole. We may instance this by referring the reader to the new edition of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, the title-page of which contains an illustration by Mulready of the lines—

'A type that blends  
Three godlike friends,  
Wit, valour, love, for ever.'

As a work of art, the drawing is so perfect, and the execution so refined, that one cares not what the motive which has set such a pleasure-giving hand to work; but as the illustration of an illustration, and that one complete in itself, the painter's language, being superfluous, becomes necessarily unintelligible. Had the type been resolved back into its archetype—the shamrock—the painter, however little he would have had to do, would have been intelligible. As it is, however, in the literal representation of a perfect poetical image, the 'type that blends three godlike friends' is quite as like three figures engaged in the performance of a very common feat in the saltant art, as the abstract ideas of wit, valour, and love; and thus, while the painter has been evidently puzzled how to convey the thought at all, the mere transfer to his vehicle has utterly put it out of joint. A very little reflection upon favourite thoughts and images in poetry will convince the reader how little, therefore, at best, even this popular source of pictorial inspiration can safely supply, and account for many a mistake in the painter's selection, for which his language—far from being nothing by itself—can alone indemnify us.

And this brings us to a natural law inherent in the science of art, and upon which hangs all the philosophy of true selection and composition of subject. For a work of art can but hold a certain amount of interest, beyond which the mind of the spectator, its real correlative, though strained to comprehend, cannot be forced to enjoy—a measure undefinable and incalculable in itself but perfectly

perfectly understood by the painter and the spectator, and which, more than anything else, establishes the right sympathy between them. This being accepted as a *law*, we suspect that wherever an art admits of marriage with another art, or another faculty, the union can only be effected by dividing the field between them; in other words, that the more of art the less of superadded thought will a picture be found capable of containing, and *vice versâ*. It is so, if we consider, with music. The composer of a song expressly selects words so far devoid of any depth or completeness of thought as to give the music scope for itself. We cannot imagine a musical composition to be too full of the beauties proper to music itself; but, having these in the fullest measure—being like a symphony by Beethoven or Mozart, *all music*—words, or the thoughts expressed by words, are superfluous. Nor can we imagine a picture too replete with the qualities proper to painting—form, colour, light and shade, and expression; but having these in the utmost perfection, thought itself becomes a *hors d'œuvre*, to use a gastronomic term, for which there is no appetite left. Look at the picture which combines all these qualities more fully than any other we know, the Sistine Madonna, and the subject itself, as referable to thought, will be found to be of very minor importance. The Madonna and Child are looking abstractedly out of the picture; a glory of angels is behind; a papal saint is pointing, it may be to the spectator, on the one side, a female saint is looking down on the other, and two little angels are gazing up from below—thoughts, considered as a subject, of the commonest order, especially in the age of Raphael, and which in a bad picture we should not look at twice. Nay, so strong were the old masters in the instinctive principles of art, that they never hesitated even to do violence to thought, and to conceive a subject which, viewed in that light, is utterly unjustifiable and absurd. The scene of the Sistine Madonna, for instance, is in heaven, or, at all events, in the sky: the figures rest on clouds, and a fathomless vista of the heavenly host is behind them. So far our imaginations can consent to the thought, and so far any one to whom we may describe it can follow; but when we add that between the Madonna and the heavenly host there is on each side a green stuff curtain looped up to invisible rods, and that the little angels below—the most spiritually abstracted winged children that art has ever produced—lean on a common wooden shelf in the foreground, we at once perceive the incongruity, and are forced to admit, by demonstration if not by feeling, that the painter's language, when perfect in itself, is not only exonerated from the conveyance of anything consistent in the shape of thought, but may even indulge  
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in solecisms by way of subject utterly at variance with all those rules of probability, if not possibility, which are the first conditions of the thinking faculty.\*

Frequently also the compatibility between the language of the painter and the thought conveyed by the subject is effected by the spectator not perceiving, or, if passively perceiving, not attending to the thought at all. This is the case in Titian's exquisite picture of the Three Ages in Lord Ellesmere's Gallery, where the thought is all very well as an excuse for painting a youth and a maiden in front, and lovely naked children in the middle distance, in the sweetest tones nature could teach or art portray, while an old man and a skull, being both unattractive objects, are rightly put into airy background. But the thought which forms the subject is no part of the pleasure or merit. Had the arrangement been accidental, or the three groups the idealised portraits of three generations of one family, we should enjoy the picture quite as intensely, for there is as much in the painter's language alone as the mind can enjoy at once.†

Enough, it appears to us, has been said to show that it is not the *subject* of a picture to which Mr. Ruskin alludes by the term 'thought,' and in comparison with which the language is 'nothing by itself;' for this slight investigation proves that the subjects of the finest pictures existing embody the simplest, the least original, or even the least consistent thoughts, and that it is, on the contrary, the language itself, which, far from being an inferior attribute, can alone exalt the commonest, or recommend the most mistaken subject a painter may choose.

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\* We have mentioned the Sistine Madonna as an example which none (except Mr. Ruskin) can question, but the larger Francia in our National Gallery will prove the same, or the great St. Justina, by Pordenone, in the Vienna Gallery, or the picture called Palma Vecchio's Three Daughters in the Dresden Gallery, or half the Titian Holy Families one best remembers, or most of that class of composition called a *Santa Conversazione* by any master—all with subjects too utterly simple to be considered the offspring or representation of thought, and, if with any incident at all, of the most trivial or incongruous nature.

† We had abstained from reading Mr. Leslie's admirable 'Handbook for young Painters' until after the completion of this article. We now rejoice to find our meaning thus further illustrated by the following passage:—'In the "Cephalus and Aurora" of Nicolo Poussin, in our National Gallery, the substitution of Apollo for the rising sun, as he has managed it, is in the highest degree poetic. But the thought alone is a mere imitation of the poet's, which might have occurred to the most prosaic mind. It is entirely, therefore, to the technical treatment—to the colour and to the manner in which the forms of the chariot and horses of the god melt into the shapes of clouds—in fact, to the *chiaroscuro*—that the incident as connected with the picture owes its poetry.' Mr. Leslie adds one more to the number of accomplished men, who, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, write as admirably as they paint. Though the title of his 'Handbook' might lead to the inference that it was only adapted for artists, it will be read with delight and instruction by every person who has any enjoyment in pictures.

But

But before proceeding to try another pictorial definition of thought, we must examine Mr. Ruskin's notion of this said language of the painter a little closer. We therefore take the reader back to the concluding paragraph of that same quotation to the illogical nature of which we have already referred, and where he repudiates all benefit of that vagueness under which he might otherwise have found shelter.

'He who has learned what is commonly considered as the whole art of painting—that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully—has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being what we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet.'

Whether 'what is commonly considered the whole art of painting' be intended for a sneer at those time-honoured works and opinions which Mr. Ruskin delights to assault, we must leave undecided, the difficulty of knowing when he is in jest or earnest being one of the minor objections to his style of writing: nor does it matter—the reasoning of this sentence is, under any view, false from beginning to end. In what, we would ask, does the force of an illustration consist, but in the analogy upon the point at issue of the two things compared? Here all analogy fails. Are we obliged to remind Mr. Ruskin of the essential difference between the language of the painter and that of the poet? *Words*, or the language of the great writer called a poet, are mere arbitrary signs and ciphers differing in different countries—having no meaning good or evil of their own, until invested with one or the other by the thought they are summoned to express\*—while *things*, or the language of the great imitator called a painter, being the very copy and mirror of Nature herself, are vocal with the eloquence of her voice, and rich with the varied treasures of her meaning—needing no further process by which to reach our understandings—immediate interpreters of that inexhaustible creation beyond which the wildest flights of the painter cannot soar, and without which his simplest inventions cannot be expressed—which, though they have neither speech nor language in the common sense of the terms, yet send forth a sound, and that a joyous one, throughout all lands. Therefore he who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting—that is, the art of representing any natural

\* As this article is going through the press, we find that in this passage we have almost verbatim expressed the sentiments of Mr. Leslie, p. 173. The coincidence being entirely accidental, we do not attempt to alter the phraseology, but are proud to be found agreeing, in form as well as in substance, with such an authority.

object faithfully—that is, the art of representing form, colour, light and shadow and expression, for these are the great and sole constituents of *every* natural object—is a great painter already, for Raphael himself could learn no more.

To attempt therefore to separate the whole art, or the language—for with Mr. Ruskin, as with ourselves, they are synonymous—from the thought of the painter, seems to us the emptiest mistake into which the teacher or even learner of art could possibly fall. Art is not a trade which is taught in two distinct stages. A man does not first learn to paint, and then to think, as a tailor's apprentice learns first to stitch a garment, and then to shape it. If his language and his thought do not grow hand in hand in equal strength, he will never be a painter at all. If even there be any precedence in the matter, it is far more frequently the thought that gets before the utterance, letting 'I cannot wait upon I would.' And this is also in some measure a hopeless condition; for in truth the painter's language Mr. Ruskin despises is not so much to be considered as 'invaluable' for his thoughts, as *indispensable* for them. For as the language of music involves the idea conveyed by it, and the loftier the composer's sound the loftier his meaning; so the language of the painter, wielding as it does the qualities of colour, form, light and shade, and expression, *includes* the idea that these qualities express; for there is not one of these four chief pictorial elements which does not teem with thought, meaning, feeling, emotion—all that it is possible for the language of painting to contain, and impossible to detach from itself;—so that it is false to say that thought can be all, and language nothing, since the painter who speaks the finest language must in that utter the finest ideas, and what Nature has joined together let no sophistry sunder!

What, we would ask, distinguishes the ideas of a great painter from those of his feeble follower? those of Raphael from those of his scholars? those of Leonardo da Vinci from those of Luini? or those of Rembrandt from those of his imitator Eckhout? What, when the subjects are identical and endeavoured to be expressed by the same qualities in art, brings the grace of the one down to the mere gracefulness of the other, changes the grandeur of the one into the sweetness of the other, or transforms the mysterious chiaroscuro of the one into the nothing-suggesting shadow of the other? What but the difference in their language? What indeed makes the distinction between the original and the copy, so that the idea you delight in in the first, you find all enfeebled or utterly gone in the last—but the difference in the language?

Nevertheless, though it is our entire conviction that any attempt to distinguish the painter's language from his thoughts would,  
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even in the hands of a judicious critic, be an unprofitable proceeding, and is, in Mr. Ruskin's, a mischievous one—we will try him by another test, and assume that *expression*, in the highest physiognomical and intellectual sense of the word,—that which we consider as the highest element of the painter's language,—is in reality separate from and superior to it. But here we are at once met by a passage which leads us to suspect that this test will prove no more successful than the last. For, speaking of 'painting or literature'—a false parallel in itself—he says, not only that 'the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language,' but that 'the dignity of any composition and praise to which it is entitled are in exact proportion to its independency of [a painter's or poet's] language or expression.' This sounds very much as if that state of inarticulation which a sheet of white paper best typifies were the state most to be coveted in art or literature. It is, however, possible that Mr. Ruskin does not here mean that same element of expression to which we refer; though what he does mean it would puzzle us to define. To test the word at all we must test it in its most indubitable and elevated sense—that expression, namely, which is found in the highest painter's highest productions, and on the elevation, purity, or sweetness of which all the world of taste, past and present, is so agreed, that juvenile enthusiasts might be well excused for a few romantic speculations as to its being the work of some agency independent of the painter's art. But here there is no further doubt at all; for, far from having hit upon the author's real meaning by that element of expression best illustrated by Raphael—for instance in the Madonna della Seggiola—that picture, and other works, as we shall hereafter show more fully, are especially the objects of Mr. Ruskin's most scornful contempt. So that it is evident that, instead of acknowledging our concession of expression from the domain of art to that of thought, it would rather be resented as a concession which he altogether rejects.

A further test will make this doubly sure; for, of all the elements of the painter's language, expression must be allowed to be that in which the *idea* conveyed to the spectator is most intimately involved; since it is chiefly by the expression of the faces that the leading intention of the subject can be told. Far, however, from apprehending the real value or condition of the idea a great painter, by means of expression, can convey, Mr. Ruskin not only despises the purest ideas that expression has ever conveyed, but proceeds, a few pages further on, to insist on the *number* of the ideas or thoughts in the same picture as a proof of its merit. 'The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed,

is a greater and better picture than that which has the less noble and the less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed.' (vol. i. p. 10.) Now, however round this passage may read, and moral it may sound, it is but the more ingeniously erroneous both in statement and conclusion. We deny altogether the compatibility of 'the nobler and more numerous ideas' in one picture. The higher we go in art, the more assuredly do we find that the nobler the idea—whether of devotion, as in the masters before Raphael, of supernatural grandeur, as in the Sistine Madonna, of beauty, or grace, or sweetness, as in other pictures by this most complete of masters—the more single and alone it stands. It is in truth this unity and prevalence of one idea that gives the old masters such a hold upon the mind. One idea at a time was all they in their wisdom, practical and theoretical, sought to embody. We look on the Sistine Madonna again as the triumphant exemplification of this. In the all-engrossing aim at the expression of supernatural grandeur, Raphael has even foregone the temptation, if such occurred to him, of introducing any of those sweet incidents of nature in the representation of which he was equally unrivalled. The Mother and the Child have forgotten their human relation in the Divinity that transfigures them. This is why the picture stands still higher as a work of art than the Madonna della Seggiola, where the exquisitely natural action of the Child's feet, and its hands buried in the mother's bosom, by so much lessen, because they by so much sweeten, the idea of supernatural grandeur.

And if this was the case with Raphael, it is still more characteristic of Michael Angelo, who, scorning all minor things, throws the whole weight of his gigantic power into the shaping and strengthening of one idea. Hence that very autocratic grandeur peculiar to him, and hence too that baldness of all accessory incident, or dramatic variety equally observable in his works.

But here we come upon another glimpse of Mr. Ruskin's meaning. For though the actions or incidents of nature we have just alluded to in the Madonna della Seggiola are too commonly observable in any young infant to be dignified in the painter's adoption of them by the term 'thought,' and though Mr. Ruskin's ostentatious contempt for the whole Dutch school further proves that the mere common and homely incidents of life are the last things he would think of so dignifying; yet there is no doubt that there are incidents—what we should rather call 'allusion,' or 'double-meaning'—which are the result of thought, and are also separate from the painter's language. For this we refer to Mr.

Mr. Ruskin's description of a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, where he starts with that fallacious identification of poetry and painting which has been raised and refuted—and, being wrong, oftener raised than refuted—over and over again before Mr. Ruskin's time:—

'Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times has seen—"The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner."—Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and of the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paw which has dragged the blanket off the tressel, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose that marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely had been the life, how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep,—these are all thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps the author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind.'

We are tempted to claim the quietness and gloom of the chamber and the whole expression of the dog as beautiful thoughts inherent in such a painter's language. Also to ask Mr. Ruskin what idea he really attaches to expression when he declares the painting of the dog's hair, of the wood of the coffin, and of the folds of the blanket to be 'language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree;' for what, after all, does such painting express, but hair, wood, and wool? But we leave this to speak for itself, and rather draw the reader's attention to the fact that, in the vividness with which Mr. Ruskin's own language has brought such few incidents as this picture contains, distinct from the painter's language, before our eyes, lies the proof that Sir Edwin's language would have been ill employed if alone on that which there are better and shorter means of rendering. And it is precisely here that we have the whole key at last to Mr. Ruskin's meaning of the word 'thought' as separable from the art of painting. For it is not the incident that Raphael or the Dutch masters introduce—given in its refinement by the one, in its vulgarity by the other, and in its simplicity by both—it is not even the touching allusion which Raphael introduced in  
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the folded hands of the sleeping saint in his Deliverance of St. Peter, or the erudite allusion in the actions of Plato and Aristotle in his School of Athens, and of which he forbore all use in the Disputa and the Parnassus—it is not even such incidents or allusions which a painter may discreetly use for the enrichment of a picture to which Mr. Ruskin does honour; but it is the incident that will bear description, expatiation, and speculation—the incident that will furnish a text for those arbitrary interpretations and egotistical rhapsodies so foreign to the real simplicity of art, which fill Mr. Ruskin's books—the incident for which there is least space in the highest productions, simply because it does represent that thought which is independent of the painter's language, and of which, therefore, the greater the number in one picture the more the author's purpose and praise is secured.

There is but one form in which the old masters, who were compelled occasionally to address themselves to superstition at the expense of true taste, made the mistake of attempting to combine a number of thoughts, incidents, allusions—call them what we may—in one picture. This was the case in their representations of the Last Judgment, such as that by Fra Angelico in Lord Ward's gallery, where the side of the Condemned far outweighs in number of thoughts, and those not his own, that of the Blessed, and we need not say at what expense of nobility and every other desirable attribute of art. Indeed, the more the subject is considered, the more we are persuaded it will appear that numerous thoughts in one picture are only to be found in the *lower* walks of art, and that the further we descend the scale the greater the quantity of that element, in Mr. Ruskin's sense. Our Hogarth may be cited as a unique example of the successful application of painting to quantity of subject and number of allusions, and those of a high moral order. Nor are we in the least disposed to agree with the German lecturer who said of him that he 'badly painted capital satires;' but, on the contrary, are astonished at the beauties of the painter that have been overlooked in the fame of the moralist. At the same time it must be admitted that Hogarth stands at best but at the head—however far in advance of—that class of art in which multiplicity of thought, or what we may define as *illustration*, is the painter's principal object. Nor is there any halting in the downward course, or avoiding of that extreme but actual result to which this principle tends; for if number of thoughts be admitted as the one great merit in a work of art (and number and nobility we perceive cannot go together), there is no denying that the caricature, with its point, allusion, wit, meaning, and double meaning in every line,  
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is, by Mr. Ruskin's reasoning, proved to be as much the highest in the scale of excellence as Michael Angelo is the lowest.

But now we are reminded of another principle which Mr. Ruskin ignores altogether, and to which any painter who may be misled to follow out his doctrines must inevitably do violence. For if the real test of *style*, according to the philosophical meaning of the word, be defined as that form of art which suggests no want, as, for instance, the Sistine Madonna, it may be equally defined as that form of art which suggests no superfluity. Thus we return to the fundamental law of the incapacity of the mind to enjoy more than a certain amount of interest at once, and, as a necessary consequence, to the fundamental necessity of diminishing one source of interest in proportion as another is added; and applying this to the present question, we arrive irresistibly at the conclusion that, where numerous thoughts are presented to the spectator at all in one picture, the *painter's* language, far from being invaluable, is partially superfluous. The thoughts or incidents of Hogarth are almost, if not quite as intelligible to us in the form of an engraving, while for more elaborate themes and still more numerous allusions the slightest light and shade, or the mere outline, as in Cruikshank or Retsch, is all-sufficient. And here at all events the author ratifies the conclusion of his views at which we have arrived, by the following rather paradoxical passage:—  
'Speaking with strict propriety, therefore, we should call a man a greater painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines.' (vol. i. p. 8.)

We trust we have demonstrated that, as, where the thought or idea is highest and singlest, the painter's language is not 'invaluable' but indispensable, so where the thoughts are lower because more numerous, and therefore capable of expression by a simpler form of art, the painter's language is in great measure superfluous.

But to turn now from those reasons for the exclusion, or very limited admission of thoughts in a painting, which are inherent in the art of painting, to such as may be said to be rather facts of experience. Is that to be considered the highest attribute and purpose of a picture which has the greatest number of ignorant and vulgar admirers? Yet, as regards the subject, the story, the thought in a picture, such does experience prove to be the case. Not only do we observe this in the crowds that gather round that stronghold of Mr. Ruskin's principle—viz., the greater the number of thoughts, however awkwardly expressed, the greater the merit—the caricature-shop, but every exhibition shows that the story is all the uneducated care for. Follow a *laquais de place* marshalling a party through a foreign gallery, and his whole jargon

jargon is of what is represented. It is dull work for him and his listeners when he has only to tell that that is St. Peter, that St. Lawrence, and that figure behind St. Roch; but the party brightens up if he can explain that the figure of St. Clara is a portrait of the painter's wife, and is quite happy when there is some such knotty allegory to untie as that in the Garofalo in our National Gallery, where St. Augustine is endeavouring to comprehend the mystery of the Trinity, and a child showing him that it would be just as easy to empty the ocean with a spoon. Nay, even the most trivial story, not in the picture but about it, is eagerly listened to, and the anecdote that such a prince offered to cover the canvas with napoleons, remembered with far more interest than the picture itself. Not that there is anything blameable or surprising in this. A painter's aim is not, like a cook's, obvious to the commonest understanding. We may like a dish to have a pleasant appearance, but everybody knows that is not its real purpose. As soon, however, might we judge of a dish by our eyes and not by our palates as exclusively exalt the thought of a picture and cry down its language. Were the subject, or the rendering of the subject, the highest merit in a work of art, connoisseurship would be attained without much study, and far fewer mistakes made in the formation of collections. Far, however, from this being the case, it was the saying of the most cultivated and felicitous private collector that England has yet known—the late Samuel Rogers—that if a picture bore an eloquent description he did not want to see it. Though, therefore, it would be great folly, as well as ignorance, to be indifferent to the thought or allusion of a great painter—for any fact, characteristic, or even tradition about a fine picture is interesting, however collaterally so—yet it is far greater folly and ignorance to pronounce the one to be all and the other nothing; and on this road no one will ever rise above the herd in the understanding or enjoyment of art.

We are not, however, intending either to excuse or to insult Mr. Ruskin by comparing him with this common herd whom he misleads. In the error that has led him to lay down the principles we have endeavoured to confute, he is rather to be regarded as the type of a class of minds, frequent now and common always—men who, leading lives in the study of some particular pursuit or hobby, are ignorant of the legitimate sources of interest in a picture, and seek only for those which we may define by the vague and often-used term of 'the pleasures of association.' But it is the pleasures in which art differs from other forms of human intelligence, and not those in which she accidentally agrees with

them, that we must seek ; therefore not for thought, nor erudition, nor history, nor antiquarian lore, nor anything which, though a picture may contain, it is altogether independent of. These, it is true, have their interest and value as connecting a work of art with the scholarship, the superstition, or the fashion of its time, but are so far from constituting any essential part of its merits, that not one of these concomitants, however ingenious and abundant, could render a picture endurable if it happened to be vile as a work of art. But though Mr. Ruskin may be classed with these minds in the false conclusions they form, he has no right to the real excuses they may plead. They are occupied with other pursuits distinct from the world of art : he professes to live only in it, and (how generously !) only for it. They err from ignorance, and are, generally speaking, ready to acknowledge it,—he from a quality which is apt to prove a barrier even to that lowest stage of wisdom.

We have dwelt thus at length on this first chapter for the obvious reason that here lies that organic defect which renders the whole body of Mr. Ruskin's criticism morbid and diseased. He who pronounces the painter's thought to be everything, and his language nothing, must of course next attempt to force upon art a moral and not a pictorial responsibility. We are at once stopped by this in the preface to the second edition, which is strictly consequent on this first chapter. Having assumed that the state of religion was better in Italy during the immobility of Byzantine art than in the time of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini—a question the historian may answer—he thus proceeds:—

‘It appears to me that a rude symbol is oftener more efficient than a refined one in touching the heart, and that, as pictures rise in rank as works of art, they are regarded with less devotion and more curiosity.

‘But, however this may be, and whatever influence we may be disposed to admit in the great works of sacred art, no doubt can, I think, be reasonably entertained as to the utter inutility of all that has been hitherto accomplished by the painters of landscape. No moral end has been answered, no permanent good effected, by any of their works. They may have amused the intellect, or exercised the ingenuity, but they never have spoken to the heart. Landscape art has never taught us one deep or holy lesson ; it has not recorded that which is fleeting, nor penetrated that which was hidden, nor interpreted that which was obscure ; it has never made us feel the wonder, nor the power, nor the glory of the universe ; it has not prompted to devotion, nor touched with awe ; its power to move and exalt the heart has been fatally abused, and perished in the abusing. That which ought to have been a witness to the omnipotence of God has become an exhibition of  
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the dexterity of man, and that which should have lifted our thoughts to the throne of the Deity has encumbered them with the inventions of his creatures.

'If we stand for a little time before any of the more celebrated works of landscape, listening to the comments of the passers by, we shall hear numberless expressions relating to the skill of the artist, but very few relating to the perfection of nature. Hundreds will be voluble in admiration, for one who will be silent in delight; multitudes will laud the composition, and depart with the praise of Claude on their lips—not one will feel as if it were *no* composition, and depart with the praise of God in his heart.

'These are the signs of a debased, mistaken, and false school of painting. The skill of the artist, and the perfection of his art, are never proved until both are forgotten. The artist has done nothing till he has concealed himself—the art is imperfect which is visible—the feelings are but feebly touched, if they permit us to reason on the methods of their excitement. In the reading of a great poem, in the hearing of a noble oration, it is the subject of the writer and not his skill—his passion, not his power—on which our minds are fixed. We see as he sees, but we see not him. We become part of him, feel with him, judge, behold with him; but we think of him as little as of ourselves. Do we think of *Æschylus* while we wait on the silence of *Cassandra*, or of *Shakspeare* while we listen to the wailing of *Lear*? Not so. The power of the masters is shown by their self-annihilation. It is commensurate with the degree in which they themselves appear not in their work. The harp of the minstrel is untruly touched, if his own glory is all that it records. Every great writer may be at once known by his guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out.

'And must it ever be otherwise with painting? for otherwise it has ever been. Her subjects have been regarded as mere themes on which the artist's power is to be displayed; and that power, be it of imitation, composition, idealization, or of whatever other kind, is the chief object of the spectator's observation. It is man and his fancies, man and his trickeries, man and his inventions—poor, paltry, weak, self-sighted man—which the connoisseur for ever seeks and worships. Among potsherds and dunghills, among drunken boors and withered beldames, through every scene of debauchery and degradation, we follow the erring artist, not to receive one wholesome lesson, not to be touched with pity, nor moved with indignation, but to watch the dexterity of the pencil, and gloat over the glittering of the hue.

'I speak not only of the works of the Flemish school—I wage no war with their admirers; they may be left in peace to count the spiculæ of haystacks and the hairs of donkeys: it is also of works of real mind that I speak—works in which there are evidences of genius and workings of power—works which have been held up as containing all the beautiful that art can reach or man conceive. And I assert with sorrow that all hitherto done in landscape, by those commonly conceived its masters, has never prompted one holy thought in the minds

of nations. It has begun and ended in exhibiting the dexterities of individuals, and conventionalities of system. Filling the world with the honour of Claude and Salvator, it has never once tended to the honour of God.'

Were Mr. Ruskin amenable to those rules of consistency which with other writers forbid the penning of many a magnificent paragraph, we should have been spared this rhapsody of plausible sophistry and careful alliteration. He would have halted, as we do, at his first sentence, and, admitting that 'as pictures rise in rank as works of art they are regarded with less devotion and more curiosity,' he would either have shrunk from an argument which involves the necessity of keeping art undeveloped and barbarous, as the Greek Church to this day does; or, knowing that it is only in the development of any art that we can perceive its real aim, he would have looked a little closer at that 'curiosity,' or, in other words, at that other source of interest, separate from religion, which, by his own admission, increases in strength in proportion as pictures increase in merit.

But this is begging the whole question; for to have interposed such considerations between Mr. Ruskin and his arguments would have been to interdict them altogether. We take them, therefore, as they are, and boldly meet the accusation of the religious and moral shortcomings of landscape art, or any art, by the utter denial and denunciation not of those shortcomings, which we gladly confess, but of those doctrines which so mischievously misrepresent the real mission of art. Whether sacred or historical, landscape or domestic, art was *not* given to man either to teach him religion or morality; and wherever he is found professing to learn one or the other from her something worse than that spiritual indifference which Mr. Ruskin laments—namely, false and morbid fervours—and something worse than that human interest he despises—namely, cold and selfish abstractions—will be found. As the minister of those ineffable pleasures which stand in sweet reconciliation midway between the senses and the soul; as the stirrer of those humanising emotions which harmonise equally with man's highest spiritual aspirations and his commonest daily impressions—which have none of the dangers of selfish sensibility or the penalties of false excitement;—as all this, and infinitely more, art is indeed to be looked upon as a gift of inappreciable price to a race who need those pure pleasures which recall their forfeited innocence, quite as much as those moral lessons which point to its loss; but beyond this she happily gives and teaches nothing. For if outward Nature herself, with all her blessed influences, never really, except in an infidel  
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novel, taught a man to fear God, love his neighbour, and correct himself; if from the beginning of the world men never really listened to the voice of the creation as the means of moral and religious teaching—for if they had, St. Paul would not have been sent to the Gentiles—neither will they to the best painter's best echo of it. 'For art is the shadow of His wisdom, and but copieth His resources.' He, therefore, who would wrest art from her real field and purposes—he who with brilliantly-strung words and active sophistry of thought would misrepresent the real scheme of Providence, *putting one thing for another*, would, if we can imagine followers numerous enough to constitute him a leader, bring about just that false state of society and just that idolatry of shadows for which he now professes to pity us. For he who advocates false motives, and assigns false sources for the teaching of religion and morality, does in fact weaken and obscure, though he may not openly deny, the faith in those only motives and sources which have been revealed to us.

What too, we have a right to ask, have been the results of all the supposed religious and moral teaching of art upon the writer himself? Let the nature of the creed be tested by its influence on the believer. Independent of all the attacks upon painters, living or dead, which we shall presently investigate, and which may be considered the substance of his works, the mere incidental and accessory portions teem with a malice, bitterness, and uncharitableness, which is as uncalled for as it is unjustifiable. Mr. Ruskin may talk of love for trees, stones, and clouds, and profess an impious horror for those who do not represent them according to his ideas of truth, but where, throughout his writings, do we find one spark of that love for *man, woman, or child* which is foremost among all the precepts and the fruits of religion and morality? How comes it that the man who lives under the influence of him whom he pronounces 'the greatest landscape-painter the world has yet seen;' and further, as he owns, 'more among mountains than among men,' and therefore under nature's immediate teaching—how comes he to have formed such low and contemptuous notions of his fellow-creatures as appear directly and indirectly in every chapter he has written? Considering the little company he professes to keep, how comes it to be only of that kind as to wring from him the declaration that 'There never yet was a generation of men (savage or civilized), who, taken as a body, so woefully fulfilled the words, "having no hope and living without God in the world," as the present civilized European race;' that 'a Red Indian or Otaheitan savage has more sense of a Divine existence round him, or government

government over him, than the plurality of refined Londoners and Parisians'? (vol. iii. p. 258.)

Again, that 'I truly believe that there never yet was idolatry of stock or stone so utterly unholy as this our idolatry of shadows; nor can he think that 'of those who burnt incense under oaks, and poplars, and elms, it could in any wise be more justly or sternly declared, 'The wind hath bound them up in her wings, and they shall be ashamed because of their sacrifices.' (iii. 72.)

How does it happen that this man never descends from his mountains—'the pure and holy hills' as he calls them—without stumbling on that particular kind 'of young lady who, rising in the middle of the day, jaded by her last night's ball, and utterly incapable of any wholesome religious exercise, can still gaze into the dark eyes of the Madonna di S. Sisto, or dream over the whiteness of a crucifix, and who returns to the course of her daily life in the full persuasion that her morning's feverishness has atoned for her evening's folly'? (iii. 57.) Or upon that type of 'the fashionable lady who will write five or six pages in her diary respecting the effect of such and such an ideal upon her mind?' Or on that of 'the shallow fine lady or fine gentleman to whom the beauty of the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus de Medicis is perfectly palpable' (which we doubt), though they would have perceived none in the face of an old weather-beaten St. Peter, or 'Grandmother Lois' (iii. 69)? Or, worse still, upon that rather exceptional example of 'the modern English lady, who, if she does *not* beat her servant or her rival about the ears, it is oftener because she is too weak or too proud than because she is of purer mind than Homer's Juno? She will not strike them, but she will overwork the one and slander the other without pity.' (iii. 179.)

Are these the 'holy thoughts' which a right feeling for art is to prompt? Is this the language of a man whose heart and mind have been refined even by the commonest and most legitimate influences of art? If so the world must be weaker and wickeder even than Mr. Ruskin believes it, not to feel it a matter of duty as well as self-interest to repudiate doctrines which bear such unpalatable fruits in the person of their especial apostle!

Mr. Ruskin professes to have written his first two volumes for the express purpose of defending Turner, which, considering that this great painter received while living the unfeigned and unstinted admiration of every British artist worthy the name, and a larger share of that of the cultivated public than usually falls to the lot of artistic genius—considering, too, that this was an  
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admiration so far from barren that he lived to afford to be fastidious as to the individuals from whom he would accept commissions, and died possessed of a larger fortune than any English painter has ever accumulated—appears somewhat unnecessary. Nevertheless, had Mr. Ruskin performed this self-imposed task honestly and sincerely, the world would have been indebted to him for a work of much beauty and interest, and Turner grateful even for services not needed. As it is, however, Mr. Ruskin has taught us that there is an admiration and love more worthy both of Turner's works and Turner's memory, and that is one which resents the use of his name as the pretext for the most unmannerly vituperation of all those great painters who occupy that genealogical tree of art on which Turner's shield now hangs proudly aloft. No enthusiasm for Turner can ever justify, because none can ever really cause, the offensive sentiments levelled at such men as Claude, Poussin, Canaletto, Wilson, Cuyp, Hobbema, and Ruysdael, or the ill-disguised contempt of higher names still. If to honour Turner it be necessary to assert of Claude that his pictures are 'the evidence of classic poison upon a weak mind' (i. 123); that he has 'the industry and intelligence of a Sèvres china painter;' that a background city by him is strikingly like that which Mr. Ruskin has the faint recollection of having delineated in the first page of a spelling-book when he was four years of age! (i. 191)—of Poussin, that 'distances like his are mere meaningless tricks of clever execution, which, when once discovered, the artist may repeat over and over again with mechanical contentment and perfect satisfaction to himself and his superficial admirers, with no more awakening of feeling or exertion of intellect than any tradesman has in multiplying some ornamental pattern of furniture' (i. 194);—of the glorious Dutch oak-painter, that 'one dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinity of foliage than the niggling of Hobbema could have rendered his canvas if he had worked on till doomsday' (i. 199);—of our own Wilson, that 'his pictures are diluted adaptations from Poussin and Claude, without the dignity of the one or the elegance of the other' (i. 91)—for he will praise those he elsewhere most abuses, if it be at the expense of another, and then withdraw this very praise again, as in this instance, by calling Claude's 'a foolish grace,' and Poussin's 'a dull dignity' (iii. 332);—if it were necessary to speak of Rubens with an insulting apology for 'his unfortunate want of seriousness and incapability of true passion' (i. 162);—of the great Italian masters, not excepting Titian and Paul Veronese, with a lament too absurd to be otherwise than ludicrous for 'their blunt and feelingless

less eyes and untaught imaginations' (i. 210);—of all the French, Dutch, and Flemish landscape-painters in a lump, with a declaration that 'they passed their lives in jugglery'; that 'the deception of the senses was the first and great end of all their art'; that 'they had neither love of nature nor feeling of her beauty; that 'they looked at her coldest and most commonplace effects because they were easiest to imitate, and for her most vulgar forms because they were most easily to be recognised by the untaught eyes of those whom they alone could hope to please'; that 'they did it, like the Pharisee of old, to be seen of men, and they had their reward' (i. 74); and, finally, as the climax of indecent contempt, that 'I conceive that the best patronage that any modern monarch could bestow on the arts would be to collect the whole body of them into a grand gallery and burn it to the ground' (i. 90);—if, we again say, it was necessary for the exaltation of Turner, thus ignorantly, flippantly, and malignantly (and to a far greater extent than any quotations can show) to vilify those without whom Turner would never have been Turner,—then better were it that the great painter's name, and even his glorious works too, had been buried in oblivion, than raised up to notice in such odious association. It is no slight proof of the previous appreciation of Turner's merits, that even Mr. Ruskin's defence of them has not been able to lower them in public estimation. By the same rule also, indignant as we may be that any one should be found in our times impious enough to blacken these great benefactors—for, with the debt of gratitude which all sound lovers of art must acknowledge, we can only so designate such an act—yet there is no fear that Mr. Ruskin can really bay one of these luminaries one hair's breadth out of his sphere, or that the adherents he can agitate for Turner will be any loss to Claude, Poussin, Wilson, and Hobbema.

Let, however, Mr. Ruskin's style of criticism be laid to its own account—the nature of his own mind. Art may be his excuse, but the man who scatters about 'firebrands and arrows' will never want an excuse, and will plead earnestness, quite as much as sport. Let us rather pursue the reasoning of him who has pronounced the painter's language to be of no value by itself. Holding this doctrine, it is evident that, however he may affect to despise, he is in reality incapacitated from the enjoyment of a school in which the language of painting is so entirely all in all, that you must love it for that, or cannot love it at all. It is but too easy for ignorance or pedantry to sneer at the men who painted 'stagnant ditches, pollard willows, and stupid boors'; but it would have been far wiser to have acknowledged that benevo-

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lence which has sent a handmaiden amongst us who is dependent neither on the aristocracy of Nature nor of mind, who can dwell in the lowliest scenes, and thrive on the homeliest fare, and hold her Court with as much state, splendour, and refinement too, as regards some of her attributes, in the commonest kitchen, in the prosiest court-yard, beside a spinning-wheel or cradle, along a flat meadow all striped with bleaching linen, in short, wherever man with his pleasures, occupations, and affections is to be found, as among saints and madonnas, mountains and thunderstorms. We have no wish to gloss over Ostade's and Teniers' drinking boors, or to be less honest than those great painters themselves, who, as their lot was cast in the fens of Holland, painted Dutchmen, drunk or sober, just as they found them, not thinking themselves in their simplicity called upon to invent fictitious proprieties, or their art defiled by speaking the truth. But it is not to 'beldames and boors' that he confines his virtuous indignation; he must forsooth abuse Claude for letting porters be found carrying so very improper a burden as 'iron-bound boxes' along so very improbable a locality as a common landing-pier; and further, 'can scarce but be angered' when Claude bids him stand on this same 'paltry, chipped, and chiselled quay, with porters and wheelbarrows running against him, to watch a weak, rippling, bound, and barriered water, that has not strength enough in one of its waves to upset the flower-pots on the wall, or even to fling one jet of spray over the confining stone.'—vol. i. p. 76.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Ruskin, not for Turner, who can well afford to be unfortunate for once, that the great painter's best work, in his own estimation, hangs by his own wish precisely next one of these 'weak, rippling, bound, and barriered' seas of Claude. We might compare the skies of each to Claude's great advantage, but that Mr. Ruskin admits, as we do, that this sulphury mass is not a fair specimen of Turner. We do compare the buildings—Claude's, the lustrous walls on which a succession of Italian suns and moons have lingered, and linger still—Turner's mere tenements of clay which neither sun illumines nor shadows enliven. But more than all the comparison is forced upon us when we look at that exquisite sea—weak, or rather calm with excess of strength—clear, cool, and above all dark with excess of purity—true in its roll of varied monotony as none but Claude ever did or can paint the sea—whose murmur, however placid, is but the lull of its awful roar, and whose ripples, however gentle, are but the repose of its dreadful strength, and then turn to that sluggish pool in Turner's Carthage, with no movement, yet

yet with no reflections, and ripples thick with crusted edges, and glaring with prismatic light, the apparent refuse of some neighbouring factory, which our great painter has placed beside it.

And here let the reader judge whether the incident which occurs in the foreground of this very pool, namely, children swimming some toy-boats, as an allusion to the future greatness of Carthage, be really and alone sufficient to give Turner 'an intellectual superiority above Claude, which no powers of the draughtsman or the artist (supposing that such existed in his antagonist (!)) could ever wrest from him' (vol. i. p. 29). Or whether this toy-boat incident, with all its ingenuity, be not to common sense and justice incalculably outweighed by that grand *idea* of the stupendous element itself which Claude impresses upon the mind by the mere unassisted characters of his glorious language.

But let us now consider more especially that particular excellence in Turner, by virtue of which, according to Mr. Ruskin, he stands alone as the painter of landscape. There is no fear of our handling Turner too freely, for his greatness, as we have said before, can afford all truth to be spoken of him. We have always looked upon Turner, even before Mr. Ruskin was born, as one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, and great especially in that particular aspect of Nature which had not been before expressed. The early Italian and Flemish masters had given

‘The spacious firmament on high,  
And all the blue ethereal sky,’

as none, we fear, will ever give it again. The Venetians had arrested many a gorgeous effect—cool with light and radiant with heat; Claude had set the very sun in the heavens; Cuyp had depicted the rarified pulsation of still-noon heat, and the solemn all-massing vapour of a golden afternoon; Berghem had piled up those stately masses which the winds drive together, and then leave for hours undisturbed; Poussin had gathered the thunder-charged clouds, showing deep within the lurid chamber whence the bolt is ready to fall; Rubens had spanned the rainbow; Wilson had painted daylight in every gradation, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same; Ruysdael had given the sky which heightens the idea of solitude; Van de Velde and Backhuysen, that which we most remark at sea—each had their favourite phase best in keeping with their favourite object; while to Turner was reserved not only the desire of expressing every phase (excepting always the unfathomable vault of the early masters), and of rendering every form of cloud that floats under

under heaven, but also of arresting those evanescent and fantastic forms of vapour and mist which never had been aimed at before.

For doing that entirely, which none had done but partially, and for perpetuating those wonderful effects which none had arrested at all, Turner does indeed stand alone. But as this is the secret of his perfection, so it is the secret of his imperfection too. Turner dwelt so much aloft; his eye was so saturated with light, air, and vapour; so practised in the imitation of delicacy, evanescence, and unsubstantiality, that it descended to earth incapacitated for recognising the common conditions of our common mother. Every object he saw, as he himself has told us, was outlined to his vision in prismatic colour. What wonder, therefore, that his earth, however replete with all that botanical and geological truth which Mr. Ruskin so much overrates, should be wanting in that first truth of all proper to it, viz., substantiality. What wonder then that, however exquisitely he traces the bramble and veins the rocks, the scene below is often but the secondary accompaniment to the still more elaborately worked out scene above. Not that Turner did this by deliberate choice; on the contrary, he could not have done otherwise; he had chosen one world for his brush to delight in, and he knew that no picture could contain two. To have made out the substance of this Terra firma with the same solidity, precision, care, and detail according to its nature, as he did that of clouds according to theirs; to have rendered earth earth, as he rendered sky sky, would have been to paint what no eye, and, least of all his, could have endured.

In this he fell under that same inherent law we have adverted to before as regulating the proportions of art and thought; for where there is the preponderance even of one part of the painter's speech, there must be the deficiency of another. It is true that this double detail of earth and sky, this delicacy of the feathered cloud above your head, which he so marvelously possessed, and this solidity of the clod at your foot, which he so generally evaded, are thought to be compatible in Nature. But this is owing not to any capacity in her for reconciling things irreconcilable in a picture, but simply to the spectator's own freedom of eye. We are very Arguses when we contemplate this fair world itself: the power of shifting our vision gives us a hundred eyes, and a hundred pictures in which only one principal thing is seen at a time, in less than as many seconds. It is true that a picture *can* represent with equal prominence all that Nature presents, and *can* therefore give you with equal detail earth and sky, and all that therein is; but then, instead of being true to Nature, the picture becomes in so far false  
that

that it forces upon you that which in Nature you have the power to escape from. But here Art comes to the rescue; for, as a completely finished picture *must* contain more than in Nature you would care to look at in one moment, she also provides the power of concealing what she cannot leave out. This is the secret of all the half-finished pictures or drawings by the amateur; he shows his feeling by stopping when he has advanced far enough for his pleasure—but his ignorance in not knowing how to deal with all beyond that; while those who, like the professional artist, have to fight the battle in earnest, count it one of their greatest victories to have acquired, by slight treatment, skilful chiaroscuro, or any other means, the power of getting rid of the troublesome surplus. It would be an interesting inquiry to ascertain how far two such opposite means as Rembrandt's shadow and Turner's light both conduced to the same end of concealment or subordination to a principal object. At all events, we may unhesitatingly declare that the unsubstantiality of Turner's earth—the ethereal vision it presents as compared with what it really is—however exquisite, is an imperfection consequent on the perfection of his skies; and that therefore, though he differed from all other painters in the particular choice of his principal object, he only followed in all their steps in making that principal object—no matter what—the most true, and therefore the most prominent thing in his picture. To arraign, therefore, the old landscape painters, and the old painters in general—for no name is sacred to Mr. Ruskin—for not elaborately depicting the details of the sky as Turner did—for not introducing 'the region of the Cirrus,' 1stly, with 'Symmetry;' 2ndly, with 'Sharpness of edge;' 3rdly, with 'Multitude;' 4thly, with 'Variety;' and that with the most studied inequality, with 'the most delicate symmetry,' and 'with the most elaborate contrast,' till it becomes, as he admits, 'a picture in itself' (vol. i. p. 226)—is to arraign them for principles in which, far from differing, they agree with him, and principles which, however he may have practised, they had established.

In all the eloquence, therefore, with which Mr. Ruskin has treated the subject of clouds—a chapter generally quoted as his best—there is the unpleasant association that his end is to mislead; and that, like an able counsel, he increases in parade of zeal, roundabout ingenuity of invective, and simulated indignation, in proportion as he knows his case to be unsound. Accordingly, after all this weary length of words—this wonder, 'how little people in general know about the sky'—this lament over 'the feebly-developed intelligence and ill-regulated observation,' as well as over 'the blank and feelingless eyes,' and  
untaught

untaught imaginations' of the great old masters—this playful irony, that the massive clouds of the old masters, not excepting Titian and Paul Veronese, 'may be broad, may be grand, may be beautiful, artistical, and in every way desirable—I don't say it is not, I merely say it is a concentration of every kind of falsehood' (vol. i. p. 230)—these doubts, whether they had any other motive for not anticipating Turner in his skies 'beyond the extreme facility with which acres of canvas might be covered without any troublesome exertion of thought;' this ostentatious word-painting—a far easier art than is generally supposed—of some of Turner's splendid sky-effects; this needless inquiry, in the tone of triumphant condemnation, as to whether Claude has the same; these witticisms upon 'half-crowns,' 'ropes,' 'cauliflowers,' and 'turnips;' these lamentations over 'abuses of nature and abortions of art;' these epithets of 'childish,' 'abominable,' 'painful,' 'degrading,' 'criminal,' and 'lying'—to all this tirade, as far as regards the not having studied the sky in the same sense as Turner, there is the very short and simple answer, that the comparison is unfair from beginning to end; that the old masters had different objects; and that while they often neglected that which Turner accomplished, they accomplished what he as often neglected. Theirs is the earth which the husbandman tills and the miner bores—Turner's, a radiant sphere where no such operations are possible or needed; their skies are the beautiful, the appropriate, or, in some of the earlier masters, only the negative accessories to the picture—Turner's often, by the very rule of Ruskin, the picture itself. Nay, even where his skies cannot be called the chief object—having scarcely any objects in them, but only serene gradation of colour, with perhaps a few brilliant wind-swept forms overhead—yet, from the habit of the painter's eye, the earth is equally unsubstantial; and, though exquisitely graduated in scale from distance to foreground, yet false in the position of the scale itself.

As regards the merits of their skies, it would be useless insisting on the fact, that, as far as they go, they are every whit as true and as beautiful as Turner's. As Mr. Ruskin says of colour, 'one man may see yellow where another sees blue, and yet neither can be said to see falsely, because the colour is not in the thing, but in the thing and them together;' so as respects the forms, colours, and substances of clouds—proverbially rather mutable bodies—Mr. Ruskin may see half-crowns and ropes where another sees what is appropriate for the scene and the hour; for the secret of recognising what is true lies not in the thing, but in the thing and the spectator together. While also his loss is so much our gain, we shall be the

the last to combat his opinions. We know that he prefers rough seas to smooth, 'and can scarce but be angered' at the painter who has given us the mere heave of its placid slumber: in another part of his works, present or future, we may find that he prefers smooth seas to rough, for no better reason than to deride their portrayer. In either case he has a right to his opinion, and a right also to change his opinion. There is no law to prohibit bad taste or absurd inconsistency, and it is against the needless offensiveness with which he expresses those tastes and inconsistencies, and not against themselves, that we protest. When, therefore, he takes us to the National Gallery, and bids us see childishness in one great painter, imbecility in another, and bold broad falsehood in a third, and the fruit of our examination is to raise all three higher than ever in our admiration and gratitude, we have nothing to say, but to thank God who has made us like other men—publicans included—rather than like Mr. Ruskin. But when—as an example of their skies being 'systematically wrong'—he points to Poussin's grand picture of the Sacrifice of Isaac, and vents a page of contempt upon it, all based upon the assertion that the time in the picture is 'high-noon, as is shown by the shadows of the figures,'—we convict him of building erroneous theories upon a perversion of facts. We, therefore, assert that the whole basis of his abuse of this picture falls to the ground, for that the time is *not* high-noon. Noon shadows are under the feet; these of Abraham and Isaac are as *long as themselves*, being moreover shortened by the fact of their ascending a hill. There are also shadows from tall trees on the left slanting across the whole foreground; the time may be, therefore, considered either late afternoon or early morning—the latter, considering the journey before them, most probable; these two periods of the day being in Italy so alike, that the keeping and lighting of the picture may represent either; and as Mr. Ruskin's word and our own here diametrically differ, the shadows themselves—the earliest clocks known to man, and still the source and proof of all accuracy in time—fortunately become the real witnesses. To them, therefore, we refer the reader; and while examining them, we should not be surprised if he came to the conclusion that instead of their being an example of Poussin's want of veracity as a painter, they serve rather as an example of Mr. Ruskin's want of the most ordinary care or candour as an observer.

Altogether the vicinity of the National Gallery is inconvenient to the stability of this writer's facts. When he tells the reader that he 'may search through the foregrounds of Claude, from one end of Europe to another, and not find the shadow of one leaf  
cast

cast upon another,' (vol. i. p. 176) the magnitude of the task disposes him rather to take Mr. Ruskin's word for the fact, than to undertake the labour of testing it. But no such labour is wanted. The answer is neither at Rome or Naples, nor even at Dresden or Berlin, but in the National Gallery here in London, where, in the picture of David at the cave of Adullam, the reader will find, directly in the foreground, a tall large-leaved foxglove-like plant, with certain dark appearances thrown by one leaf upon another, as like shadows as anything Turner or the photograph ever rendered.

But though a man may be 'systematically wrong' in his facts, it does not follow that he must be so in his opinions. 'A little peculiarity of taste,' according to Mr. Ruskin's admirers, must be allowed for, as more or less with all original thinkers. Very well: let Mr. Ruskin have all the benefit of peculiarity in this respect; let us see whether we have not to allow for a little peculiarity of Vision also. At page 52 of the chapter on 'Truth not easily discerned'—a heading singularly suitable, and *à propos* of a lament which curiously illustrates our own feelings regarding his treatment of the Poussin picture above, that a man of 'deadened moral sensation' may 'even coin causes to account for impressions which have no existence at all'—we find this:—

'How many people are misled, by what has been said or sung, of the serenity of Italian skies, to suppose that they must be more *blue* than the skies of the North, and think they see them so. Whereas, the sky of Italy is far more dull and grey in colour than the skies of the North, and is distinguished only by its intense repose of light. And this is confirmed by Benvenuto Cellini, who, I remember, on his first entering France is especially struck with the clearness of the sky, as contrasted with the *mist* of Italy.'

Here we have, without question, a slight peculiarity of vision, and one for which no Italian traveller we ever met with will be disposed to make allowance. Mr. Ruskin's reference to Benvenuto Cellini also, in whose journal truth may be considered as 'not easily discerned,' is unfortunate; especially as the allusion to the clearness of the French sky, as contrasted with the *mist* of Italy, is in reference to an apparition of the Virgin which was granted to the Münchhausen sculptor, and a consequent halo round his own head which accompanied him wherever he went, and was apparent 'to every kind of person to whom I chose to show it—*quali sono stati pochissimi*'!! That such a phænomenon as a brightness round the head has been remarked we are not going to dispute. Goethe alludes to it as seen by persons crossing dewy meadows at sunrise, and, in suggesting the laws of refraction for its solution, shows not the clearness, but the vapoury and misty

misty condition of the atmosphere that gives rise to it. The definition also of 'intense repose of light' is not entirely compatible with the conditions of a daylight sky in any part of the world. Repose of light, like the *nuits blanches* of northern summers, is that abeyance of the luminary which may be considered, at all events, as an approach to darkness; the more 'intense' the one, therefore, the more 'intense' the other. Add to this the fact of the dullness and greyness Mr. Ruskin insists upon, and instead of a bright Italian day, which is the time that this deep blue appears to the common misled eye, we have something far more like a cloudy English night. However, mist or no mist, dull grey or deep blue, intense repose of light or intense brightness of light—which is right and which is wrong is not the point; all we contend for is, that where the vision of one man differs from the vision of the multitude, and those of the most educated classes of society, it comes under the denomination of peculiarity of vision. But after reading what Mr. Ruskin says of the grey and dull skies and the repose of light which he sees in Italy, and bearing in mind his regret that people should be so misled, what are we to think of the following marvellous passage, which we find at page 84, concerning a picture by Giovanni Bellini? 'It is,' Mr. Ruskin says, 'remarkable for the *absolute truth of the sky*, whose *blue*, clear as crystal, and, though *deep* in tone, *bright* as the open air, is graduated to the horizon,' &c. This passage occurs very properly under the heading of 'General Application of the foregoing Principles.'

We turn now to another accusation against the old masters, touching their supposed non-observance of the laws of nature, which argues equal want of knowledge or fairness on the part of the accuser, and which it is important to clear up. Under the head of 'Truth of Chiaroscuro,' Mr. Ruskin prefers an indictment against 'the ancients' for having 'set at defiance' the great fact of the existence of shadows. We are told that if we look at an object in full sunshine, and therefore with deep shadows upon it, and then retire backward from it, the forms of its shadows will remain quite distinct to the eye long after those of its real substance have ceased to be so:—

'Now this may serve to show you the immense prominence and importance of shadows where there is anything like bright light. They are, in fact, commonly far more conspicuous than the thing which casts them; for being as large as the casting object, and altogether made up of a blackness deeper than the darkest part of the casting object (while that object is also broken up with positive and reflected lights), their large, broad, unbroken spaces tell strongly upon the eye, especially as all form is rendered partially, often totally, invisible within them, and

as

as they are suddenly terminated by the strongest lines which Nature can show. For no outline of objects whatsoever is so sharp as the edge of a close shadow.'—vol. i. p. 172.

If there had been any candour in the writer we should again not have been favoured with arguments which he raises only to refute. Let us examine his words as to 'the immense prominence and importance of shadows where there is anything like bright light,' that 'they are in fact commonly far more conspicuous than the thing that casts them;' that they are 'as large as the casting object, and altogether made up of a blackness deeper than the darkest part of the casting object;' that 'all form is rendered partially, often totally, invisible within them;' and finally that 'they are suddenly terminated by the sharpest lines that nature can show.' One would think Mr. Ruskin were pleasantly testing the reader's apprehension of a joke. The accusations against these delinquents is the best defence they can set up. In Benedict fashion, the old masters may ask 'for which of these bad parts' are they to be enamoured of shadows? Because they chose certain exquisite appearances in Nature to produce a desired effect, are they to be rated for avoiding another appearance which would have ruined the effect altogether? Yet such, in point of fact, was the deliberate plan on which they acted; and no reasons they themselves could have urged for the incompatibility of strong-cast shadows with their other and higher views could have been stronger than those Mr. Ruskin has urged for them. With his arguments at hand we need hardly refer the reader to Leonardo da Vinci on the same subject, who agrees marvellously with Mr. Ruskin as to the nature of shadows, and only differs from him by drawing a diametrically opposite conclusion as to their fitness for a picture. But whichever of the two—Ruskin or Leonardo—be right, the first thing a modern critic is bound to do in attempting to reason, far more to animadvert, upon any fact, whether of commission or omission in the great schools of the past, is to ascertain which object they had especially in view; otherwise, as in this instance, he may commit the blunder of exposing that as a grand fault which, in reality, it was their highest pride to have attained.

We will take the Venetians as an example. Light was regarded by them simply as the means for showing form and colour, and not as an object in itself. To have aimed at direct sunlight, and its consequence, intense and defined cast-shadows, would have been to sacrifice that which exactly constitutes the beauty of their school. For what form of distinct outline could have been preserved under the condition of shadows 'far more conspicuous

than the thing that cast them'? and what local colour could have been retained if subjected to 'a blackness deeper than the blackest part of the casting object'? But while these masters knew better than to renounce the greater beauty for the less, they accomplished the compromise at no expense of truth. They knew that form and colour were best discerned in their integrity at that hour when both bright light and deep shadow cease; when the low or hidden sun diffuses a shadow-extinguishing glow upon every object; and they lived, moreover, in that land where the habits of the people happen to bring them forth at an hour when the heat of the day is over, and its greatest beauty begins. Instead, therefore, of not having the perception of the truth of shadows, as Mr. Ruskin affects to believe, they knew that it was at best but a very inferior truth, and had rather the perception to avoid it. Take any Venetian picture as an illustration—that gem of a Palma Vecchio, in Lord Ellesmere's gallery; or his 'Three Ages,' by Titian, already mentioned; or the 'Noli me tangere,' bequeathed by Mr. Rogers to the National Gallery—imagine the faces orange on one side with sun, and blue or black on the other with shadow. Imagine strong black masses cast by one figure upon the other, the landscape dotted with intensely dark patches, with 'outlines stronger than anything else which Nature ever shows;' and instead of all the noble distinctness and refined breadth which are the fundamental beauties of these pictures we have the gross Michael Angelo Caravaggio at once. See too the time of day, the sun setting or hidden behind tranquil masses of evening cloud, and only its glow on the figures and on the 'deepening landscape' behind. For *shade*, it must be remembered, these great masters painted better than any—witness that 'Venetian Shade,' which Agostino Carracci's sonnet has rendered proverbial. It was the *shadow*, in Mr. Ruskin's sense—the *tenebre*, which Leonardo da Vinci carefully distinguishes from the *ombre*—which they especially shunned when under those very conditions for which Mr. Ruskin would have them introduced. But there are proofs enough in many a background that the Italian masters could paint sunshine and shadow if they pleased. In Mr. Rogers's 'Noli me tangere,' both are introduced where they could not possibly disturb the principal subject, viz., in the buildings in the middle distance.

If the practice of the avoidance of deep shadows began earlier than Leonardo da Vinci, it may be traced down to those landscape-painters who, like Claude and Poussin, looked to Italy as the fountain of true art, and, we may venture to say, will never cease while painters continue to labour under the same desirable delusion.

delusion. It is true this excellence could not continue unbroken in descent; when perfectly worked out it yielded, as much by the law of change as of progress, to others. Among the Italian painters, Correggio may be cited as the great innovator in this respect. He it was who first stepped out of the beaten track, and made, if not the largest amount of shadow, yet that entire gradation of the whole scale of shadow, or, as we feel it in his works, of lesser light, his chief aim. Doubtless this was the inborn tendency of the man; though looking at his works with that wish to account for certain characteristics so natural to the mind, it may be said that he adopted his glorious system of chiaroscuro as a substitute for those previously cultivated beauties he could not attain; and that feeling his incapacity for that elevation of form which light had merely been the means for distinctly showing, he forsook the end for the means, and made that—namely, light—his great excellence, which, like love, covers a multitude of sins.

Let us therefore reject the puerile cavilling against men for not doing before what is done now, as the absurd hope of their doing now what has been done before. The futile reproach and the visionary expectation are both equally opposed to the true history and philosophy of the human mind. Even had the great Italian masters been as far below all who have come since as they are above them, it would be sufficient for candour and common sense that they had worked out the object they had in view, and that the object most consistent with the habits of the society and the climate of the country to which they belonged.

Thus far the name of Turner has most unjustly been made to serve as a shield for those sallies of invective in which Mr. Ruskin most delights. Now, in his third volume—though so early as the second page to the preface to it he deliberately prefers charges concerning Turner's 'critics' which he, not only better than most people, knows to be unfounded, but for the honour of the great painter had much better have let alone\*—now, in the third volume, this shield must be laid aside. It might be thought that the power of presumption, as regards the attacks upon hard-earned and proudly-established reputations could no further go; but Mr. Ruskin is like the fisherman's wife—having proceeded

\* As one of the executors appointed in Turner's will, Mr. Ruskin can plead no ignorance as to the fact that the 'length of funeral disposed through Ludgate,' which he stigmatises as the act of Turner's critics (Preface to vol. iii. p. 2), was only the carrying out of the testator's own express and to be regretted commands. Mr. Ruskin employed a legal gentleman to examine the will; the consequence being that he threw up that trust which the friend for whom he affects such zeal had bequeathed to him, and moreover, as we are assured, endeavoured to have the expenses of his lawyer's investigation defrayed from Turner's estate.

step by step in profane aspiration from one great luminary to another, he now discharges his arrow at the greatest of all; and the reader is startled by the announcement, that Raphael himself is the greatest criminal in the world of art.

But there is nothing really surprising in this. On the contrary, if Mr. Ruskin's proselytes be consistent they are bound to admit that such a climax is not only probable but inevitable. Let any one pervert the principles and deny the purposes of any art or system, and they not only may but must condemn everything in this world, from a school of art to the scheme of Providence. It is, therefore, only the natural consequence of Mr. Ruskin's assertion that art is intended as a means of moral religious teaching, that when it becomes most admirable in itself it should present the most reprehensible aspect in his eyes. We are accordingly favoured with elaborate commendations of the edifying powers and conscientious purposes of the painter, at a time—that of the illuminating of manuscripts—when all the answer we need give is that art was *not* art; and taking us through a strictly-graduated path of improving means on the one hand, and degenerating ends on the other, he finally overwhelms us with the indignant denunciations of that awful period, when, having reached the guilty summit of perfection, Art altogether ceased to do what from the beginning it had never been intended to do.

The progress as to cause and effect is curious. The earliest cause the author instances was the miniature painter, or illuminator, who, 'having learned the rudiments of his art without pain, and employed them without pride'—having, in other words, learned to represent figures utterly unlike figures, standing or lying, as no one could stand or lie, breathing an air consisting of a stiff-panelled pattern, enclosed in a kind of architectural bower infested with dragons and nondescripts, and all upheld in the bowels of an illegible P—having learned this 'without pain, and practised it without pride, his spirit was left free to express, as far as it was capable of them, the reaches of higher thought.' The effect being, that the spectator gazed upon his work 'without having his faith in the actual and unrepresented scene obscured for a moment'—a result in which we thoroughly concur. 'But as soon as art obtained the power of realisation, it attained that of *assertion* (!). As fast as the painter advanced in skill he gained also in credibility,' 'and representation, which had been innocent in discrepancy, became guilty in consistency.' Taking, therefore, base advantage of this state of things, the imagination, which Mr. Ruskin informs us 'is chiefly warped and dishonoured by being allowed to create false images,' actually indulged in something so foreign to its nature, and seduced such painters as Francia and Perugino

Perugino 'to devote all their skill to the delineation of an impossible scene'—representing the Virgin as 'a beautiful and queenly lady, her dress embroidered with gold, and with a crown of jewels upon her hair, kneeling on a floor of inlaid and precious marbles before a crowned child' (vol. iii. p. 49). These being the deplorable circumstances, it followed that 'the continual presentment to the mind of such beautiful and fully-realised imagery more and more chilled its power of apprehending the real truth'— . . . 'that all true grounds of faith were gradually undermined, and the beholder was either enticed into mere luxury of fanciful enjoyment, believing nothing, or left in his confusion of mind, the prey of vain tales and traditions,' till 'with no sense of the real cause of his error, he bowed himself, in prayer or adoration, to the lovely lady on her golden throne, when he would never have dreamed of doing so to the Jewish girl in her outcast poverty, or, in her simple household, to the carpenter's wife' (vol. iii. p. 50).

But though 'a shadow of increasing darkness fell upon the human mind as art proceeded to still more perfect realisation,' yet these painters, erring as they might be, were not yet utterly depraved; 'for they only darkened faith, but never hardened *feeling*.' This was reserved for that stage of wickedness 'when the greater his powers became, the more the mind of the painter was absorbed in their attainment, and complacent in their display'—when 'accurate shade, and subtle colour, and perfect anatomy, and complicated perspective, having become necessary to the work, the artist's whole energy was employed in learning the laws of them, and his whole pleasure in exhibiting them'—when 'his life was devoted, not to the objects of art, but to the cunning of it'—and when 'without perception on the part of any one of the abyss to which all were hastening, a fatal change of aim took place throughout the whole world of art. In early times *art was employed for the display of religious facts*—now *religious facts were employed for the display of art*' [the horror-expressing italics are the author's]—'the transition, though imperceptible, was consummate; it involved the entire destiny of painting. It was passing from the paths of life to the paths of death' (vol. iii. p. 51); and this transition was the advent of Raphael! Hear Mr. Ruskin on this topic:—

'And this change was all the more fatal, because at first veiled by an appearance of greater dignity and sincerity than were possessed by the older art. One of the earliest results of the new knowledge was the putting away the greater part of the *unlikelyhoods* and fineries of the ancient pictures, and an apparently closer following of nature and probability. All the phantasy which I have just been blaming as disturbing

turbant of the simplicity of faith, was first subdued, then despised, and cast aside. The appearances of nature were more closely followed in everything; and the crowned Queen-Virgin of Perugino sank into a simple Italian mother in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair.

'Was not this, then, a healthy change? No. It *would* have been healthy if it had been effected with a pure motive, and the new truths would have been precious if they had been sought for truth's sake. But they were not sought for truth's sake, but for pride's; and truth which is sought for display may be just as harmful as truth which is spoken in malice. The glittering childishness of the old art was rejected, not because it was false, but because it was easy; and still more, because the painter had no longer any religious passion to express. He could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven. He could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skilful tints, and scientific foreshortenings—as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by combination of the beauties of the prettiest *contadinas*. He could think of her, in her last maternal agony, with academical discrimination; sketch in first her skeleton, invest her, in serene science, with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow; then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfil, with studious lustre of tears and delicately-painted pallor, the perfect type of the "*Mater Dolorosa*."

'It was thus that Raphael thought of the Madonna.

'Now observe, when the subject was thus scientifically completed, it became necessary, as we have just said, to the full display of all the power of the artist, that it should in many respects be more faithfully imagined than it had been hitherto. "Keeping," "expression," "historical unity," and such other requirements, were enforced on the painter, in the same tone, and with the same purpose, as the purity of his oil, and the accuracy of his perspective. He was told that the figure of Christ should be "dignified," those of the Apostles "expressive," that of the Virgin "modest," and those of children "innocent." All this was perfectly true; and, in obedience to such directions, the painter proceeded to manufacture certain arrangements of apostolic sublimity, virginal mildness, and infantine innocence, which, being free from the quaint imperfection and contradictiveness of the early art, were looked upon by the European public as true things, and trustworthy representations of the events of religious history.'—vol. iii. p. 53.

Here the patience of the reader must fail, even if ours did not. To such language and sentiments as these we have nothing to say; for though every line be as opposed to sense, and piety, as it is to his own maxims of education in art, when laid down for the abuse of the old landscape-painters, or for the praise of that modern school which has the misfortune to excite his approbation; yet, taken altogether, they reach that sum of the *profane* on which argument is wasted. Let us leave, therefore, that sweet, pure,

pure, Italian mother to defend him who, to the everlasting gratitude and wonder of all true believers in art, placed her in that well-known chair; let us leave that piteous Mater Dolorosa to excuse the humble and reverential care with which Raphael approached the subject of her sufferings. Let us leave all that true 'apostolic dignity,' 'virginal mildness, and infantine innocence,' to fight their best painter's battle to sound hearts if not to cultivated tastes. The only cause for regret, however great the cause for condemnation, is, that, as the old saying has it, 'dirty water cannot run without leaving a stain.' We do not allude to those examples among the young whom we know by experience to have derived the greatest hindrance in their artistic education from the poison of Mr. Ruskin's works, leading them to perverse and sophistical dreams, instead of earnest action, and instilling no principle but that of contempt for all established authority. We are rather thinking of others who, with the greatest abhorrence of such sentiments and language, will yet not be able, when they next stand before a Raphael, entirely to divest themselves of the recollection of them, feeling as some have done, who, by inadvertence or accident, have read a page of some noted infidel work, that, however they may abhor the ribaldry of sacred things, the mere knowledge of it is polluting.

But though we leave Mr. Ruskin in his glory, as the scoffer of Raphael's highest productions, and the condemner of his worthiest and most profitable title to a student's imitation, yet we must inflict upon the reader a continuation of the same theme, though on a different chord, were it only to endeavour to refute some of those empty assertions, without which Mr. Ruskin would be at a loss to carry on that system of contradiction to all received opinion, which is the only consistent thing in his writings.

'Now, neither they (the cartoons of Raphael) nor any other work of the period were representations either of historical or of possible fact. They were, in the strictest sense of the word, "compositions"—cold arrangements of propriety and agreeableness, according to academical formulas, the painter never in any case making the slightest effort to *conceive the thing as it really must have happened*' [the italics are ours], 'but only to gather together graceful lines and beautiful faces, in such compliance with commonplace ideas of the subject as might obtain for the whole an "epic unity," or some such other form of scholastic perfectness.'

Mr. Ruskin here instances the subject of Christ's showing himself to the disciples at the Lake of Galilee, and continues:—

'They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay networks—unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. "Simon Peter—

Peter saith unto them, 'I go a fishing.'" They say unto him "We also go with thee." True words enough, and having far echo beyond the Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold, a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything? They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over his nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to the beach.

'Well, the others get to the beach too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do yet in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful "dragging the net with fishes;" but they get there—seven of them in all—first, the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

'They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire, thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with Him by his master since that look of His—to him, so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou me?" Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy, Raphael's cartoon of the charge to Peter. Note, first, the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the Apostles there—a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, but putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely-curved hair and neatly-tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes, all made to match—an apostolic fishing costume. Note how, Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs), is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown.'—vol. iii. p. 55.

Now, we pass over the circumstance that the representation of sacred subjects was not considered by the old masters so much historical as poetical in nature, and so far removed from 'possible fact,' that the scene was as often laid in heaven as in earth, or, as in the Sistine Madonna, in both at once. Our attention

tion is chiefly drawn to the author's ignorance of the real limits as well as purposes of a work of art by the fact of his expatiating, by way of reproof to Raphael, upon the materials for half a dozen pictures instead of one. Whether these materials be good or bad for pictorial purposes is another question, which, however, as in the matter of shadows, Mr. Ruskin has sufficiently answered himself. For let us try, indeed, to fancy but one of the moments he has described, that of St. Peter, all dripping, shivering, and amazed, with slip-shod sandals and slimy garments, and hair all dragged to the life over his eyes, and a correct coal-fire burning at his side, and setting aside Raphael's moral and religious objections as a man to such a conception of the sacred person of any Apostle, far more of that of the great head of the Roman Church, we perfectly realise all his objections as a painter. In Raphael's time, at least, such a principle of composition would have been condemned as much by the laws of art as of religion, and so we suspect it will ever be (and, as usual, Mr. Ruskin condemns his own creed by the example he gives,\*) as long as right art and right feeling go together. What kind of criticism, too, is this, which charges that as a crime to Raphael, namely, his belief 'in the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy,' which was, and is, and ever will be, the chief corner-stone of a Roman Catholic's faith. As for the great painter's reason for departing from that historical probability of representation in his Charge to Peter, which he observed in his St. Paul preaching at Athens, the Death of Ananias and Sapphira, and others, we may be sure that it was nothing less than that strongest reason of all in a painter's creed, and that which governed Poussin in his representation of the same subject, namely, its unfitness for pictorial purposes. And here we utterly deny that a painter is bound to try and 'conceive the thing as it really must have happened,' unless this suits his pictorial purposes better than any other way. If Poetry, as regards history or anything that comes under the denomination of fact, be entitled to her poetic licenses, Painting, incomparably more circumscribed in limits as she is, is tenfold entitled to her pictorial licenses. Two modes of representation are, therefore, always open to a painter—one the real, or the thing as it *might* have happened, the other the symbolical. Who does not see, therefore, that Raphael has here purposely adopted the symbolical, and that all that Mr. Ruskin is pleased to designate as 'infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy,' and 'mere lie,' is no untruer in that sense than the actual sheep behind the figures, or the actual keys in the hand of St. Peter. In short, here, as every-

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\* Hunt's picture, 'The Light of the World.'

where throughout Mr. Ruskin's writings, we are stopped by the false tests and false conclusions consequent on false premises. Impute to Art responsibilities that do not belong to her, whether of teaching religion, morality, or even history, and, of course, it is easy to convict her of not acting up to them.

Yet even in this case Mr. Ruskin is caught in his own arguments; for grant that Francia and Bellini partially, and Raphael wholly, misled the spectator, as for instance, concerning the real history and circumstances of the Madonna's life and condition. Grant that the spectator really 'bowed in prayer and adoration to the lovely lady on the golden throne,' whom Francia had invested with all the adornments so foreign to her actual condition; or to 'the simple Italian mother in the chair,' on whom Raphael had bestowed 'transparent shadows, skilful tints, scientific foreshortenings,' 'keeping,' 'expression,' and every other true excellence in the painter's language; still we deny that the same man would not have done the same 'to the Jewish girl in her poverty, or, in her simple household, to the carpenter's wife.' Let us, for one moment, investigate this in a philosophical point of view.

The imagination is a faculty which is powerful to deceive, and by the exercise of which every one at all possessed of it deceives himself. If exercised upon matters of fact—history—pounds, shillings and pence, &c.—where the judgment is required, it deceives us to our harm; if upon the world of fancy—in poetry or painting—where the emotions are concerned, to our pleasure. Thus it would be just as absurd to look for matter-of-fact truth in a poem or picture, or to mistake such delightful deceits as they convey for matter-of-fact truths, as it would be to credit verbatim a lover's description of his mistress. Not that the lover or the imagination can really present 'false images' in the mendacious sense Mr. Ruskin means; the lover does not depict his mistress with black eyes instead of blue, nor the imagination the Madonna as merry and masculine instead of dignified and feminine. The vocation of each is not to alter in kind, but in degree; not to change the reality, but to heighten the ideality, rendering the blue eye bluer still, or the dignified and feminine character more dignified and feminine still. In this exaggeration lies what is called the deluding power of the imaginative faculty, and this deluding power is what makes it so much in request. Hero worship, saint worship, man or woman worship, all alike call upon the imagination to deck up their idols for them, simply because they know that there are no suits of clothing so bright as those she can supply. Therefore, whether in thinking of their object, describing it, or depicting it, love, faith, and admiration never do strip it to its real conditions, because it is not their nature so to do; while indifference and satiety,

satiety, being influenced by just the contrary feeling, not only strip it at once but rob it beside. But in all this, if the love, the faith, or admiration be well founded—and when applied to sacred or divine persons, we know it must be so—it is the greatest possible mistake to say that any harm can ensue. The imagination after all only heightens the ideal, *because* the real is not there, and it is only in the character of a proxy that it is cherished at all. It is, therefore, utterly fallacious to assert with Mr. Ruskin that he who had bowed himself in prayer or adoration to the representation of the Madonna, when clothed in the best suits that the fondness of imagination or the skill of art could supply, 'would never dream of doing the same to the Jewish girl in her outcast poverty, or in her simple household to the carpenter's wife.' Of course this argument in one respect applies only to the Roman Catholic, with whom prayer or adoration are supposed duties. But whether Catholic or Protestant—whether viewing the Madonna falsely with faith as a mediator, or simply with reverence as the most blessed among women—let any reader ask himself, if his faith or his reverence had been kindled by the painter's imagination in the one case; whether it would not far *more* kindle at the reality in the other. For then the fact that it was *herself* in her ineffable truth before him—no matter what the poverty, the household, or dress—would be stronger, millions of times, than all the strength of the imagination; and what she might have lost in the blind but loving deckings of faith, would be utterly extinguished and swallowed up in the overwhelming brightness of sight.

It is, indeed, in proportion to the adoration with which he would worship or pay homage to Divine or sacred persons, could they be suddenly present, that a painter or poet will invest them with the most radiant gifts of his imagination while absent; while the Ruskin disciple, whose heart could or would not rise above the cold and rational conception 'of the thing as it really must have happened,'—who, remembering that St. Paul's presence, in his own words, was 'mean,' could depict him so; and that St. Peter was a mere dirty fisherman, who had been out all night, could bring him before us, as Mr. Ruskin recommends, all 'slimy,' 'dripping and shivering,'—he, who knowing the Virgin to have been but a poor Jewish maiden, could represent her under the usual menial conditions of poverty—such a man or painter would as certainly, could his life be turned eighteen centuries back and he transformed into an Israelite of that time, be found among those who said, in their reason and unbelief, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?'

And, if there were no other arguments against this doctrine of literal

literal representation and 'positive fact,' that language of the painter which Mr. Ruskin has condemned as 'nothing by itself' here rises up as an invincible impediment. The ideas of a painter and his language being *inseparable*, at all events in aim, he can never at once depict what is mean, dirty, and squalid, and yet suggest that grandeur, power, sweetness, or grace which, as connected with the persons of Holy Writ, is infinitely more important for us to dwell upon than all the trivial facts that hung, like the dust upon their shoes, to the circumstances of their human condition.

The old masters are not without examples of the carrying out of this false principle, though not to that depth of abjectness which Mr. Ruskin advocates. Lord Ward's gallery at once furnishes one in a picture by Teniers, Christ mocked by the Soldiers. The painter here represents the Saviour as an ordinary and homely, but still a meek and suffering person, seated in a room with dirty floor and walls, and surrounded with those coarse figures and physiognomies, who, in his other pictures, stand with their backs to great fires, or sit with card, bottle, and pipe around a table. But that the scene is a Dutch guard-house, and the figures Dutch boors, does not matter; for with all his condemnation of painters who do not represent subjects as they really must have happened, he elsewhere says, 'in earnest seriousness, that if a painter cannot make a Madonna out of a British girl of the 19th century [or a Jewish soldier out of a Dutch boor of the 17th century], he cannot paint one at all' (vol. i. p. 122). At all events, considered merely as dirty floors and walls, and as rude and unsymmetrical figures, it is not only possible but probable that such are far nearer the truth of 'the common hall' into which the Saviour was taken, and the brutal soldiery by whom he was mocked, than the marble floors and pillars and classically-formed athletes of the Italian painters. Nevertheless we turn disgusted from the representation, and are quite sure that all with sound mental organizations will do the same, simply because not being the real scene, there is nothing to satisfy our imagination in the substitute the picture supplies.

The mistake on Teniers' part lies here. When a painter proposes to himself a subject, he considers it partly in its fitness to pictorial purposes and partly in its fitness to the language in which he most delights. Now there is a fitness between Raphael's purity of expression and grace of form, and his highly spiritual Holy Family subjects; there is a fitness between Titian's transparent flesh tones and refined breadth of colour, and his lovely Madonna and Infant subjects; there is a fitness between Paul Veronese's gorgeousness of garment and dignity of bearing, and his pompous historical

historical subjects; and there is a fitness between Teniers' love of broad common character and broken picturesqueness of colour, and his carousing boor and old iron and earthenware subjects. But, by the same rule, there is no fitness between this language, in which he especially delighted and excelled, and the sacred subject he has attempted at Lord Ward's; and next to choosing a subject unfit for painting at all, a painter can commit no greater mistake than that of choosing one for which he has not the suitable powers of expression.

Having thus endeavoured to show how impossible morally, and how intolerable practically, it would be for any true painter to strip a scene, especially if sacred, to the bare bones of 'positive fact,' we must add how doubly absurd it is to accuse such men of seeking their own praise, instead of that of God, by the delighted exercise of that power of pictorial utterance, which, whether of form, colour, chiaroscuro, or expression, is alike to them the gift of God. On the contrary, it may be taken as a necessary consequence, that where a painter's language has really given no delight to himself, it will as surely give no delight to the spectator. And here we may refer to that mis-called pre-Raphaelite school, we have hitherto forbore to criticise—their merits being, in our judgment, great, and their faults sufficiently censured by Mr. Ruskin's praise—for the principal cause of the unfavourable impression they generally leave, is the circumstance that the language they speak appears to have given no pleasure to themselves, but rather a pain and weariness, producing the irresistible feeling in the spectator that the art is held down rather to the grindstone of unloving slavery, than borne up on the wings of willing power.

It becomes time for us to quit this subject, but before doing so we have a few words to say on a pamphlet by Mr. Ruskin upon the pictures in the last summer's exhibition of the Royal Academy. Here Mr. Ruskin displays in great force his worst qualities, without gilding them with that ingenuity of thought or brilliancy of style which are elsewhere so conspicuous. We have not the slightest intention of defending the merits of those living painters he has there assailed. They can only feel it a compliment to be held worthy to stand in those condemned ranks which are headed by Raphael. He is welcome, therefore, as before, to opinions by which he alone is the loser; he is welcome to arraign Creswick for imperfections which he justifies (vol. i. p. 186) in Turner; he is welcome to asperse Faed's Mitherless Bairn as 'throughout the most common-place Wilkieism—white spots everywhere,' which was a necessary prelude to the sententious 'I expected better things from this painter;' he is welcome to all such sentiments, in which he only differs from the educated public for

for difference sake; but as before, in the case of Poussin, he is not welcome to assert what is not true, and to condemn a great painter upon a false assumption. We pass over, therefore, all his opinions as to the expression and drawing of Mr. Herbert's Lear and Cordelia, shallow and unmannerly as they are, and solicit the reader's particular attention to the following passage:—

‘It is a thing not a little to be pondered upon, that the men who attempt these highest things are always those who cannot do the least things well. Around the brow of this firwood figure there is a coronet, and in the coronet five jewels; I thought that, according to Royal Academy principles in a “High Art” picture, this Rundell and Bridge portion of it should have been a little less conspicuous. However, as we find these unideal emeralds and rubies thus condescendingly touched, let us see *how* they are touched. Each stone has a white spot, or high light upon it. Now that flash is always the reflection of the highest light to which the jewel is turned, and here in the tent it must be an opening on the left-hand side. Now, as the jewels are set round the brow, each in a different position, each would reflect this tent-door from a different spot on its surface. This change in the position of the reflection would be one of the principal means by which nature would indicate the curve of the coronet. Now, look at the painting—every gem has actually the high light in the same spot on the left-hand side all round the brow!

‘The dimness of pictorial capacity indicated by such a blunder as this, is very marvellous; for a painter of the slightest power, even though he had not drawn the gems from nature, would infallibly have varied the flash for his own pleasure and in an instinctive fulfilment of the eternal law of change.’—p. 19.

Now if the reader will follow us a little carefully we shall have no difficulty in showing him, what one look at the picture itself would show in a moment, *viz.*, that Mr. Herbert had precisely those grounds which Mr. Ruskin represents him as ignorant of, for *not* varying the place of that flash of light even ‘for his own pleasure.’ A coronet is a circular thing, which of course when seen upon a head level with the spectator’s eye, presents to his view only half its circle at once, the centre of which half-circle is nearest the eye, and the sides receding. In this view five points of the coronet are seen, each point tipped with a jewel. The jewel on the centre point presents its front face to you, the jewel on each point right and left of the centre presents its opposite three-quarter face, and the jewels on the two outermost points of the half-circle (thus making five jewels) present their opposite profiles. What is the consequence? The light which comes in from an aperture on the left, strikes, as Mr. Ruskin says, ‘upon the same spot on the left-hand side all round the brow;’ but in his haste to deride he forgets to add,  
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yet upon a different part of each jewel! For that same spot upon the *apparent* left-hand side of each jewel falls in *reality* upon the centre of the profile jewel nearest the light—rather to the left of the centre of the next three-quarter jewel—midway between the centre and edge of the centre jewel, still nearer the edge of the next three-quarter jewel, and completely on the edge of the profile jewel furthest from the light. Thus while the light has necessarily stood still, it is the jewels which have turned, and while the light has apparently struck on the same left-hand edge of each jewel, it has in reality been reflected from a different spot on the surface of all five. To deride a painter, therefore, for ‘not varying the flash for his own pleasure,’ under these circumstances, is simply to deride him for not making the light enter at five different parts of the tent instead of one, and such a derision is the best compliment that can be paid to one who is not only great in the great things of art but right in the least things also.

Nothing can be more degradingly low, both as regards art and manners, than the whole tone of this pamphlet, calculated only to mislead those who are as conceited as they are ignorant, which unfortunately includes a large number. Even granting that Herbert had erred in the high light of a jewel, or Maclise (for with equal injustice Mr. Ruskin accuses the one of the breach of that principle of perspective the observance of which he abuses in the other), in the drawing of a border pattern, even granting this, what does it prove? A picture is not a culprit to be cross-examined and detected by a trap here and a slip there. Mr. Ruskin’s ideas of truth and falsehood as applied to art (all traceable to his false start as to the nature and purposes of art) are utterly futile and nonsensical. Falsehood only becomes such when there is the power in the deceiver to pervert the truth, or in the deceived to believe the lie. Now a man may paint grass red, but in the first place he could not conceal that he had not made it green—in the next place nobody would believe it to be green—and finally and chiefly he would be no painter to do such a thing at all. Of such blunders as a real painter, from oversight or inadvertence, may make, a picture may be full and yet not be a whit the worse for it, or from everything of the kind it may be scrupulously free and yet be an untrue and wretched daub. Raphael’s frescoes in the Vatican would furnish a rich harvest of little inaccuracies to such wretched spies and informers, while no painter was more fallible in such matters than Turner, who once even painted the sun on the north side.

It is not therefore the man who makes a blunder *in* a picture, but he who makes a false statement *about* a picture, who is the

the real offender. The one commits a mechanical fault which does not even harm himself, far less his neighbour—the other, as far as in him lies, inflicts a wanton and undeserved injury. Mr. Ruskin, however, might have spared himself the boast, that when once he had marked an artist's reputation for his prey it was of no use trying to save it.\* Setting aside the malice which is so obviously the leading principle in this pamphlet, the mere fact that he was driven to such paltry modes of criticism, is the highest encomium that living artists could receive. As Hazlitt has wisely said, 'To take a pride and pleasure in nothing but defects (and those, perhaps, of the most paltry, obvious, and mechanical kind)—in the disappointment and tarnishing of our faith in excellence—in proofs of weakness, not of power—is not a sign of uncommon refinement but of unaccountable perversion of taste.'

One great proof, were there no other, of the falseness of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning, is its quantity. Only on the wrong road could so much have been said at all. As we observed before, if art be long, it is in practice not in theory. Separate what is really to be thought and said about art from false assumption, futile speculation, contradictory argument, crotchety views, and romantic rubbish, and ninety-nine hundredths of what Mr. Ruskin writes, and one-half of what most write, will fall to the ground. But, it may be asked, are not the precepts of common sense applicable to art as well as to everything else? To this we readily agree; but the truth is, that all the common sense as to diligence, sincerity of purpose, recognition of their own powers, and observation of nature, which is so much obscured under Mr. Ruskin's jargon of 'love,' 'wisdom,' 'fear and gladness,' 'firm words, true message, unstinted fulness and unfailing faith,' have been said to and by painters over and over again, and, if not realized, at all events steadily aimed at by all deserving the name.

As regards quantity, however, it is easy to foresee that Mr. Ruskin will always have the advantage. Nature has given him the mechanism of thinking in a most peculiar degree. The exercise of this faculty, which is always more or less an exertion and strain to other minds, is none to his; and no wonder, for sophistry travels on roads where, however much dust, there are neither stones nor tolls. Though, therefore, the broad false principles he has laid down may be easily refuted, yet it may be doubted

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\* In the second edition of '*Notes on some of the principal Pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy*,' occurs this passage:—'Hereafter it will be known, that when I have thought fit to attack a picture, the worst policy that the friends of the artist can adopt is to defend it.'

whether any mind will have the patience to follow all the windings of one who thinks equally without consistency and without weariness. A man may attack iron bars, oak doors, or stone walls, and hope with energy and perseverance to break his way through, but to follow a thin thread, which leads him through winding and slippery paths, and is always snapping at an honest touch, requires a strength of nerve and tenacity of purpose which Mr. Ruskin's writings will hardly inspire or their refutation reward.

Not that we are in the least inclined to magnify the importance of unsound ideas and absurd conclusions upon the subject of art. Art, not being a direct moral agent at all, can only do real harm in proportion as it can do real good—its debasement can only be the index of a frivolous or ignorant state of society—never in any way its cause. As regards Mr. Ruskin in particular, he will mislead no mind and injure no career which would not have been misled or injured equally without him. For those who have no eyes, it matters little how entirely the pseudo moral at the end of his chapter is purchased by the flimsy fallacy at the beginning, while those who possess these organs to any purpose will soon forget both the one and the other. It would have been well, therefore, for Mr. Ruskin had he erred in nothing but what may thus be harmlessly swallowed or easily rejected; but it is the terrible penalty of the propagators of slander that their evil deeds should remain—for no evil, as no good, can fall into our moral world without fruits of which none can compute the length or the strength; in either case, in proportion to the good or evil, is the return or the recoil upon the author, and upon Mr. Ruskin the recoil has begun already.

ART. V.—1. *A Report of the Court of Directors of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, made to the Proprietors on the 6th of August, 1853.*

2. *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery.* By General Sir Howard Douglas, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S. Fourth edition, revised. London. 1854.

THE voyager up and down the Thames has noticed with astonishment, during the last eighteen months, the slow growth of a huge structure on the southern extremity of the Isle of Dogs. At first a few enormous poles alone cut the sky-line, and arrested his attention; then vast plates of iron, that seemed big enough to form shields for the gods, reared themselves edgewise, at great distances apart; and as months elapsed, a wall of metal slowly arose between him and the horizon. The sooty

engineer, as he leans over the bulwark of Bridegroom No. 2, when questioned respecting it, tells you it is 'the Big Ship'—he knows no more. If, moved by curiosity, the voyager hails a boat and rows ashore, the sturdy oarsman can only tell you it is 'the Big Ship.' If you question Jack, whom you see coming along the road laden with a green parrot and a bundle of yams, as to what they are doing here, he will eye the huge mass for a moment, and reply with a vacant negative. Even those who are informed of its purpose doubt and argue respecting it. 'Look'ee here,' said an old salt to us, pointing with his pipe to the stem and the stern of the ship, which lie parallel with the river, 'here's her stern and here's her stem, and here's the water; and how they are going to launch her I can't figure noways.'

The great ship, or 'Great Eastern,' as she is sometimes called, projected by the eminent engineer Mr. Brunel, the father of Transatlantic Steam Navigation, although building in the midst of the largest collection of seafaring people in the world, stands a wonder and a puzzle to them all. And indeed, the moment you are inside the works of Scott, Russell, and Co. at Millwall, you feel the reason of the strange eye with which the maritime population view the monster which is slowly growing up, and overshadowing not only the ship-yard itself, but the portion of the new town immediately in its neighbourhood. Where are the merry ship-carpenters, caulking away with monotonous, dead-sounding blows? Where are the artisans chipping with their adzes, rearing up one after another huge ribs, and laying the massive keel? Where are the bright augers gleaming in the sun, as sturdy arms work out the bolt-holes? None of these old accustomed sights and sounds of ship-building are to be found; but in their place we see the arm of steam, mightier than that of Thor, welding some iron shaft big as 'the mast of some huge admiral,' or punching inch-plates of iron as quickly and as noiselessly as a lady punches card-board for a fancy-fair ornament. Steel, urged by the same potent master, is seen showing its mastery over iron as the huge lathes revolve, or the planing-machine pursues steadily its resistless course, whilst, in place of the shavings of the carpenter, long ringlets of dull grey metal cumber the ground. The ship-carpenter is transmuted into a brawny smith, and the civil engineer takes the place of the marine architect. A closer inspection of this Leviathan vessel shows us how completely the employment of a new material has necessitated new ideas with respect to construction. She runs along, or rather will—for she is not yet quite up in frame—some seven hundred feet; those portions of her yet unfinished at stem and stern show her partitions or bulk-  
heads

heads running nearly sixty feet in height, and standing just sixty feet apart. If we examine the outer walls of these huge partitions, we see at once that the ship has no ribs springing from a keel or back bone—none of the ordinary framework by which her bulging sides are maintained in their places; but, on closer inspection, it is found that she has a system of ribs or webs, longitudinal instead of transverse, running from stem to stern of the ship, up to eight feet above her deep water-line; and riveted on each side of these thirty-two webs or ribs, which are again subdivided at convenient lengths, are plates of iron  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in thickness, forming a double skin to the ship, or a dermis and epidermis. Thus her framework forms a system of cells, which, like the Menai tube, combines the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength. A glance at the transverse midship section will show at once this portion of her structure. Hitherto it has been the practice to build iron ships in exactly the same manner as regards framework as wooden ones; that is, the strength of the sides has been made gradually to lighten towards the deck, which being of wood, can offer but slight resisting power. Thus iron ships of the old method of construction are peculiarly liable to break their backs upon the application of force, either to their two ends or to the centre of their keels, just, in short, as a tube would be easily broken, one side of which was made much stronger than the other. The 'Birkenhead' iron troop-ship was a melancholy instance of this unscientific method of construction; for it will be remembered that immediately she struck, her wooden deck doubled up and snapped in two, as a stick would snap across the knee, whilst stem and stern reared for a moment high in the air, and then went down like stones into the deep.

As you stand watching the process of building up this double skin, or framework of the ship, the question immediately strikes the mind, how are these unyielding plates of inch iron made to accommodate themselves to her lines, which are seen to run as finely fore and aft as those of a Thames wager-boat? How are the innumerable curves which die away into each other, to be produced by any aggregation of rectilinear pieces of flat boiler plate? In ordinary wooden ships, the planking, by its elasticity, allows itself to be modelled to the ribs: but here there are no ribs, in the true sense of the word, and the form of the vessel must depend upon the inclination given to each separate piece of iron before the fastening process is commenced. And such, in fact, is the case. Every individual plate, before being fixed in its proper position, was the subject of a separate study to the engineer. Of the ten thousand, or thereabout, that compose the

framework of the ship, only a few situated in the mid-ship section are alike either in size or in curve. For each a model in wood, or 'template,' as it is technically called, had originally to be made, and by these patterns the plates were cut into their required shapes by the huge steam shears, in exactly the same manner as a tailor cuts out the various portions of a garment. The 'list,' or inclination to be given to each plate, is the next process to be gone through; and this is produced by passing it through a system of rollers, which can be so reversed in their action, and so adjusted, as to give it any required curve. The 'template,' studded with holes around its margin, is then fitted to it, and a boy with a stick dipped in white lead marks through them the places upon the iron where the rivet-holes are to be punched; when this last process is completed, the plate is lettered with two or three separate letters, indicating the precise place it has to take in the ship. Thus the hull is first carefully thought out in detail, and is then regularly and mechanically put together, in much the same way as a tessellated pavement.

The process of fastening the plates affords another curious contrast to the old method of bolting employed by the ship-carpenters. The holes in the plates to be held together being brought in exact apposition, bolts at a white heat are one by one introduced, and firmly riveted whilst in that condition by a group of three men, one the upholder, who holds the bolt in its position by placing a hammer against its head on the inside of the ship, whilst two sturdy Vulcans, with alternate blows, produce the rivet-head on the other. The bolts contract in cooling, and draw the plates together with the force of a vice, and hold them so for ever afterwards. The rapidity with which this process is performed strikes the spectator with astonishment. A set of three men, and a boy to shovel the hot bolts out of the furnace, will in the course of a day close up four hundred rivets; and speed in the process is requisite, when we remember that before the ship can swim three million of them must be made secure.

If we clamber up the ladders which lead to her deck, some 60 feet above the ground, we perceive that her interior presents fully as strange a contrast to other vessels as the construction of her hull does. Ten perfectly water-tight bulkheads, placed 60 feet apart, having no openings whatever lower than the second deck, divide the ship transversely; whilst two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of the length of the ship. Thus the interior is divided, like the sides, into a system of cells or boxes. Besides these main divisions, there are a great number of sub-compartments beneath the lowest deck, devoted to the boiler-rooms, engine-rooms, coal and cargo,

cargo, &c.; whilst some 40 or 50 feet of her stem and stern are rendered almost as rigid as so much solid iron by being divided by iron decks from bulwark to keel. Her upper deck is double, and is also composed of a system of cells formed by plates and angle irons. By this multiplication of rectilinear compartments, the ship is made almost as strong as if she were of solid iron, whilst, by the same system of construction, she is rendered as light and as indestructible, comparatively speaking, as a piece of bamboo. There is a separate principle of life in every distinct portion, and she could not well be destroyed even if broken into two or three pieces, since the fragments, like those of a divided worm, would be able to sustain an independent existence.

A better idea perhaps of the interior of the ship can be gained at the present moment than when she has progressed farther towards completion. As you traverse her mighty deck, flush from stem to stern, the great compartments made by the transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, or parti-walls of iron, appear in the shape of a series of parallelograms, 60 feet in length by 36 in width; numerous doors in the walls of these yawning openings at once reveal that it is here that the hotels of the steam-ship will be located. If we were to take the row of houses belonging to Mivart's and drop them down one gulf, take 'Farrance's' and drop it down the second, take Morley's at Charing Cross and fit it into a third, and adjust the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and the Great Northern at King's Cross into apertures four and five, we should get some faint idea of the nature of the accommodation 'The Great Eastern' will afford. We speak of dropping hotels down these holes, because the separate compartments will be as distinct from each other as so many different houses; each will have its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of 60 feet in length; its bedrooms or cabins, its kitchen and its bar; and the passengers will no more be able to walk from the one to the other than the inhabitants of one house in Westbourne Terrace could communicate through the parti-walls with their next-door neighbours. The only process by which visiting can be carried on will be by means of the upper deck or main thoroughfare of the ship. Nor are we using figures of speech when we compare the space which is contained in the new ship to the united accommodation afforded by several of the largest hotels in London. She is destined to carry 800 first-class, 2000 second-class, and 1200 third-class passengers, independently of the ship's complement, making a total of 4000 guests. A reference to the longitudinal and transverse sections will explain her internal economy  
more

more readily than words. The series of saloons, together with the sleeping apartments, extending over 350 feet, are located in the middle instead of 'aft,' according to the usual arrangement. The advantage of this disposition of the hotel department must be evident to all those who have been to sea and know the advantage of a snug berth as near as possible to the centre of the ship, where its transverse and longitudinal axes meet, and where of course there is no motion at all. It will be observed that the passengers are placed immediately above the boilers and engines; but the latter are completely shut off from the living freight by a strongly-arched roof of iron, above which, and below the lowest iron deck, the coals will be stowed, and will prevent all sound and vibration from penetrating to the inhabitants in the upper stories. As the engines and boiler rooms are separated from each other by bulkheads, in exactly the same manner as the saloons, a peculiar arrangement has been made to connect their machinery without interfering with their water-tight character. Two tunnels, of a sufficient size to give free passage to the engineers, are constructed fore and aft in the centre of the coal bunkers, through all the great iron parti-walls. By this arrangement the steam and water pipes which give life and motion to the ship will be enabled to traverse her great divisions, just as the aorta traverses in its sheath the human diaphragm.

Let us return, however, for a few moments to the deck, in order to give the reader a clear idea of the magnitude of the structure under our feet. The exact dimensions 'over all' are 692 feet. There are few persons who will thoroughly comprehend the capacity of these figures. Neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave Square could take the 'Great Eastern' in; Berkeley Square would barely admit her in its long dimension, and when rigged, not at all, for her mizen-boom would project some little way up Davies Street, whilst her bowsprit, if she had one, would hang a long way over the Marquis of Lansdowne's garden. In short, she is the eighth of a mile in length, and her passengers will never be able to complain of being 'cooped up,' as four turns up and down her deck will afford them a mile's walk. Her width is equally astonishing. From side to side of her hull she measures 83 feet, the width of Pall Mall; but across the paddle-boxes her breadth is 114 feet, —that is, she could just steam up Portland Place scraping with her paddles the houses on either side. With the exception of the sky-lights and openings for ventilating the lower saloons, her deck is flush fore and aft. However splendid this promenade might appear with respect to those of other ships, we question if it is at all too large for the moving town to whose use it is dedicated. Room must be found for the holiday strolling of  
between

between three and four thousand persons, whilst she is careering through the heated atmosphere of the tropics, and not merely for a few score blue-nosed gentlemen, such as use the deck of the trans-Atlantic steamers for a severe exercising ground. The manner in which this moving city rather than ship will be propelled with the speed of a locomotive through the ocean is not the least noticeable of the arrangements connected with her. Mr. Brunel has, we think wisely, decided not to trust so precious a human freight and so vast an amount of valuable cargo to any single propelling power, but has supplied her with three—the screw, the paddle, and the sail. Her paddle-wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines, the cylinders of which are 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the stroke 14 feet. The motive power of these will be generated by four boilers. Enormous as are these engines, having a nominal power of 1000 horses, and standing nearly 50 feet high, they will be far inferior to those devoted to the screw. These, the largest ever constructed for marine purposes, will be supplied with steam by six boilers, working to a force of 1600 horses—the real strength of the combined engines being equal to 3000 horses. When the spectator looks upon the ponderous shaft of metal, 160 feet in length and 60 tons in weight, destined to move the screw, and the screw itself of 24 feet in diameter, the four fans of which, as they lie on the ground, remind him of the bladebones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world, he better comprehends the gigantic nature of the labour to be done, and the ample means taken to perform it. As the screw and the paddles will both be working at the same time, the ship will be pulled and pushed in its course like an invalid in a Bath chair, and each power will be called upon to do its best. The calculated speed of the ship under steam is expected to average from fifteen to sixteen knots, or nearly 20 miles, an hour. We all know, even on a calm day, what a wind meets the face looking out of a railway train going at that pace, and consequently it can be understood that sails, except on extraordinary occasions, would act rather as an impediment than as an assistance to the ship's progress. It is not probable, therefore, that they will be much resorted to except for the purpose of steadying or of helping to steer her. In case, however, of a strong wind arising, going more than twenty-five miles an hour in the direction of her course, she is provided with seven masts, two of which are square-rigged, and the whole spreading 6500 square yards of canvas. It will be observed by the diagram that she carries no bowsprit, and has no sprit sail. We do not know the reason of this departure from the ordinary rig, unless

unless it be to avoid her ploughing too deeply in the sea. Her bow is also without a figurehead; and this peculiarity, together with her simple rig, gives her the appearance of a child's toy-boat. If beauty is nothing more than fitness, this form of bow is undoubtedly the most beautiful, and the Americans, who have long adopted it in their trans-Atlantic steamers, are right; but to ordinary eyes it looks sadly inferior to the old figure-head projecting out before the ship, as if eager to lead her onward over the wave. Fewer hands will be required to navigate the 'Great Eastern' than her size would seem to demand. Her whole crew will not exceed 400 men—a third of the number composing the crew of a three-decker. The difference is made up by what we may term *steam* sailors. There will be four auxiliary engines appointed to do the heavy work of the ship, such as heaving the anchors, pumping, and hoisting the sails; for the gigantic arm of steam will be imperatively called for to deal with the vast masses of iron and canvas required to move and to hold the ship. These engines will, in all probability, communicate their power to a shaft running through an aperture in the upper iron deck, by which arrangement motive power in any required quantity will be laid on from stem to stern of the ship.

It is obvious that some special means must be adopted to direct this vast mass of moving iron as she flies on her course, threatening by her speed destruction to herself and whatever may cross her path in the great highway of nations. The usual contrivances will not apply. No speaking-trumpets, for instance, could make the captain on the bridge heard either by the helmsman, or the look-out at the bow, more than three hundred feet away. Even the engineer, sixty feet beneath him, would be beyond the reach of his voice. As in the railway, we have to deal with distances which necessitate the use of a telegraph, and the 'Great Eastern,' in this respect, will be treated just like a railway. On ordinary occasions a semaphore will, in the daytime, give the word to the helmsman, whilst at night, and in foggy weather, he will be signalled how to steer by a system of coloured lights. The electric telegraph will also be employed to communicate the captain's orders to him and to the engineer below.

Thus the nervous system, if we may so term it, of the vessel will be provided for. Starting from the bridge, or post of the commander, which leads directly from his apartments, located between the paddle boxes, as shown by the square space figured within the circle in the diagram, the fine filaments will be extended to the helmsman at the stern and to the look-out at the bow, whilst a third thread will communicate with the engineer.

By

By this means the captain, or brain of the ship, will be able in a moment to put in motion, to drive at full speed, to reverse the action, or to stop, the iron limbs which toil day and night far out of sight in the deep hold, or as instantly to direct the helm so as to alter the vessel's course.

In most iron vessels great precautions are taken to avoid the incorrectness to which the needle placed on deck is liable on account of the proximity of attractive masses of metal. The commonest expedient is to have placed high up in the mizen-mast, beyond the influence of the iron sides of the ship, what is called a standard compass, and which may be said to realize Dibdin's 'Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the life of poor Jack.' In the 'Great Eastern,' a special stage or framework will be erected for this dainty Ariel, at least forty feet in height, and the helmsman will probably either read off the points from above as they appear through a transparent card illuminated like a clock-front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a long pipe upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the difficulty which would occur in foggy weather. The experiments with respect to this important adjunct to the ship are not yet concluded, however, and we must be considered to speak speculatively as to the plan which is likely to be adopted.

The anchors of this mighty steamer would, with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good-sized ship. The ten anchors with which she will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain-cable, and one hundred tons for her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

It was prophesied that Mr. Brunel's first ship, the 'Great Western,' would be doubled up as she rested upon the crests of the Atlantic waves, and we all know how the prophecy was fulfilled. When it was made, indeed, we were very much in the dark as to the size of ocean waves, and it was not until the introduction of long steamers that they could be measured with any accuracy. Dr. Scoresby, whilst crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard boats, some years since, closely observed the waves, and by means of the known length of the ship, was enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of their dimensions. The old vague account of their being 'mountains high' was well known before that time to be an exaggeration; but we do not think even philosophers were prepared for the statement  
made

made by this observer at a meeting, some years since, of the British Association, that they averaged no more than twenty feet in altitude and rarely exceeded twenty-eight feet. The popular impression principally produced by marine painters that waves formed valleys thousands of yards across, down the sides of which ships slid as though they were about to be engulfed, seems to have been equally erroneous; as the maximum length of ocean waves, according to Dr. Scoresby, is six hundred feet; whilst in a moderate gale they are only three hundred, and in a fresh sea about a hundred and twenty feet in length. A moment's consideration of these facts leads to the conclusion that long ships must have a great advantage over short ones with respect to the rapidity with which they make their journey, as it is quite evident that whilst the latter have to perform their voyages by making a series of short curves—much to the impediment of their progress and to the discomfort of their inmates—the former, by ruling the waves with their commanding proportions, make shorter and smoother passages. As steamers grow larger and larger, the curse of sea-sickness must therefore gradually diminish. The 'Great Eastern,' from her length and the bearing which she will have upon the water, being a paddle as well as a screw ship, will, in all probability, neither pitch nor roll, and will therefore be most comfortable to the voyager. Her immense stride, if we may use the term, will enable her to take three of the three hundred-foot waves of an Atlantic gale as easily as a racer would take a moderate-sized brook. She will still have to encounter the six hundred feet waves of storms, and there may be those mistrusting her length and the great weight she will carry amidships, in the shape of engines and coal, who may be inclined to repeat with respect to her the prophecy which was made with respect to the 'Great Western.' Mr. Brunel, by the method of launching which he intends to adopt, will, however, set these misgivings at rest before she even touches the water. Although the total weight of the ship, together with her engines, which will be erected in her whilst she is still on land, cannot be less than twelve thousand tons, she will rest entirely on two points as she enters the water broadside on. No statement could give a more powerful idea of the strength of her fabric.

The reasons which have induced Mr. Brunel to adopt this method of launching are given as follows in his Report:—

'Launching is generally effected by building the ship on an inclined plane, which experience has determined should be at an inclination of about 1 in 12 to 1 in 15, the keel of the ship being laid at that angle, and the head consequently raised above the stern say 1-15th of the whole length of the ship. In the present case this would have involved raising

raising the fore part of the keel or the forefoot about forty feet in the air, and the forecastle would have been nearly 100 feet from the ground, the whole vessel would have been on an average twenty-two feet higher than if built on an even keel.

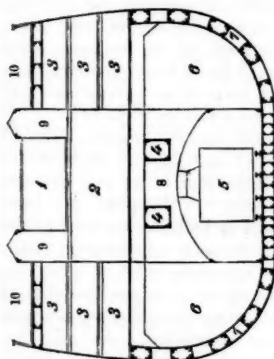
'The inconvenience and cost of building at such a great height above ground may be easily imagined, but another difficulty presented itself which almost amounted to an impossibility, and which has been sensibly felt with the larger vessels hitherto launched, and will probably, ere long, prevent launching longitudinally vessels of great length. The angle required for the inclined plane to ensure the vessel moving by gravity being, say 1 in 14, or even if diminished by improved construction in ways to 1 in 25, is such, that the end first immersed would become waterborne, or would require a very great depth of water before the fore part of the ship would even reach the water's edge. Vessels of 450 or 500 feet in length would be difficult to launch in the Thames, unless kept as light as possible; but our ship could not be so launched, the heel of the sternpost being required to be, as I before said, about forty feet below the level of the forefoot; some mitigation of the difficulty might be obtained by an improved construction of the ways; but the great length of ways to be carried out into the river would, under any circumstances, be a serious difficulty.

'These considerations led me to examine into the practicability of launching or lowering the vessel sideways; and I found that such a mode would be attended with every advantage, and, so far as I can see, it involves no countervailing disadvantages. This plan has been accordingly determined upon, and the vessel is building parallel to the river, and in such a position as to admit of the easy construction of an inclined plane at the proper angle down to low-water mark.

'In constructing the foundation of the floor on which the ship is being built, provision is made at two points to ensure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight of the ship when completed. At these two points, when the launching has to be effected, two cradles will be introduced, and the whole will probably be lowered down gradually to low water-mark, whence, on the ensuing tide, the vessel will be floated off. The operation may thus be performed as slowly as may be found convenient; or if, upon further consideration, more rapid launching should be thought preferable, it may be adopted.'

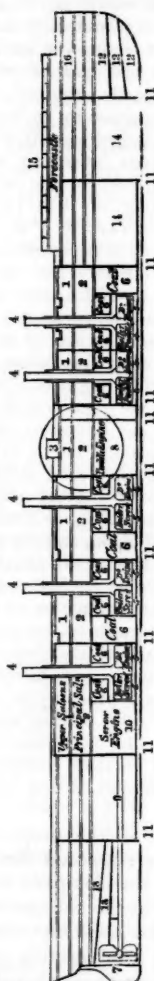
Astonishing as are all the proportions of this monster ship, of course it will not be supposed that mere size is claimed, either by the engineer or the Company to which she belongs, as any merit independently of the substantial benefits which accompany it. Her length is not her only advantage. Indeed, length in a steamer is merely a comparative term, and applies entirely to the extent of the river or ocean-path she has to traverse. The 'Himalaya,' for instance, would be an enormous vessel to run to Margate and back, but is only a full-size one to cross the Atlantic or to navigate the Mediterranean. The 'Great Eastern,'  
again,

*References to Transverse Sections of  
Great Eastern.*



- No. 1. Upper Saloons on Main Deck.  
 " 2. Principal Saloon on Lower Deck.  
 " 3. Side Cabins and Berths.  
 " 4. Tunnels for Steam and Water Pipes.

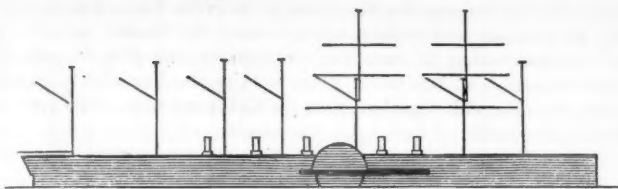
- No. 5. Boiler.  
 " 6. Coal Bunkers.  
 " 7. Space between Skins of Ship.  
 " 8. Coal Bunker.  
 " 9. Skylight to Principal Saloon.  
 " 10. Double Decks.



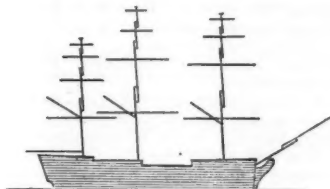
Longitudinal Section through Great Eastern.

100 feet. 200 300 400 500 600 680

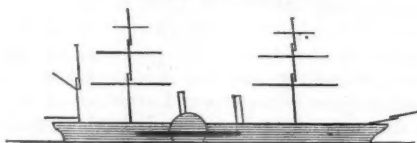
- No. 1. Upper Saloons.  
 " 2. Principal Saloons.  
 " 3. Captain's Apartment.  
 " 4. Funnel.  
 " 5. Boilers.  
 " 6. Coal Bunkers.  
 " 7. Screw.  
 " 8. Paddle Engine Room.  
 " 9. Screw Shaft.  
 " 10. Screw Engine.  
 " 11. Transverse Bulkheads.  
 " 12. Iron Decks to strengthen Bow.  
 " 13. Iron Decks to strengthen Stern.  
 " 14. Cargo Space.  
 " 15. Apartments of Ship's Officers.  
 " 16. Berths of Crew.



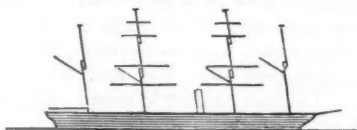
The Great Eastern Steamship.



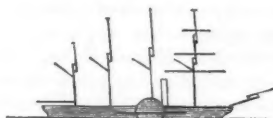
H.M.S. Duke of Wellington.



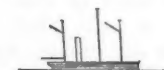
The Persia.



The Great Britain.



The Great Western.



One of the Gun-Boat flotilla.



Scale of Feet.

12. Iron Decks to strengthen Bow.

6. Coal Bunkers.

again, would be large for the passage to New York, but is only duly proportioned to make a voyage round the world.

It is interesting to note the progressive advance of size in steam-vessels that has taken place within the last thirty years, which the diagram, together with the following table, will render clear to the reader :—

Date.	Name and Description.	Length.	Breadth.
		feet.	ft. in.
1825	Enterprise, built expressly to go to India, coaling at intermediate stations .. ..	122	27 0
1835	Tagus, for the Mediterranean .. ..	182	28 0
1838	Great Western, first ship built expressly for Atlantic passage .. ..	236	35 6
1844	Great Britain, first large screw ship, and the largest iron ship then projected .. ..	322	51 0
1853	Himalaya, iron ship for the Mediterranean	370	43 6
1856	Persia, iron ship .. ..	390	45 0
—	Eastern steam ship, iron .. ..	680	83 0

Thus the ocean-going steamer of 1856 is nearly six times the length of that of 1825, whilst the difference between their tonnage is still more in favour of the last-built vessel. The augmentation has gone on in an increasing ratio, and if it is still to continue, we wonder over what space of water our Leviathan of 1870 will extend ! As our commercial steam marine is in the hands of shrewd men of business, it can well be imagined that the reasons for this progressive advance in size are sound. Steam ship-builders are, in fact, only accommodating the tonnage of their vessels to the length of the voyages they have to perform, so that they may be enabled to carry their own coals over and above their due proportion of cargo. This the 'Great Western' did, and succeeded ; this the various screw-steamers which have run the Australian voyage have not done, and consequently they have failed.

No one can fail to have observed that within these last two years steam, in long voyages, has apparently suffered a defeat. Clippers of all kinds, the 'Marco Polos,' 'Red Jackets,' and 'Morning Stars,' seem to have recovered their own again, and in the race round the world, sails have distanced the paddle and the screw. When the question comes to be examined, however, it is clear that it is the want of steam that has caused the failure: vessels, in short, as little fitted to make a passage of thirteen thousand miles, as the 'Sirius,' though by a lucky accident it managed to cross the Atlantic at the same time as the 'Great Western,' was to go a continuous stage of three thousand miles. They have all the expense of the new motive power without its full advantages, and, in consequence of their having

having to go out of their direct course to coal, they lose from twelve to twenty days on the passage. The tortoise in this instance has not fairly beaten the hare, because the latter has wilfully broken her leg.

Mr. Brunel, in constructing a ship of such large dimensions, is only doing for the long Eastern voyage what he did for the shorter Western one, namely making her own coal-bunkers the bank on which she can draw to any extent during her progress out and home, instead of employing from six to eight ships of 500 tons burthen each to carry fuel for her over half the globe, as the vessels at present running are obliged to do; a system which may be likened to the extravagance of a man who employs half-a-dozen porters to carry parcels which, by proper management, he could manage to stow in his own knapsack.

The Report of the Directors for the year 1853 puts the calculation, with respect to her immense advantage, in carrying power so well, that we quote it entire:—

‘In avoiding the *delay* of coaling on the voyage, your ships will also escape the great *cost* of taking coals at a foreign station. Coals obtained on the Indian and Australian route cost on the average, including waste and deterioration, four or five times as much per ton as in this country. But your ships will take their whole amount of coals for the voyage from near the pit’s mouth, at a rate not exceeding for the best quality, 12s. to 14s. per ton. On the voyage of existing steam vessels to Australia or India and home, the consumption amounts to from 4000 to 6000 tons; the cost of which would supply 15 to 20,000 tons if taken on board at some port in immediate communication with the coal field.

‘Each of the Company’s ships will carry, besides their own coals, upwards of 5000 tons measurement of merchandise, and will have 800 cabins for passengers of the highest class, with ample space for troops and lower class passengers. These you will not only be able to carry at rates much smaller than those by any existing steam ships, but with an unprecedented amount of room, comfort, and convenience.

‘In thus determining the size of the ships, your Directors believe that they are also obtaining the elements of a speed heretofore unknown; and if hereafter coals applicable to the purposes of steam can be supplied from the mines of Australia, the carrying capacity both for cargo and passengers will be proportionately increased. The great length of these ships will undoubtedly, according to all present experience, enable them to pass through the water at a velocity of at least fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power in proportion to their tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. Speed is, in fact, another result of great size. It is believed that by this speed, combined with the absence of stoppages, the voyage *between England and India*, by the Cape, will be reduced to from thirty to thirty-three days, and between England and Australia to thirty-three or thirty-six days.’

It

It may be objected that the route by way of Egypt, now that the railway is in progress and a canal is projected, will prove a too powerful competitor for the traffic round the Cape; but independently of the inconvenience and tediousness of embarking and then re-embarking, which will be fatal to vessels containing such bulky cargoes as cumber the Australian steamers, it is asserted that the ocean path is the direct route to the focus of Australian connexion with Europe. Thus the navigable distances from Land's End to Port Philip are as follows:—

	Miles.
‘ <i>Viâ</i> the Cape of Good Hope .. .. .	11,819
„ Cape Horn .. .. .	12,700
„ Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Aden, Point de Galle, and Singapore, including transit through Egypt .. .. .	12,034
„ Panama, including transit across the Isthmus	12,678

The General Association for the Australian Colonies have indeed recommended for the mail line the overland route as far as Aden, and from thence by way of Diego Garcia and King George's Sound to Melbourne, an estimated distance of 10,348 miles, which they fancy can be done in forty-four days. If the Eastern Steam Ship Company have not anticipated too great a speed for their vessel—and we scarcely think they have done so, considering that the ‘*Persia*’ has made fourteen and a half knots with very far inferior powers of propulsion—this passage will be beaten by between eight and ten days without the expense and trouble of making a long land journey across the isthmus. Surely this, if it comes to pass, will go far to accomplish the Alnaschar dream of the ‘*Times*,’ that the period will arrive when we shall be able to communicate with our friends at the antipodes in a month.

As far as the commercial part of the speculation goes, we are of course incapable of giving an opinion. The value of the exports to the young empire, which is springing up with such rapidity in Polynesia, is, however, so great—in 1853 the declared value being 14,506,532*l.*—that we cannot conceive there would be any lack of cargo even for our Leviathan. That she will be *par excellence* the emigrant ship, who can doubt, when we find that, with all her splendid accommodation, she will be able to take passengers of the first class for 65*l.*, of the second class for 35*l.*, and of the third class for 25*l.*?

Her great proportions will indeed almost deceive her passengers into the idea that they are sojourning in some noble mansion. Let us imagine her saloons blazing at night with gas, which will be manufactured on board and supplied to every part of the ship; let

let us picture to ourselves her magnificent sweep of deck filled with gay promenaders, listening to the band as she sails over a summer's sea; annoyed by no smoke, for, in consequence of the use of anthracite coal, none will be emitted from her five funnels; and distressed by no motion, as in consequence of her length she will stride with ease over the waves of the Pacific. We might also dwell for a moment upon the mighty larder of our Leviathan prepared for her flight of five and thirty days, without a stoppage, across the ocean desert with a whole town on board; or we might draw a comparison between her and the Ark (which by-the-bye had not half her capacity), as she receives on board her flocks and herds to furnish fresh meat for the passage. But we believe we have said enough to enable those who have not visited the rising edifice, to realise the vast extent of this latest experiment in ship-building. And as a contrast to this fair side of the medal, let us fancy her rushing through the night in full career—an arrow 27,000 tons in weight, propelled by a bow of 3000 horse-power. Can we without a shudder contemplate the possibility of a collision with such a resistless force? a line-of-battle ship with a thousand hands on board cleft in two as swiftly as the apple by the shaft of Tell.

Every precaution will indeed be taken to avert such a catastrophe. The electric light will be fixed at the mast-head, so that in dark nights the ship will carry a moonlight atmosphere wherever she goes. In case of any fatal injury to herself, which could not well happen, boats have been provided capable of taking off her passengers, even if counted by thousands. Thus she will have two screw-steamers of 90 feet in length as paddle-box boats, and in addition to these she will carry a large number of the new collapsing, or bellows boats, as the sailors call them. These curious structures, the invention of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, expand and shut like a Gibus hat or the hood of a carriage, occupying so little room that half-a-dozen of them of a large size can be stowed away in the same space as would be occupied by an ordinary jolly-boat, and seem to be as easily opened as a parasol or umbrella.

If we mistake not, the success of the 'Great Eastern' will constitute a new era in the art of aggressive war. We question whether Europe during the course of the present contest has not been more struck by our enormous power of moving suddenly large masses of men from one end of Europe to another, than by any other operation which we have performed. The 'Himalaya,' as she steamed up the Bosphorus, filled the lazy Turks with astonishment; and the cloud of steamers and sailing vessels which carried the Allied army to the shores of the Crimea, has

been dwelt upon as an exposition of maritime magnificence such as the world never witnessed before. What will the reader say when we tell him that five vessels such as the 'Great Eastern' could bring home our 50,000 troops from the Crimea, with all their artillery and baggage, in the course of ten or twelve days!

Contemporaneously with the remarkable tendency to an increase of size in our merchant vessel, the thoughts of scientific men have been turned in an opposite direction with respect to vessels of war. As we stand on the deck of the 'Great Eastern,' and look across to Deptford, we see riding at anchor one of that famous fleet of gunboats, called forth by exigencies of Baltic warfare. She is scarcely bigger than the screw-boats which the vessel under our feet will carry on each side of her paddle-boxes. By referring to the diagram, it will be seen that she looks like a cock-boat in comparison with the great 'Duke of Wellington.' The idea of any number of such little Davids attacking Goliath would appear to be preposterous. An examination of the subject, however, makes it seem probable that in fighting-ships size is a great element of danger, and diminitiveness of safety. The massacre of Sinope—the first blow of the present war—gave us evidence of the effects of a new order of projectile, which will, in the opinion of those versed in gunnery, very much modify our ideas with respect to building such enormous men-of-war as we have done lately. Sir Howard Douglas, in his admirable work on the 'Art of Naval Gunnery,' takes this view of the case, in the most decided manner, and quotes with applause a letter by General Paixhans, published in the 'Moniteur' of February, 1854, entitled, 'Observations on the Burning of the Turkish Frigates by the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea.' From the report of the Russian admiral, the writer shows that the almost instant destruction of the frigates of our ally was caused by Paixhans' shells, fired from the Paixhans' guns on the lower decks of the Russian ships. These shells, according to the Turkish official report, first 'set fire to the ships, and then blew them up.' Arguing from the proved destructiveness of these projectiles, the inventor of them draws the following conclusions.

'Guns which fire shells horizontally will destroy any vessel, and will do this with a greater certainty in proportion as the vessels are large; because the circulation of powder and projectiles during an action being more multiplied for the service of a greater number of these guns will multiply the chances of an entire explosion of the ship. From this fact results the important question, whether, instead of concentrating in a single ship of 80 or 130 guns and 1000 men, and exposing that large quantity of military and financial power, and that amount of lives to  
perish

perish suddenly, it would not be better, from motives of humanity and considerations of economy, to lay out the same sum of money in constructing two or three much smaller vessels, which might together carry the same amount of armament, and the same number of men? Our principal ships being then far less enormous, and drawing less water, may enter a greater number of our ports, which at present are limited to five, accessible to large ships. The construction of three smaller vessels would neither require so much time nor timber, nor be so costly. Our fleets would then find at home, and in our colonies, more ports of refuge accessible to them; and they would find more points accessible to attack on the coasts of the enemy. The battery of a frigate may, as well as the battery of a large ship, carry the means of keeping at a distance, or of destroying an enemy. In the combat of two or three such ships against one adversary of colossal magnitude, the latter may doubtless, if near, be able to destroy either of the others singly; but these might concentrate upon him at a distance mortal blows, and remain masters of a field of battle, from which the greater ship will have disappeared. With an arm, the effect of which is very destructive, the advantage will evidently be in favour of those who know best how to give it length of range and accuracy; thus, both in our actual armaments and in the progress to be made, these two conditions, together with the superiority of calibre, should above all others be satisfied: to this I shall add, that if the same effects would be produced by lighter pieces of artillery of the same description, which do not require vessels of such great draught of water, nor expose so many men, we should have resolved a problem which, together with great speed in our steamers, and greater number of them, would give to France a system of naval economy which suits her in the highest degree.

May we not carry General Paixhans' idea of a subdivision of force still farther, and ask whether a cloud of swift and powerful gun-boats would not often be still more effective than large frigates? Let us imagine even the 'Duke of Wellington,' of 131 guns, attacked by a score of these Cossacks of the sea, each armed with 68-pounders, placed fore and aft, firing Paixhans' shells, would she not be very much in the position of a parish-beadle stoned by a mob of mischievous boys? A broadside such as hers, towering high above the water, would present a target which it would be difficult to miss; whilst she would have as little chance of shooting swallows with her long guns, as these nimble gun-boats, for ever warily keeping their sterns on, at a respectful distance, and presenting a mark not more than twenty-two feet to her gunners. The difficulty of hitting such mere specks would be immense; and even the turning of these minnows on the water would expose them to little harm, as the experience of the attack on Sweaborg proved; for the gun-boats which kept moving about on that occasion were never once struck.

If this view is correct, and the concentrated fire of a few gun-boats is likely to overpower the radiating fire of three-deckers,

and if the dire effects of a single shell bursting on a ship's side, be, indeed, so great as General Paixhans affirms, it may be that the necessity of building a peculiar class of vessels for shallow seas will open our eyes to the glaring mistake we have committed in building such enormous ships of war. It is a maxim among military engineers that no fortification is stronger than its weakest place. Now, if a Paixhans shell, striking a three-decker near the water-line, and exploding in the side, as it is most likely to do, from its extreme thickness, is capable of smashing the timbers for many feet around it, her very size and weight will only the more speedily cause her to disappear under the water. The tremendous batteries of such a ship would have but little effect upon these boats, which by the use of Lancaster guns could fight at 4000 yards distance, at which range they would not appear to the huge liner much bigger than floating tubs; whilst they would be able to destroy their big antagonist with as much certainty as Gordon Cumming brought down an elephant at his leisure with his resistless 'Purday.'

The four divisions of gun-boats now collecting in the Channel are living proofs of the energy of our private enterprise, and of the strength which England is capable of putting forth at the shortest notice. Of the 200 gun-boats, more or less, which are now, like dogs of war, straining at the leash off the Mother Bank, more than two-thirds were not even laid down three months ago. Not an engine had been wrought out of the shapeless mass of iron; not a boiler of the ten score which now lace the leaden sky with their thin, white wreaths of steam, had been put together.

If we can be proud of anything during the *late* war beside the gallantry of soldiers and the magnificence of our transport system, it must be of our manufacturing energy, which has created a host of armed ships, moved by complicated machinery, almost as quickly as Cadmus created legions of armed men out of the ground. No other nation could by any possibility have accomplished the same task, for the simple reason, that they have neither the tools nor the skill to direct them. The Messrs. Penn of Greenwich, for instance, received an order three months since to complete, by the beginning of April, eighty marine engines of sixty horse power each; the entire moving-power, in short, of nearly half the Mosquito fleet. If such an order had been given to any continental engineer, he would have treated it as a joke; but the Messrs. Penn have not only completed it within the specified time, but have put them in working order on board the fleet. Of course, so enormous a task could not have been accomplished by one house. A pattern engine once agreed upon, the contracting firm sent duplicate patterns to all the principal engineers throughout the island, ordering so many different portions

to

to be delivered on a certain day. In this manner the whole force of the country was put upon the work; and cylinders, connecting-beams, stuffing-boxes, piston-rods, &c., from a dozen different factories, have been steaming for weeks past across the island, towards the Messrs. Penn's fitting-shops, where they met and were put together for the first time. The major portion of the gun-boats themselves have been furnished by the private ship-yards. From half-a-dozen points of the Thames these handy little craft, sometimes in twos and threes, ready rigged and with engines on board, took the water during the last six weeks. At Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Sunderland, Northam, Southampton, and Cowes, this tiny fleet has been fashioned through the long winter nights by the light of gas twinkling between their ribs. Although in outward appearance the boats are all precisely alike, their tonnage, draught, and propelling powers are widely different, as we see in the following table:—

	No.	Tons.	Draught of Water (Light).		Horse-power.	Speed.
			ft.	in.		knots.
Snapper Class .. .. .	123	233	5	4	60	9½
— Class .. .. .	3	232	4	10	40	8½
Cheerful Class .. .. .	20	212	4	3	20	7
Dispatch Boats:—						
Flying-fish Class .. ..	3	868	{	from 9½	350	} about 13 knots.
Wrangler Class .. ..	6	477		to	160	
Vigilant Class .. ..	14	670		12 feet.	200	
Mohawk Class .. ..	2	267			80	

These vessels, together with those already in commission which did service in the Sea of Azoff and Baltic last season, bring this stinging little cloud of mosquitoes up to the round number of two hundred mentioned by Sir Charles Wood in his speech in the House of Commons.

The armament of all the gun-boats is alike, namely, two 68-pounders, made to fight fore and aft, with pivots to fire broadside if required. When not in action, the guns, of 96 hundred weight each, are housed in the middle of the deck. Each vessel will be a separate command, and the whole will be formed into four squadrons. The ships of the line, in which the commanders of squadrons will hoist their flags, will serve as nursing-mothers to this light artillery of the sea, which will scour the ocean on every side, returning ever and anon to the parent ship, as chickens return to the maternal wing, for warmth and support, in the shape of coals, food, and ammunition. The great diversity of power, and the difference of draught in these vessels,

vessels, varying as they do from 20 to 350 horses, and from 5 to 12 feet of water, will make them free of the shallows and inlets of any sea in which their services may be required. Against this ubiquitous and resistless force the Russians had, in the early portion of the year, nothing but row-boats to oppose; and we heard with wonder that the crews of these inefficient craft were armed with lances, and with a curious kind of mace studded with spikes, such as the Scandinavians used when the heroes of the *Nibelungenlied* were in the flesh. The dispatch-boats differ materially from the gun-boats, inasmuch as they are built of iron, with very fine lines, and are designed for speed as well as for fighting; hence they are classed as the Light squadron. The swiftest of them are capable of running fifteen miles an hour, and are armed with two Lancaster guns and four 68-pounders, and are not much smaller than the old 36-gun frigates of the last war. In 1850, Messrs. Laird of Liverpool and Mr. Scott Russel of Blackwall built powerful iron vessels, of a light draught, for the Russian and Prussian governments. Their capabilities were reported upon to the Admiralty before they left this country; nevertheless, the war found us entirely destitute, and we entered the Baltic with our huge liners, which were about as well adapted to the shallow waters of that sea as the life-guards would be to pursue Caffres in the bush. The whole country has witnessed, with mingled feelings of shame and indignation, the paltry attempts of Sir James Graham to throw upon the shoulders of Sir Charles Napier the whole blame of our ignoble promenade in the Baltic in the year 1854. What better could he have done with the means at his command? And whose fault was it that he had no better means? As early as the month of May in that year, the attention of the Admiralty was drawn by Captain Claxton to the fact that Mr. Scott Russel would engage to turn out of hand any number of light-draught gun-boats in ten weeks from the date of the order. That offer was disgracefully refused, on the plea that iron was not approved of as a ship-building material! Why, as a naval authority has well observed, they should have built paper boats, if they could have managed to bring our long range guns and mortars to bear upon the fortresses of the enemy. Dispatch was the one thing needful. Had Sir James Graham closed with Mr. Scott Russel's proposition, Sir Charles Napier would have got the weapons he wanted, and would not, we predict, have come 'bootless home and weather-beaten back,' from the campaign of 1854. If there was such an insuperable objection to iron vessels, why, we ask, did Sir James Graham exchange the 'Thetis' frigate with the Prussian government for the gun-boats

boats 'Nix' and 'Salamander,' both of this obnoxious material? Early in 1855, the Aberdeen Admiralty was partially forced out of its disgraceful inactivity by the loud calls of the public press for gun-boats; and in order to quiet the storm, one of its members stated in the House of Commons that several had at last been laid down.

When the first was launched, in the summer of 1855, it was found to draw twelve feet of water—a draught which would render it as incapable of running up the shallows of the Baltic as a camel would be of going through the eye of a needle. By the autumn of the same year, the Admiralty managed to build sixteen gun-boats of a more suitable size, and sixteen old dockyard lighters were fitted up as mortar-vessels, and sent out to Admiral Dundas. With these, together with the aid of a few mortars and light steamers furnished by the French, the vast stores contained in the arsenal of Sweaborg, together with the greater part of the town and naval buildings, were destroyed. We have only to learn the performance of this insignificant and hastily-fitted force to read the utter condemnation of Sir James Graham's Admiralty. The mortar-boats, moored at 3700 yards distance, with 400 fathom of cable to veer upon in case the enemy should get their range, threw 3099 13-inch shells into the Russian stronghold, each shell falling with a force of 75 tons; whilst the sixteen gun-boats, at 300 yards distance, with perfect impunity to themselves, threw into the arsenal 11,200 shot and shell. Under such an infernal rain of iron as our own and the French vessels projected, no wonder that the whole place on the second day was one vast sheet of fire. If with such a limited force we managed to deal so disastrous a blow to the enemy, what might we not have done with the fleet of gun-boats now collected together, in addition to the eighty odd mortar vessels, mostly constructed, by the bye, of iron? We venture to say that neither Revel nor Cronstadt would have reared their granite fronts above the water twelve hours after they had been bombarded by such a force. We will go further, and assert, with little fear of contradiction, that if a score of these gun-boats had entered, in the autumn of 1854, the Sea of Azoff, the Russian army would not have been able to have maintained itself in the Crimea through the ensuing winter; and, as a consequence, the flower of our army would have escaped destruction. The first great blow aimed at the power of the enemy was dealt by Captain Lyons; and the most successful of his little fleet was the gun-boat 'Recruit,' alias the 'Nix,' which the Prussians had built on the Thames as a pattern for us to go by as early as 1850; and was the identical vessel pointed out by Captain Claxton as an example to be followed in  
May,

May, 1854. This admirable iron boat destroyed all the military stores at Taganrog, at 1400 yards distance, without the slightest injury to herself. Why, we ask, was this pattern vessel neglected for four years, at a time when all the world knew that by such vessels only, the naval warfare we were engaged in could be carried on? Posterity will sternly ask this question; and Sir James Graham will not be considered to have answered it by his miserable *tu quoque* arguments against a blustering old Admiral. Now it is too late and the horse is stolen, an admirably constructed lock is placed upon the stable-door; now that the just war we have been waging has been strangled by diplomacy, the Channel is covered with a flying artillery, which is paraded before the eyes of Europe—just in time to fire a salute in honour of the proclamation of peace!

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ART. VI.—*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son-in-law John Wood Warter, B.D., Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1856.

‘I COULD inform the dullest author,’ said Coleridge, ‘how he might write an interesting book. Let him relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feelings that accompanied them.’ To this receipt for the manufacture of interesting books by the dullest authors, there is the fatal objection that the dull man would be no more capable of executing the task than of composing any other readable work. The power of recalling truly the past incidents of life, and still more of defining the shifting states of mind with precision, is an uncommon gift, and could never exist without considerable talents. Few have made the effort with tolerable success, not because the events of their lives and the feelings of their hearts would have been devoid of entertainment and instruction, but because their narratives were superficial and imperfect. Of those who have been eminently qualified for the undertaking Southey was among the foremost. No man, he said, ever retained a more perfect knowledge of the history of his own mind. He could trace the development of his character from infancy; and as early as his twenty-second year looked forward to the record as the most pleasing and useful employment in which he should ever engage. From natural temperament his attention was directed, in an unusual degree, to his own doings and thoughts, and the design he had formed of relating them to the world must have induced him to note them still more carefully in their progress, and have helped to fix them more firmly in his memory.

memory. In July, 1820, when he was forty-six years of age, he commenced the work in a series of letters to his friend John May, which were slowly carried on at irregular intervals till March, 1825, when he finally stopped with the seventeenth letter. This narrative, which leaves him in his fifteenth year, has the characteristic fault of all his writings, that many of the details are insignificant; but parts are delightful, and no one can read it without regret that it should not have been continued through another decade till he was settled in life. In a tranquil existence like his, the early portion, in which the character is formed, is the most important. The subsequent history is only a repetition of what has gone before; few fresh opinions are taken up, or friendships made, and the man remains the same to the end of the journey. What Southey omitted to complete for himself his family have not been at the pains to supply. His son, who assumed the office of his father's biographer, could never have reflected much upon the nature of his task, or studied very carefully other Lives of reputation to ascertain by the example of masters in the art what to do, and hardly less material, what to leave undone. No attempt appears to have been made to gather from survivors the particulars which might have been recovered of the college and later school days of the Laureate, which his own narrative has left untouched. Even if he had continued his history through that eventful period, the value of extraneous testimony would have hardly been diminished. To know a man thoroughly, he must not only be painted as he sees himself but as he is seen by others.

The letters of Southey fortunately commenced very shortly after the date at which his autobiography stops; and in these he was accustomed to narrate freely the events which befel him and the feelings they produced; but in such a series there will always be many gaps, and many redundancies, and there has seldom been an instance in which vigorous pruning was more imperatively required or more imperfectly applied. The son having bound up much in his sheaves which should have been cast aside among the stubble, he is now followed by the son-in-law with a large after-harvest, in two volumes octavo, to be succeeded by two more, in addition to an independent publication of the Laureate's correspondence with his second wife. The new editor is less competent than the old. The letters of Southey are written in pure English and a perspicuous style, but in general they are meagre in substance and tame in composition. He had not the art of setting off trifles; and when he attempts to be vivacious, mistakes nonsense for humour. Mr. Wood Warter knows no distinction, and has buried what was worth preserving in a multitude

titude of vapid effusions, which no one of the least discrimination would have dreamt of committing to the press. They do Southey no discredit. The careless scratchings of a friendly pen are not intended for the public and are not amenable to criticism. To talk and write with easy off-hand freedom is a privilege, nay a necessity, of social life. The culprit is the person who proclaims from the house-top what was meant for a corner, and such an offender is the editor of this last instalment of Southey's correspondence.

Mr. Warter has not the art of expressing himself with clearness; but if we understand rightly a passage in his preface, he means it to be inferred, that whoever refuses to surrender to his misjudgment the letters in their possession, is not a friend to the Laureate. To us it appears on the contrary, that no one who respects Mr. Southey's memory will submit in this matter to the decision of Mr. Warter. His very veneration for his father-in-law, combined as it is with a total want of the most ordinary perspicacity, is an additional disqualification, and leads him to fancy merits where none exist. A few specimens of his editorial skill will be sufficient to demonstrate his utter incompetency for this or any other literary undertaking. The strange sentence which follows contains the account of his own attainments which he considers proper to be laid before the reader.

'For the few notes I am responsible, and they are as few as possible, not being myself a convert to the custom of overlaying an author with unnecessary disquisitions, or be-Germanised Excursuses, albeit long ago not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological; and from my long residence in Copenhagen, as Chaplain to the Embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas.'—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Mr. Southey was an Englishman and a man of letters who flourished during the present century, and the sources of knowledge to which Mr. Warter points, to prove that he could, if he pleased, illustrate his father-in-law's familiar correspondence, are 'German literature of all sorts, especially *theological*, Danish, and Swedish lore, and the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas!' The Icelandic Sagas can contain nothing so 'exquisitely curious' as this announcement, notwithstanding Mr. Warter's conviction that he is departing from the prevailing custom when he declines to overlay the domestic gossip of the Laureate with a copious commentary on German Theology and Northern Antiquities. It may be expected that the annotations of so self-denying an editor will all be weighty and to the purpose. Mr. Southey chances to allude to the well-known Silver manuscript preserved in the library at Upsala, and Mr. Warter thinks that this is an occasion

occasion upon which even he is bound to speak, but not without a renewal of his protest.

'It being contrary to my notions to overload a book with notes, I say nothing of the discussion of names here broached; but, on the mention of the *CODEX ARGENTEUS*, I cannot omit to state the delight with which I examined it on the spot, nor fail to remember the courtesy with which it was showed to me, many years ago.'—vol. i. p. 226.

Dr. Johnson has said that every one is of importance to himself; but what must be Mr. Warter's notions of his own importance to the world, when, note-sparing as he is, he yet deems it worth while to inform the public that he was shown a MS. with courtesy and looked at it with pleasure? There is worse folly still. Southey saw in a procession at Lisbon the representative of St. George riding on horseback, with an attendant walking on each side to hold him on by the feet, the peculiarity being that a *man* should need such assistance to keep him in his seat. To this Mr. Warter appends the following unparalleled comment:—

'*Little children*, at Warwick May fair, were held on by their feet in 1855. This is from an eye-witness—my sister-in-law Mrs. Hill.'—vol. i. p. 105.

What particularity of place, what precision of date, what carefulness to record that the circumstance was communicated by an actual eye-witness, whose name is given the better to authenticate the marvellous fact, and all this pomp of assertion and parade of evidence is to attest that the little children at Warwick fair who were too small to hold on a horse by themselves, were held on by some one else. Mr. Warter will be astonished to learn that the custom is not peculiar to Warwick, but is co-extensive with little children and ponies. It would be idle to add to these examples of solemn silliness: every one must see that the man who is capable of such folly could produce nothing better. When he now and then attempts the real elucidation of a passage he is positively unable to convey any meaning. 'For Francisco de Moraes,' says Southey, 'I have neither respect nor liking;' which draws forth from Mr. Warter this luminous note:—

'But see Grenville Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 519, and Quart. Rev. No. cxliii. p. 10. *LUIS HURTADA AUTOR al Lector*.'—ii. p. 5.

At first we supposed that the enigmatical 'Luis Hurtada author to the reader,' thus printed in small capitals, was one of Mr. Warter's numerous affectations, and that he had assumed the signature for the occasion from some such peculiar association as leads him to connect his father-in-law's correspondence with the Icelandic Sagas; but upon examining the authority to which he refers,

refers, we find that what he intended to convey was, that Southey was mistaken in supposing the romance of 'Palmerin' to be the work of Francisco de Moraes, Mr. Grenville having discovered in an early Spanish edition some acrostic verses of which the burthen is—'Luis Hurtado Autor al lector.' If Mr. Warter possessed one thousandth part of the ingenuity for which he gives credit to his readers, we should have been spared this ludicrous exhibition of hopeless nonsense.

The greatest offence of Mr. Warter remains. Every one who is familiar with the writings in which Mr. Southey gave free scope to his fancy, is aware of his propensity to indulge in levities upon sacred subjects. When his friend and benefactor, Mr. Wynn, accused him of irreverence, he replied that he was a little surprised at the charge, that few men had more of what Hartley called theopathy in their nature, or a firmer faith in the truths of Christianity. The justice of this assertion is beyond dispute; but notwithstanding the earnestness of his faith, the purity of his life, and the solemn tone of many of his works, there was some incomprehensible peculiarity of disposition which made him think many things innocent mirth which to others appeared exceedingly profane. There are numerous examples of the infirmity in the 'Doctor,' and a fragment intended for that medley, which is now printed by Mr. Warter for the first time, is the most objectionable effusion with which we are acquainted of Mr. Southey's unlicensed moods. It is a satire upon the Irish, and purports to be an ancient narrative of the second fall of Eve through eating 'the forbidden potatoe,' and 'of the escape of Pahat (Pat) at the Deluge,' with much more of the same description. The whole is written in imitation of the incidents and language of the Bible, and is, in fact, from beginning to end, a burlesque of the sacred history in the lowest style of familiar farce. To such incredible lengths is the irreverence carried that he even parodies the passages in which the Deity is represented as speaking from Heaven. Few deliberate scoffers have ventured upon anything half so shocking. Mr. Warter conceives it sufficient apology to say that 'those who knew Southey, and knew his deep-grounded religious faith, will not be offended at the phraseology.' The very excuse proves Mr. Warter's consciousness that the phraseology was unbecoming, and it is almost needless to remark that Mr. Southey's piety can reconcile nobody to a buffooning parody of some of the most awful narratives in Holy Writ. Far from inducing us to forego one of the highest instincts of our nature, which teaches nearly all persons to shrink with horror from the unhallowed junction, the predominant sentiment is one of unbounded wonder that a man so good could

could give loose to such ribaldry, or that a clergyman of the Church of England could be found to uphold it. If there was no excuse for printing the fragment, the temptation to it was just as little. It has no sort of merit; and the editor who did not reject it for its profanity, should have suppressed it for its dulness. There are several other casual expressions scattered about the letters, through which we should have expected a clerical son-in-law to draw his pen.

The miserable manner in which lives are now written and private papers edited, renders it necessary to speak with plainness upon the demerits of publications which degrade an important department of literature, and injure the reputation of the dead. There are not a few in late years who have lost the greater part of the credit they once enjoyed through the indiscreet attempts of admirers to perpetuate it. The last sacrifice to pretentious incapacity is James Montgomery of Sheffield, an excellent man and a respectable poet, whose virtues and verse combined undoubtedly entitled him to a brief memoir. Instead of a record in some proportion to his claims, four volumes of a bulky life, for which a Mr. John Holland is chiefly responsible, though it bears a second name upon the title-page, have already appeared, and two more at least are yet to come. So gigantic a monument to a person of no particular eminence provokes ridicule of itself, and the sentiment becomes one of disgust when the long-drawn narrative is found mainly to consist of verbose, pompous, dreary inanities. The poet speaks for himself in his works, but the man, to his lasting injury, is judged by the medium through which he is seen, which is that of his feeble and incapable biographer. In the case of Mr. Montgomery the materials and the execution are much upon a par. It is otherwise in the case of Southey. His talents were great, his writings were important, his associates were many of them eminent, his life was not devoid of striking events, his ordinary habits were individual and instructive, and his conduct in every private relation was singularly pleasing. There was full scope for narrative, literary criticism, and personal character, and nothing was required except skill to select and combine the ample stores in order to produce a charming biography. His family conceived that relationship was the principal qualification required for the purpose, and the fame of Mr. Southey has suffered sadly in consequence. There is now no likelihood that the task will be adequately performed, and we take advantage of the appearance of the letters which Mr. Warter has published to bring together the principal events in the career of their distinguished author during the early portion of the important period to which these

these volumes relate. In reviewing in 1851 his 'Life' by his son, we were obliged to confess that the grand problems of his history still remained in obscurity. Very much light has since been thrown upon particular parts of his conduct, and the effect has been to show that many things which before appeared wild and inexplicable were evolved, by a natural sequence, out of the position in which he was placed. To preserve the connexion of the narrative, and to embody the recently-published sentiments of Southey upon particular passages of his story, we shall be compelled to repeat a few of the facts we have noticed before; but it is so seldom that the workings of a mind like his are laid bare to the world, and there is so much interest in tracing its progress, that we believe we shall be justified in recurring to circumstances which are indispensable for obtaining a complete view of the man.

The correspondence opens with the interval between his leaving Westminster and going to Oxford, but what he was there and what he became afterwards, was decided by the previous course of his life. He had gone through a succession of provincial schools, in none of which he had been properly taught; and when he was sent to Westminster at the age of fourteen, he had passed the stage at which the elementary rules of Greek and Latin are commonly learnt; hence the defect was never repaired. He was especially backward in the manufacture of verse, and when he had attained enough of the bare mechanism of the art to satisfy the formal requirements of his master, he took no further pains. 'I recollect nothing,' he wrote in 1803, 'in the history of my own feelings with more satisfaction than the complacency with which I let many a dull fellow stand above me in my form, and the perfect resignation with which I wrote Latin worse than anybody who could write Latin at all. A coxcomb Etonian was once fawning about Coleridge at Cambridge, on occasion of some prize, and assuring him that he must get it, till Coleridge growled out at last, "No, Mr. F. the boot fits you, I can't get my leg in." Yet notwithstanding the consolation he derived from the reflection that the leg was too big for the boot, and his determination to content himself with exercises of cold lifeless metrical prose, he found the task extremely galling. His sleep in manhood was always a good deal mingled with dreams, and one of the worst and most frequent of his nightly visitations was the notion that he had these hated Latin verses to make. In consequence, in short, of bad training he was not a proficient in school studies, took little pleasure in them, and was unable in that direction to compete with youths who, although their abilities perhaps were less, had possessed greater advantages.

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'The little Greek I had sleepeth,' he said in 1807, 'if it be not dead, and can hardly awake without a miracle; and my Latin, though abundant enough for all useful purposes, would be held in great contempt by those people who regard the classics as the scriptures of taste.' He was prone to make false quantities, and his son relates that his habit in reading Latin was to catch at the general sense of a passage without much knowledge of its grammatical construction.

If circumstances had not favoured the accurate acquirement of the learned languages it was otherwise with the literature of his own country. His father, though belonging to a family, of which some of the members were affluent and well connected, had been embarked in trade, and finally settled as a linendraper at Bristol. He had neither knowledge nor love of letters, and had his son remained beneath his roof, the talents which made him famous would, in all likelihood, have never been developed. Happily, however, he was domiciled with an aunt, Miss Tyler, who had a passion for the theatre, and lived much with actors and dramatic writers. Young Southey was not only a delighted spectator of numerous plays, but, what was much more to the purpose, he had Shakspeare put into his hands as soon as he could read, and had gone through Beaumont and Fletcher before he was eight years old. A little later he became acquainted with Hoole's poor translations of Tasso and Ariosto; and the notes directed him to Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' He fell upon it with the keen relish with which the next generation of readers devoured the novels of Walter Scott, and it remained a fascination to him to the close of his days. He told Mr. Rogers that he had read it through thirty times. The sister of the great Lord Chatham, who had too much of his own spirit to live in amity with him, used to say sarcastically that it was the only book with which her brother was acquainted. Southey had realised already the intoxicating pleasure of drinking at these Pierian springs, and he never henceforth ceased to quaff them.

His poetical compositions almost kept pace with his reading. 'It is the easiest thing in the world,' he remarked to a friend of his aunt's, 'to write a play, for you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters and to make them say it.' He was hardly nine, when in obedience to this notion he commenced a tragedy on the continence of Scipio, and completed an act and a half. Ariosto diverted him from the drama and turned his attention to Epics, one of which he begun before he was ten. He planned many others in the two or three years which followed; and with some he had made considerable progress. He had already acquired the habit of moralising in rhyme

rhyme upon the events of his life. On his thirteenth birthday he was much impressed with the notion that to be in his teens was an awful step in existence, and he composed a poem with sundry reflections upon mortality. It is one of the luxuries of happy boyhood to feign sorrows which it has never tasted, and to imagine itself standing face to face with remote dangers—a dream of heroism with the consciousness of safety. He always considered that, through this constant exercising himself in English verse, he had made greater intellectual progress during the year and a half which preceded his removal to Westminster than at any other period, early or late. When he was nineteen he took a review of his manuscript poetical works, and found that he was already the author of 35,000 lines exclusive of numerous rhyming epistles.

This early authorship and familiarity with English literature were the main causes of his want of diligence in the severer tasks of school. His mind was pre-engaged by a less toilsome and more fascinating pursuit, and one which promised more brilliant results. To excel in Greek and Latin exercises was to him a pitiful ambition. He aspired to the fame of Spenser and Milton, and the conscious author of Epics could care little about his place in the form. All his desire was to write what should be read in his native tongue; and when the 'Trifler' was started by the Westminster boys in emulation of the 'Microcosm' of Eton, Southey made his first attempt to get into print by sending anonymously an elegy which he had composed upon the death of a sister. The Editor announced that it would be published with alterations, but it never appeared. He had still three years to wait for the accomplishment of this mighty event in an author's history; and when his wish was gratified, it was attended with unpleasant and lasting consequences. In conjunction with his friend and schoolfellow, Grosvenor Bedford, he commenced a periodical paper called the 'Flagellant,' of which the opening number was published on March 1, 1792. 'It was,' he said, 'Bedford's writing; but that circumstance did not prevent me from feeling that I was that day born into the world as an author, and if ever my head touched the stars as I walked upon earth it was then. It seemed as if I had overleapt a barrier which hitherto had kept me from the fields of immortality, wherein my career was to be run. In all London there was not so vain, so happy, so elated a creature.' The fifth number from his own pen was against flogging in public schools, accompanied with some reflections upon the practice in particular of the head-master of Westminster, Dr. Vincent, who commenced an action against the printer. Southey then confessed himself to be the author of the paper, and

was

was privately expelled. The effects did not stop here. He was shortly to have been removed to Christ Church, at Oxford, where a friend of his uncle would have procured him a studentship. The authorities of the college now refused to admit him, and he lost the provision which would have led on to fortune. He ascribed his subsequent aberrations to this unexpected exclusion. He had no idea, till he learnt it by the effects, that the essay would give offence. It was the mere ebullition of boyish thoughtlessness, and there can be as little doubt, from his own account in his manhood, that strictly construed it was an unbecoming effusion. The error of his superiors was in not having made sufficient allowance for the heedless unreflecting vehemence of youth.

Rejected at Christ Church, he found admittance at Balliol, and there he went to reside in January, 1793. Already he was thoroughly infected with the fever of the French Revolution, and believed that nothing was necessary to establish the reign of peace and good-will upon earth except to abolish the restraints which kept every man from being a law to himself. Once at Westminster he sent up a theme abusing the great constitutional champion, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Vincent returned the essay with a scolding. When all the circumstances are considered, it is easy to foresee what would be his college career. He had little liking for the scholastic studies of the place, and an ardent passion for English reading; he had learnt to despise dignities and to consider them the unenlightened bigots of the degenerate past; he was smarting from the penalties inflicted upon him for the 'Flagellant,' and entered Oxford with the feeling that he had been harshly deprived of his expected promotion. The *genius loci* was an evil genius in his sight, and it was impossible he should profit by it. 'Four years hence,' he wrote on his arrival, 'I am to be called into orders, and during that time how much have I to learn.' Porson said that he once thought of entering the church, and studied divinity for a year or two, but gave it up on discovering that he should require half a century of reading to satisfy his mind upon the several points. This was not the sort of preparation to which Southey alludes. The lessons he, in his own opinion, had to learn, were of another description. 'I must learn to break a rebellious spirit which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow; it would be easier to break my neck. I must learn to work a problem instead of writing an ode. I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom.' He expected 'to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy,' and consequently found them in every trivial regulation of the place. No flaming innovator ever suspected that it was possible

to be prejudiced against existing institutions as well as in their favour.

Shortly before he went to Oxford he tried to learn Euclid, pored over it for a fortnight, was confused by its contents, and returned to his favourite Spenser. At the University he made one or two fitful efforts to read Tacitus and Homer, but speedily relinquished the attempt. 'Of all the months in my life,' he wrote in 1807, 'those which were passed at Oxford were the most unprofitable. What Greek I took there I literally left there, and could not help losing; and all I learnt was a little swimming (very little, the worse luck) and a little boating.' With these exceptions he relished the recreations in vogue no better than the studies. The undergraduates, he says, gave way 'to every species of abandoned excess;' and he had happily a disgust of dissipation. His notions were refined, his feelings domestic, and he shrunk from the noisy revels and coarse language by which he was surrounded. Apart from one or two particular friends there was nothing congenial to his mind among equals or superiors. His notions of University education were ever after coloured by his own experience. He advised young collegians not to devote much time to the studies of the place, or to be solicitous about their degree. Such honours, he said, were like provincial tokens which only passed current upon the spot, and had but a temporary value even there.

A fresh circumstance rendered his position at Oxford more uneasy than ever. He read Gibbon at seventeen, which shook his faith in Christianity. A young Oxonian, Edmund Seward, whose name he always mentioned with love and veneration, drew him back to religion. The services of the church and college-chapel appearing cold, they attended the meeting-house, and were revolted. As long, however, as Seward remained, his influence sufficed to keep his friend from relapsing into scepticism; but he was no sooner gone than Southey became a Deist. Infidelity and Republicanism, as he himself testifies, were then everywhere in alliance. The Stoicism of Epictetus was substituted for the morality of the Gospel, and Southey, who not only read, but adopted the austere maxims of the heathen manual, used earnestly to recommend it for a guide long after he had become a convert to the Christian faith. He always believed in the virtue of anything which once had influenced himself, however different the circumstances. Having cast aside revelation, it was necessary now that he should cease to think of the church for a profession, and in the beginning of 1794 he forsook theology for medicine.

His hope of being able to assist his family, who were in  
indifferent

indifferent circumstances, chiefly depended upon his taking Orders, and he did not abandon the design without many conflicts and much anxiety of mind. His new calling did not detain him long. The dissecting-room proved too much for his nerves, and turning his back upon medicine, he inquired of his friend Bedford, who was a clerk in the Exchequer, whether it would not be possible to procure him a similar post. He had taken care, in the fervour of his enthusiasm, to make his republican opinions notorious, and the government were not likely to reward his zeal with a place. Some incident which affected him personally, and which has never been revealed, can alone account for the intense rancour which he felt towards Pitt. Not only did he believe such childish stories as that it was the minister himself who contrived to have the stone flung at the king's coach, that he might alarm the people into submission to his measures, but when the death of the great statesman was announced, he said with a ferocity which was not the least in his usual nature, 'that the best thing Pitt ever did was to die out of the way.' He broke out into still more intemperate language when he heard that Fox, who had been a favourite with him, was also gone. 'I am grieved at his death—sorry that he did not die before that wretched Pitt, that he might have been spared the disgrace of pronouncing a panegyric upon such a coxcomby, insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio.' The man who could speak thus of one of the most distinguished orators and ministers of modern times deprived himself for ever of the right to complain of detractors and critics.

While Southey lingered at Oxford, undecided what to do, and where to turn, he was conscience-stricken at his waste of time and the uselessness of his life, and sometimes expressed a wish that he was a labourer or mechanic. In one of his letters at the close of 1793, he exclaimed, that 'oppression was triumphant everywhere, that depravity pervaded the whole creation, and that there was no place for virtue.' In other words, he referred the disease which was in himself to the things about him. Because his deistical creed would not suffer him to become a minister in a Christian church, because his sensitive feelings would not permit him to prosecute anatomy, because his uncompromising republicanism would not enable him to enter the service of the king he anathematised, because he was headstrong and unsettled, and in this mood of mind there was no place for Robert Southey, he came to the conclusion that creation was depraved and virtue denied a home upon earth. The only quarter to which he still looked with hope was America,

and every scheme having failed, he appeared bent upon emigration.

It was at this crisis that Coleridge, late Cumberback of the 15th Light Dragoons, arrived at Oxford (June, 1794) on a visit to a friend, and was introduced to Southey. His principal theme was just then Socinianism, of which he was the intolerant Apostle. Southey, who was shocked at the practical consequences of irreligion among the sceptics and atheists with whom he had lately lived, was gladly convinced by his new acquaintance that the objections to Christianity did not attach to the Unitarian scheme. While Southey accepted the doctrines of Coleridge, the latter, who was loose in his morals, resolved to copy the good conduct of his disciple. The eloquent ex-dragon had hitherto paid little attention to politics; but among the airy visions which had been generated in his teeming brain was the project of Pantisocracy—a republic to be founded in the wilds of America, of which the fundamental principles were an equality of rank and property, and where all who composed it were to be under the perpetual dominion of reason, virtue, and love. With Coleridge this was nothing more at the commencement than a waking dream, a pleasant speculation of poetical philosophy; but the suggestion struck upon every chord of Southey's mind, and promised the fulfilment of wishes which for months had been fermenting within him. His tormenting self-reproaches would cease, his longing to go to America would be gratified, and he would enjoy the felicity of living in a pure democracy, where he could sit unelbowed by kings and aristocrats. 'You,' he wrote to his brother Tom in October, 1794, 'are unpleasantly situated, so is my mother, so were we all till this grand scheme of Pantisocracy flashed upon our minds, and now all is perfectly delightful.'

Coleridge, contented to have delivered a glowing description of Utopia, did nothing further, and departed on a pedestrian tour through Wales, where, as the ridiculous will sometimes mingle itself with the sublime, he feared he had caught the itch from an admiring democratical auditor at an inn, who insisted upon shaking hands with him. In his absence Southey matured the scheme with a fellow-collegian, Burnett, the son of a farmer in Somersetshire, and when Coleridge, in August, 1794, came through Bristol, on his way from Wales, his friend met him with a formal proposal to found Utopia in earnest. If the theory was due to one, the attempt to reduce it to practice originated solely with the other. Coleridge, who enjoyed anything as long as the talking stage endured, made no difficulties, and the happy

happy pair of Pantisocratists, who were to renew the garden of Eden in the wilds of America, at once set off on a walking expedition to the residence of their co-visionary Burnett. On the journey Coleridge discoursed much of a certain Mary Evans, with whom he declared he was deeply in love. The friends stopped, on their return, at the house of Southey's mother in Bath, and there Coleridge, to the astonishment of his fellow-pantisocratist, suddenly forgot his devotion to Mary Evans, and proposed to a newly-made acquaintance, Sarah Fricker. Southey was already engaged to her sister.

During the five weeks which Coleridge remained with his friend, he shared his time between making love to his Sarah and enlisting recruits for what he called 'Freedom's *undivided dell*.' The burthen of all his speeches had, ten years before, been summed up by Burns in a single stanza.

'But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
Whose heart the tide of kindness warms,  
Who hold your *being* on the terms,  
"Each aid the others,"  
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
My friends, my brothers!'

This generous and philanthropic text, set off by a wonderful affluence of words and imagery, might attract the young, who listened to no other monitor than the swelling emotions of their hearts when under the witchery of Coleridge's persuasive tongue, but no man of the least experience in life could have done otherwise than laugh, and there can be no stronger instance of the simplicity of the originator of the plan, than that he should have shared the conviction of one of his converts, who was intimate with Priestley, that the Doctor, the moment he was acquainted with the particulars, would beg to be admitted into the chosen band. 'Every thing,' wrote Southey, 'is in the fairest train. Favell and Le Grice, two young Pantisocrats of *nineteen*, join us.' This was the class which furnished the materials for the intended colony. The effect produced upon maturer minds by the rhapsodies of Coleridge, is admirably expressed in a report by himself of the remarks of a friend at Cambridge, whither he now directed his steps. 'He fled from me because "he would not answer for his own sanity sitting so near a madman of genius." He told me "that the strength of my imagination had intoxicated my reason, and that the acuteness of my reason had given a directing influence to my imagination."' The name of this friend is left blank in the Life of Southey. It ought to have been

been recorded on account of this single saying, which is the acutest and tersest criticism ever pronounced upon Coleridge.

It was early in the autumn of 1794 when Coleridge returned to Cambridge, and the winter, he informed a correspondent, was to be devoted by those of their number who from academic habits were deficient in muscular strength to agriculture and carpentry. It happened that the hopeful band of Pantisocratists were far too speculative to take a single practical step, or the first day spent at the plough and in the saw-pit would have dissipated their dream. The experience of Coleridge when a private in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomken Cumberback, was not of a kind to augur much success in his new calling. He never could learn to rub down his charger, and to escape punishment he purchased the assistance of a comrade by writing love-verses to his sweet-heart. The horsemanship of Silas was on a par with his grooming. He was covered with bruises from his frequent falls, and at each of these customary tumbles the men exclaimed with a laugh, 'Silas is off again.\*' 'Whose rusty gun is this?' inquired the inspecting officer. 'Is it very rusty?' asked Cumberback. 'Yes, Cumberback, it is,' replied the officer sternly. 'Then,' said Silas, 'it must be mine.' In organising the Pantisocratic regiment, Coleridge, remembering the stable trials of Cumberback, did not overlook the value of a competent deputy. There was a youth named Shadrack Weeks in the service of Southey's aunt, Miss Tyler. Him they persuaded to consent to leave doleful old England, and make one with them in Elysium. The fact is thus announced by Coleridge in large capital letters, with a double note of admiration:—'**SHAD GOES WITH US; HE IS MY BROTHER!!**' The most rational view which Coleridge ever entertained on the subject is shown in this sense of the importance of the co-operation of Brother Shad, for he was the only person among them who was capable of doing a day's work, or could have kept the rest from starving. Nobody had an equal interest with Coleridge in insisting upon a community of property. Whoever else might have worked, it is certain that he would not. If verse and eloquence could have sweetened toil no one would have been more successful in lightening the labours of his brethren. He would have talked much of the delights of industry and of the blessing of eating bread

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\* The 'noticeable man,' as Wordsworth called him, was a still more noticeable rider, notwithstanding his cavalry training. A stranger who saw him jogging along the road asked him jeeringly, 'Did you meet a *tailor*?' 'Yes,' answered Coleridge, 'and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a *goose*.'

by the sweat of the brow ; as Wordsworth afterwards sung of him,

‘ He would have taught *you* how you might employ  
Yourself,’

and there his mission would have ended.

The besetting sins of Coleridge were already beginning to appear. Instead of returning to Bath, as he had promised, he halted in London, and dropped all communication both with his friend and his betrothed. He was at last tracked to the ‘ Cat and Salutation,’ in Newgate Street, where his seductive talk had attracted such a number of customers, that the landlord offered him free quarters. Lamb refers in his letters to the delightful evenings he had spent with him in the smoky little parlour, discoursing on poetry over punch and welsh-rabbit. There Southey wrote to him, and received for answer that he would start on a particular day by the waggon. His eager and earnest friend walked to Marlborough to meet him, but the impatience was by no means reciprocal, and the faithless Pantisocratist was not among the passengers. The only chance of securing him was to go and fetch him, and a little while afterwards (January, 1795,) Southey went in person to the ‘ Cat and Salutation.’ Coleridge, who had ceased perhaps to draw crowded houses, had departed from the original scene of his success, but was found in full song at the ‘ Angel Inn,’ in Butcher-Hall Street, and was carried off to Bath. The motives for his conduct are easy to be inferred from his character. He never of his own accord left any place in which he was comfortable, and matters were now advancing to the point in which there was something to be done as well as said. As long as the punch and welsh-rabbit held out, and he had Lamb to listen to him, he would have remained unmindful of his engagement to go to the wilds of America.

Southey for the greater part of his life had been domiciled with his aunt. On learning the engagement of her penniless nephew with the equally penniless Miss Fricker, and his resolution to found a model republic on the other side of the Atlantic, she turned him out of doors. His mother endeavoured to improve her circumstances by keeping a lodging-house in Bath, but the result did not answer her expectations ; and, when Southey came back with Coleridge from London, he determined to be burdensome to her no longer, and left her, against her wish, that he might earn a subsistence in Bristol. The difficulty of getting a trial for Pantisocracy had from the outset been pecuniary. ‘ Money,’ wrote Southey, meaning the want of it, ‘ is a huge evil.’ People with nothing jumped at a community of property ; but men with possessions were not attracted by the idea. Southey, who expected to raise funds

funds by authorship, had, in the autumn of 1794, published at Bath, in conjunction with Robert Lovell, a small volume of poems, which brought neither fame nor profit. His chief reliance, however, was on his epic poem 'Joan of Arc,' which had been composed in six weeks in 1793, and with the proceeds of which he hoped to pay his passage to America, and buy 'a spade, a plough, and a few acres of land.' Epics were then more marketable commodities than they are at present, or are ever likely to be again; but Southey's *magnum opus* might have been left upon his hands till he was old enough to be sensible of its incurable defects, if, in his own language, he had not 'met with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself.' This was Joseph Cottle of Bristol, who, after hearing a portion of the poem, offered fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for subscribers. So crudely had the work been composed, that it took six months to correct what had been written in six weeks, and in the meanwhile it was necessary to subsist. When, therefore, Southey and Coleridge arrived at Bristol in January, 1795, it was with the purpose of delivering lectures as the speediest method of making money. The founders of Pantisocracy were already living under the constitution they had framed. There was to be an equal division of profits, and Coleridge had a foretaste of the great advantages of the arrangement, for the earnings of Southey were four to one, though the charge for admittance to his entire course of twelve lectures on History was but half a guinea. The fourth lecture was to be 'On the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire;' and Coleridge, in consequence of the particular attention he had paid to the subject, asked permission to deliver it. The room was thronged, but no Coleridge came; and the assembly were obliged at last to go lectureless to bed. The next day Southey remonstrated. Coleridge maintained that his non-appearance was immaterial. Southey responded, and presently the lamentable truth became apparent, that it was possible for Pantisocratists to quarrel. Indeed, Cottle observed about the same time that Coleridge and Lovell had ceased to speak. He inquired the cause, and Brother Coleridge replied that Brother Lovell was 'a villain.' The villainy turned out to be that Lovell, who was married to one of the Miss Frickers, had endeavoured to dissuade Coleridge from completing his engagement with Sarah until he was able to maintain her. These differences were of short duration, but they sufficed to show that human passions would not be extinct on the banks of the Susquehanna.

Coleridge had a singular aptitude, not to say passion, for lecturing in all places and on all occasions; and it is a striking  
proof

proof of his infirmity of purpose, that, in spite of the facility with which he spoke, the smallest motives would induce him to break faith with the public. Twenty years after he had treated the disappointment of Southey's audience with easy levity, he persuaded his friends at Bristol to subscribe to a course of lectures on Shakespeare. A Mr. Cumberland arrived on the appointed day from London, full of the fascinations of a passenger, who talked incessantly, and who declared his intention at Bath of seeing a lady, with whom he got acquainted in the coach, safe to her own door in North Wales. The copiousness of the traveller's discourse, combined with its charm, led Mr. Cumberland's brother to remark that he should have supposed it to have been Coleridge if he had not been engaged to lecture at Bristol that very afternoon. 'That,' said the other, 'was his name;' and without loss of time his friends sent round to the holders of tickets to state that the lectures were unavoidably postponed until further notice. When he arrived in Bristol, after his Welsh trip, a second day was fixed, but again the truant Coleridge omitted to appear. Search was made for him, and he was discovered delivering a private lecture over a bottle of wine to an acquaintance who had invited him to dinner. He was led away to his public audience, but not before they had been kept waiting an hour. Whatever the call, he was incapable of tearing himself from present enjoyment. Southey could not have gone on long without perceiving that something more was required than equality of power and a community of property to render men the quintessence 'of reason, virtue, and love;' but his first misgivings arose from the repeated lapses of Coleridge, and the conviction that no dependence could be placed on him. Even his remarkable conversation lost much of its attraction with its novelty. His deep metaphysical, critical, and theological speculations had introduced Southey to a new world of thought. It was, however, itself a narrow world, for Coleridge was one of those enthusiasts whose minds are absorbed by the doctrine they have last espoused. Southey describes him as repeating the same thing to every fresh company; and if they were at seven parties in the week, his set discourse was delivered seven times. His pauses occurred only at intervals of a quarter or half an hour, and he did not suffer the second personage in the dialogue to thrust in more than a few hasty words before he launched anew upon his loquacious course. This monotonous exuberance grew fatiguing after a while; and Southey, who, like everybody else, was bewitched by him at the outset, may have begun to feel alarmed at the prospect of being banished with him to the wilds of America. It was to the talkativeness of Coleridge that he ascribed his own taciturnity.

A pecuniary

A pecuniary crisis hastened Southey's determination to dissolve the partnership. In February, 1795, he had already discovered that it would be years before he could raise money to embark, and it soon became difficult to earn his daily bread. The friends projected a magazine, of which one peculiarity was to be the insertion of nothing but what was good, as if any editor ever from choice admitted what was bad. It was the Utopia of Pantisocracy applied to literature. Southey next sent a specimen of his prose to a London newspaper—the 'Telegraph'—and expected to be appointed a paid correspondent, but he was offered, instead, the place of a reporter. His apparently hopeless engagement with Miss Fricker pressed upon his mind, and hilarious as he was by nature, and self-possessed under difficulties, he became wasted with anxiety, and expected to sink under the trial. In the midst of his misery he exhibited a quality which manifests itself again and again in his life under every variety of circumstance—his intense delight in the mere act of composition, which is so distasteful to most men. 'I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen-pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking; my head was full of what I was composing; when I lay down at night I was planning my poem, and when I rose up in the morning the poem was the first thought to which I was awake.' But even the luxuries of composition will not for ever supply the place of food, and his literary expedients being completely exhausted by the summer of 1795, he was compelled by want to return to his mother's house at Bath. He communicated his formal abandonment of the American project to his colleague, who received it without remonstrance, and appeared as cordial as ever, but behind his back denounced him for a villain—a term which seems, in the vocabulary of Coleridge, to have been synonymous with a Pantisocratist. A total breach between them ensued, which lasted till the following year, when Southey, on his return to Bristol, sent up a scrap of paper to Coleridge's lodging, on which he had written, from a play of Schiller, the words, 'Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom which the human race thrice told will never fill up.' Upon this they were once more friends, in spite of Pantisocracy.

The colonial fraternity was dissolved on the secession of Southey; but the delusion is one which will recur at intervals, and it seemed worth while, for the sake of the moral, to construct a connected narrative from the accumulating documents which have filled up former blanks in the history. The particulars were all related or confirmed by the actors themselves, who, immediately the

the attempt was abandoned, acknowledged it with one consent to have been as wild as it was futile. Southey had been largely influenced by the reveries of Godwin, and, shortly after the bursting of the bubble, he wrote to Bedford, 'I have since seen his fundamental error, that he theorises for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present.' This is the fallacious assumption in every plan of the kind. Human nature is supposed to be something entirely different from what it is in fact, and an imaginary world is constructed out of imaginary elements. In the excellence of the materials no set of visionaries can hope, on the whole, to surpass, and few can hope to equal, the Bristol Pantisocratists. In general, the projectors are knaves and the rest are dupes. These young men were honest in their zeal, and believed in themselves. Coleridge had genius, and Southey, in addition to rare talents, was blessed with a cheerful disposition, a strong will, untiring industry, and the most perfect rectitude. Yet even he was about to carry with him to the banks of the Susquehannah a predominant feeling which was in complete contravention to the first article of their charter. He avowed, twenty years afterwards, that it was impossible to long more dearly than he did at this time for the honours of authorship. Such a craving was only another name for a love of ascendancy, a wish to be conspicuous among his fellow-men, and, while talking of Pantisocracy, he really worshipped the sole form of aristocracy to which he himself could hope to attain—the aristocracy of talent. The desire for fame and the desire for equality is a contradiction in terms. The want of a home and a profession, a mind dissatisfied with the world because ill at ease with itself, were the main arguments which turned the thoughts of the brother bards to founding a distant state, in the vague notion that the troubles of their lot would be left behind. A slight variation in their circumstances would have given a different direction to their thoughts. In 1799 Southey visited Coleridge at his mother's house at Ottery. Mrs. Coleridge was deaf, but seeing her son Samuel, whose speculative aberrations were not to her taste, arguing with his brothers, she took for granted he was wrong, and cried out, 'Ah, if your poor father had been alive, he'd soon have convinced you.' The sally amused the circle, but the simple lady had touched the primitive source of the evil. A little paternal influence and counsel would have nipped the folly in the bud, or rather, prevented it from budding. Coleridge was beyond the control of a mother, and, having exhausted the family bounty, he appeared to his associates, when preaching Pantisocracy at Bristol, to be without a relative in the world. Southey's father died about the time that his son went to Oxford, and the widow,

widow, far from exercising a wholesome restraint, encouraged the American delusion with all her might, and eager, no doubt, to escape from the pressure of straitened circumstances, resolved to be of the party.

Southey remained with his mother at Bath till the middle of November, chiefly employed in remodelling 'Joan of Arc.' An admirable uncle, the Reverend Herbert Hill, who paid the expenses of his nephew at Oxford, came home in August, on leave of absence from Lisbon, where he was chaplain to the British Factory. He strongly urged Southey to revert to his original destination and enter into orders. For implicit faith to comply with this request he would have given, he said, every intellectual gift he possessed, but it was only by perjury that he could pass in at the door. His uncle next proposed to take him for a few months to Lisbon, with the secret view of weaning him from his hot-brained theories and his attachment to Miss Fricker. The parting from his love was, in his own mind, the objection to the plan. Weary, however, he said, of refusing all his mother's wishes, and conscious that the time must pass unpleasantly anywhere, he consented to go. His exhausted finances had doubtless the principal share in the determination. He had paid his debts at Bristol with funds advanced by Cottle for a volume of miscellaneous poems, which were not yet prepared for the press, and there was no further prospect of profitable employment. One portion of his uncle's intentions he took care to frustrate by uniting himself to Miss Fricker on the very morning he set out on his travels, November 14th, 1795. They shook hands after the ceremony and parted in silence. Such was Southey's poverty at the time that Cottle furnished the money for the ring and fees. It was intended that the marriage should remain a secret, and the bride called herself by her maiden name, and wore her wedding-ring round her neck. When her husband got to Falmouth, a letter from his brother-in-law overtook him, informing him that the intelligence was already public. Considering the sensation which he and Coleridge had excited in Bristol by lectures, conversation, poetry, and Pantisocracy, and that according to his own account he was 'wondered at by all, hated by the Aristocrats, and was the very oracle of his party,' he might have been sure that the parson and clerk would not permit so notable a marriage to pass unobserved, to say nothing of the numerous whispering channels which were established through Mrs. Fricker and her six daughters, and the two Miss Cottles, and all the confidential friends of each of these ladies. With so many centres of communication, it is probable that the whole of Bristol had been told the news before night, with strict injunctions to let

let it go no further. Southey possessed at this time the self-denial and endurance of a man, but he exhibited more than a boyish simplicity in his ignorance of the world.

The Miss Cottles kept a school, and it was with them that he boarded his wife during his absence. The marriage was rash in everything except the virtues of the young couple, and they had enjoyed unusual opportunities for knowing that in this respect they were not deceived in each other. They had been almost bred up together, and Southey had for years esteemed Miss Fricker as a sister before he was of an age to dream of making her his wife. The attachment, long cherished in silence, was not avowed till the vision of American plenty led him to imagine that a competency was secured, and when all hope of realising the scenes of pastoral poetry was gone, it was hardly in his power to retrace his steps. The issue vindicated the improvident match. He traced all his happiness to his early union, and when, in 1834, the mind of Mrs. Southey gave way, and it was necessary to remove her to an asylum, he said, in one of the pathetic letters which he wrote on the occasion, that for 'forty years she had been the life of his life.' On her death, in 1837, he drew her domestic character in a few simple words, which have the soberness of truth, and show that he could not possibly have chosen better. 'No man ever had a truer help-mate—no children a more careful mother. No family was ever more wisely ordered, no housekeeping ever conducted with greater prudence or greater comfort. Everything was left to her management, and managed so quietly and so well that, except in times of sickness and sorrow, I had literally no cares.'

Southey landed in England May 15, 1796, after an absence of six months. What he considered the principal advantages of his Peninsular residence, the acquaintance with the language, literature, and localities of Spain and Portugal, was, we are persuaded, an unpropitious event, which has been extremely detrimental to his fame. His attention became directed to those countries in an especial degree, and he was led to make them the subject of the voluminous works upon which he relied for the larger part of his reputation with posterity. His scheme for the History of Portugal included its dependencies, and the only portion he completed—the 'History of Brazil,'—is related with fatal minuteness. Neither the scenes nor the events have much interest for Englishmen, and the bulky record lies neglected and almost forgotten. His 'History of the Peninsular War,' which was another result of the predilection he acquired in his travels, is equally unread, for no civilian can be an authority on military movements; and we need not be surprised at the statement of the Duke of Wellington,

ton, that Southey had signally misapprehended his battles and campaigns. Had he remained at home during the critical period when his tastes were becoming fixed, he would have selected an English theme for his chief productions; the minuteness of his narrative on topics which appealed to national sympathies would have enhanced their value, and, instead of depending for most of his popularity upon the minor writings which he thought unworthy of his powers, his fame would have been associated with some standard history of our language and literature. The best-laid schemes sometimes turn out the worst; and the journey to Lisbon was, we believe, in its permanent consequences, the most unfortunate step in Southey's life.

In other respects, change of place and society may have hastened the alteration in his political sentiments which time before long would have effected at home. His uncle, who was struck with his uncommon qualities of head and heart, and said that he had everything except common sense, detected little difference in his notions, for, as in all such cases, he continued formally to profess his creed when it was rapidly losing its hold upon his mind. His letters show that the lessons of experience had not been thrown away upon him. The horrors of the French Revolution, though he endeavoured to separate them from the cause in which they were perpetrated, affected him deeply. In Portugal he blessed himself that he was an Englishman, and came to the conclusion that, if his own country was not an *El Dorado*, it was yet better than any other. He had no sooner got back to it than he exclaimed, 'How does time mellow down our opinions! Little of that ardent enthusiasm which so lately fevered my whole character remains.' A twelvemonth later (June, 1797), he mentions that he never saw a newspaper and never thought of one. 'There was a time,' he wrote a few days afterwards, 'when I believed in the persuadability of man, and had the mania of man-mending. Experience has taught me better. The ablest physician can do little in the great *lazar-house* of society. He acts the wisest part who retires from the contagion.' He had tried his panacea upon a few select Pantisocratic friends, and the result of the experiment might well induce him to mistrust the power of his remedy to regenerate nations. Above all, he was tasting the sweets of domestic life, and, happy in himself, he had lost his passion for re-modelling the world. His republicanism was virtually at an end. Total apathy had succeeded to excitement, and when an interest in public affairs was rekindled in him, advancing years and understanding had modified his views. There was, however, a long intermediate period, and by his own statement it was not till he was forty that his opinions upon

'upon all important subjects were matured and settled.' In the subsequent heats of party he was frequently stigmatized for a renegade. Never was the imputation less deserved. 'Mine,' he said truly, 'has been a straight-onward path. Nothing more has taken place in me than the ordinary process of beer or wine—of fermenting, and settling, and ripening.' His youthful errors were simply those of a warm heart and an immature judgment, and every candid person will admit the justice of his assertion, that he had no more reason to be ashamed of having been a republican than of having been a boy.

Southey returned from Portugal with 18*l.* in his pocket, the balance of 30*l.* which he received for his journey from his uncle. The money for the copyright of '*Joan of Arc*' had been expended on the board of his wife during his absence. He was Cottle's debtor in a volume of miscellaneous poems, for which he had already been paid the stipulated thirty guineas. He had to discharge this obligation and to find ways and means of living till Christmas. He immediately commenced that life of patient literary toil from which he never swerved again while health and intellect remained, and which must be numbered among the most memorable and instructive examples in the annals of authorship. 'One overwhelming propensity,' he wrote in 1800, 'has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank and wealth; but it has made me happy, and will make me immortal.' A later retrospect confirms the assertion. 'I have been,' he said in 1809, 'in as many situations of real suffering as falls to any man's lot between the years of seventeen and twenty-two. But since that time no man's life can have passed more smoothly.' The period from which he dates his felicity had just arrived, and he shut himself up with his newly-restored wife and gave full swing to his literary passion. By the close of the year he had completed his poems and a volume of '*Letters on Spain and Portugal*.' Of these letters Cottle was also the purchaser, and week by week he advanced the author, who had taken a lodging in Bristol, the small sum which sufficed for his frugal wants. He at the same time became a contributor to the '*Monthly Magazine*,' which added no great deal to his finances. The remuneration was only five guineas for sixteen closely-printed pages, and his earnings from it in the first eight months amounted to seven pounds and two pair of breeches. His earliest contributions were chiefly poetical, and he sent such pieces as were not worth printing in a collection of his own. The proceeds of his subscription copies of '*Joan of Arc*' came in aid of these resources.

The new year brought a change. Among the dearest of his school

school and college intimates was Mr. Wynn, who, though by no means rich, promised, when he was of age and had the control of his inheritance, to allow Southey 160*l.* a year. The first quarterly payment of this generous annuity commenced in January, 1797. Southey was possessed of lofty independence and a delicate sense of honour and propriety, and nothing could afford more conclusive evidence how free were his friendships from every notion of grovelling selfishness than that, with such a nature, he should have taken, without misgiving, the proffered bounty. A mean man would have been indifferent to the obligation, a proud and worldly man would not have incurred it, and it was only one whose warm affections were without the least alloy of baser motives that could at once have felt the full force of the favour and not have hesitated to accept it. He knew that the friendship which was worthy of the name was not a mercantile transaction; that it kept no debtor and creditor account; and that noble natures gave and received with no other sentiments than those which appertain to the heart. Had the money, he said, been his own, he would have retired from the world, and lived without one wish unsatisfied; but, endowed with youth, energy, and talents, he justly considered that the proper use to be made of the gift was to employ it in a way which would enable him to dispense with it. In this design he determined to study the law.

In February, 1797, he entered at Gray's Inn, and shortly after took a lodging at No. 20, Prospect Place, Newington Butts. His intention was to practise in Chancery, partly because he shrunk from the 'coarse, brow-beating methods' employed at the Common Law bar, partly because he discovered from conversational contests that he was easily disconcerted by a confident adversary, was deficient in quickness, and could not hit at the moment upon the right answer to a bad argument; but chiefly he selected equity because he could not take any share in prosecuting a capital case without the entire sacrifice of his peace of mind. People were then hanged for such trivial offences that humane men might well refuse to countenance the system; and Sir Arthur Pigott, when he had risen to the top of his profession, declared that he never would accept a seat on the bench, from his invincible objection to act as a criminal judge. But Southey's scruples were of a more sweeping kind. 'Were I,' he says, 'to be instrumental in bringing a murderer to the gallows, I should ever after feel that I had become a murderer myself.' That this was then a principle, and not the mere tenderness of a sensitive heart, is probable both from the notion having been common among the partisans of the French Revolution, and from his eagerness,

eagerness, in later life, to refute the Quaker dogma of the unlawfulness of resistance and of putting any man to death. He planned and commenced a poem, with a Quaker for the hero, and the main purpose of the story was to bring him into a position in which his conscience would oblige him to kill a villain on the spot. There could have been no peculiar force in this method of arguing the question, for it would have been the conscience of Southey, and not the conscience of the imaginary Quaker, which would have compelled the deed; but that the Laureate should have constructed such elaborate machinery for so trivial a purpose is a sure sign that the doctrine once had had a strong hold on his mind. It was frequently objected to him, in his calmer days, that he wrote with unwonted bitterness against the principles which he himself had formerly entertained. This of all the descriptions of intolerance is held to be the worst; but, though it is a temper to be discouraged, there is a redeeming motive for it. The errors which a man has experienced in his own person are those of which he has the greatest knowledge, and which, from that very circumstance, appear to himself to be the most pernicious.

While Southey was weighing the comparative advantages of Common Law and Equity, it must have been evident to any sagacious acquaintance that he would never become a lawyer at all. He entered upon the study with aversion and contempt. He said it was a horrid jargon, a quibbling collection of voluminous nonsense. He had no desire to attain distinction in it, nor any intention of attempting to rise above a third-rate practitioner. His wishes were bounded by 500*l.* a-year, of which he hoped to hoard up half, that he might be in a position, before his life was far spent, to throw aside the wig and gown altogether. He resolved, in the meanwhile, that poetry should secretly share the time with Coke and Blackstone, the only legal works he ever possessed; and of this slender provision the Coke was borrowed. 'I commit wilful murder,' he wrote to Coleridge, 'on my own intellect by drudging at law; but trust the guilt is partly expiated by the candle-light hours allotted to Madoc.' In such a temper he naturally studied with an averted mind, which was impatient to get to its favourite pursuit; and the dry technicalities passed, hour after hour, over his closed understanding without being suffered to penetrate it. 'The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it, it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence, but close the book and all was gone.' He called it thrashing straw; and that very conviction prevented his getting at the grain. An additional trial was the obligation imposed upon him to live in London; for an unconquerable

heaviness oppressed him as often as he breathed its atmosphere; and he was continually fretted by the vices, follies, and miseries which met his eye. For the country he had a passion. Here every object of nature appealed to his fine sensibilities, and filled him with joy. He made his escape from his first town residence in the beginning of June, 1797, and took a lodging at Burton, near Christchurch. The autumn was spent with his mother at Bath; and in the end of November he returned to keep his terms; but the following February he had fled again to the West, on account of the ill-health of his wife; and after a few visits among his friends, he removed with his mother at the Midsummer of 1798 to the village of Westbury, near Bristol, where he took a house for a twelvemonth.

The abode they selected had been previously an inn, and the new-comers were expected to sell beer. Just as they had assembled one morning, a respectable woman, in a silk gown, walked into their apartment, and laying down her muff, and seating herself by the fire, said, 'I am come to take a little breakfast.' Southey was obliged to leave the room to laugh; but his wife and mother entertained their guest with courteous gravity. When the stranger had finished her meal, she asked what she had to pay. 'Nothing, ma'am,' said Mrs. Southey, senior. 'Nothing! why, how is this?' 'I don't know how it is, but so it is,' replied her hostess. 'What! don't you keep a public?' said the intruder. There were not a few peculiar parallels in the history of the Lake Poets. When Wordsworth went to reside at Grasmere, the house he hired was the 'Dove and Olive Branch.' The year which Southey spent in the Westbury 'public' was always remembered by him as of one of the happiest portions of his life. It was also one of the busiest. 'I never,' he said in 1838, 'before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time.'

From the commencement of his legal training he had done much more in literature than steal to 'Madoc' in the evening. In March, 1797, he was translating from the French the second volume of Necker on the Revolution, at the rate of sixteen printed pages a-day. At the same period he was drawing up a series of Essays for the 'Monthly Magazine,' on Spanish and Portuguese poetry. In April, 1798, he agreed to furnish the 'Morning Post' with occasional verses for a guinea a-week. In December of the preceding year he became a regular contributor to the 'Critical Review;' and though he avowedly bestowed no pains upon his accounts of books, the mere penmanship absorbed a vast amount of time. His motive for performing this ungrateful task-work was not to add to his own annuity, which sufficed for his wants, but to enable him to assist his needy relatives. He had his younger

younger brothers to establish in the world; his mother was in straitened circumstances; his mother-in-law was poorer still. He had a cousin, Margaret, who was an object of his bounty; and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell, was now a widow, and destitute. To answer every call of beneficence which grew out of family-ties was to him as natural as to breathe. He welcomed the duty without a hesitation or a murmur, and, surrounded by a circle of connexions less prosperous than himself, to his honour be it spoken, he remained to the last a Pantisocratist in his home.

The multifarious compositions which he threw off to maintain his charities did not, however, any more than the law engage the principal part of his attention. His mind was bent on the elaboration of some poem which the world would not let die; and the world had given him greater encouragement to indulge the expectation than we should at present suppose, if we were to judge by the works he had hitherto produced. The cause of this has been explained by himself. When 'Joan of Arc' was published during his absence in Portugal in 1795, most of the critical journals supported the republican doctrines which pervaded his epic. They praised the poetry for the sake of the principles, and the public, who rejected the principles, accepted the verdict. The sensation his work created was, he says, such as to revive the epomania of which Boileau had cured the French a hundred and twenty years before. The sale proved the success. His own receipts from 'Joan of Arc' and the little volume of poems were 138*l*. 12*s*. Cottle, the bookseller, had cleared by them 250*l*. up to the middle of 1799, and he then sold the remainder of the copyright for 370*l*. In negotiating, in 1800, the sale of 'Thalaba,' the next of his long poems which issued from the press, Southey remarked that, even if it were worthless, his name alone would carry it through an edition. Yet the whole of his celebrity was derived at that time from his juvenile epic, and so little was he aware of the source of its popularity that he pruned from the second edition many of the revolutionary passages which had originally won for him the good word of the reviewers. His literary friends did not assist to enlighten him, if we may infer the opinions of the rest from the excessive but honest admiration of Lamb. 'With "Joan of Arc,"' he wrote to Coleridge at the period when the two great pillars of Pantisocracy were not upon terms, 'I have been delighted and amazed; I had not presumed to expect anything of such excellence from Southey. On the whole I expect him one day to rival Milton; I already deem him equal to Cowper, and superior to all living poets besides.' Notwithstanding such tributes, Southey soon became conscious of the literary defects of his first attempt to emulate

the Homers and Miltons; and we find him, in October, 1799, writing to William Taylor, 'If I live, I may, and believe I shall, make a good workman; but at present I am only a promising one.' Judging, therefore, from the flattering reception of what he was aware was a crude and imperfect performance, he naturally inferred that better pieces would secure him still greater renown. 'Madoc' was the grand theme which, in this expectation, engaged his care at Westbury. 'It shall be,' he said, 'my monument: all else are the mere efforts of apprenticeship.'

The poem upon which he intended to rest his fame was completed in 1799, and Coleridge advised him to give it to the world without delay. He resolved instead, to follow the advice of Horace, and keep it by him for some years, and the result is an illustration of one of his predominant characteristics. When he originally finished it, he professed that he had done it 'thoroughly to his own satisfaction.' He commenced revising it in the latter end of 1803, and found it so faulty that, in his own language, he pulled it down to build a better edifice on the same ground. The reconstruction cost him a twelvemonth's hard work. While the labour was proceeding, he declared that the renovated portion was fit to be read to Spenser himself if he were upon earth—Spenser being selected because he just then ranked him higher than Milton, though he was not always steady in this preference. When the poem was published in 1805, he again blew a note of triumph. 'I am satisfied with it; and, die when I may, my monument is made. That I shall one day have a monument in St. Paul's is more certain than I should choose to say to everybody.' Yet the work had only been a few months before the world, when the faults again became perceptible to him, and he made up his mind to alter the catastrophe in the next edition. These fluctuations of feeling had equally occurred in the case of 'Joan of Arc,' and were repeated with every successive poem. The high opinion he entertained of his compositions while they were fresh explains the delight he derived from authorship; and as his calmer judgment of his past pieces never affected his satisfaction with the one in hand, the pleasure was perennial.

Southey's mention of the quantity of poetry which he produced at Westbury brings before us another of his habits. The enormous number of bad pieces which he had penned from childhood upwards taught him, he said, to write better. It may be doubted rather whether it did not teach him a dangerous facility. There have been persons, such as Lord Byron, who have combined strength with rapidity, and whose violent emotions seemed almost spontaneously to assume the form of passionate verse.

Southey's

Southey's effusions were of a tamer kind. His delight in his own conceptions did not call up a corresponding force of expression, but when he wrote fast he was betrayed into languid diffuseness. His best poems are not free from the defect, nor hardly his best passages. The excessive expansion of language with which he spread out his ideas is one cause why none of his lines have passed into proverbial use. In his maturity he composed with greater deliberation and care; but, accustomed, when he was incapable of higher excellencies, to consider metre as identical with poetry, he never quite threw off the pernicious practice he then acquired of putting commonplace particulars into tedious verse. If his successive revisions had been chiefly confined to correction and condensation, he would have done much to diminish the evil, but he was less inclined to polish than to cut away by wholesale and engraft a new, and usually a larger limb. The fresh insertion was thus liable to the same defects as the part which had been removed; and when we can compare the different versions, it is evident that the poem seldom gained, and sometimes lost, by the process. After his propensity to diffuseness had been pointed out to him he could not perceive it. During his Westbury residence he projected a tragedy. 'The difficulty,' he wrote to Mr. Wynn, 'which I find in every subject that has occurred to me, is to make enough of it. I cannot wiredraw a story. This will seem odd to you who think me prolix and dilated.' What he mistook for conciseness was a want of fertility of invention. The difficulty in conducting a story is to keep it alive with incident and movement, and this was an art in which he was peculiarly deficient. His fancy chiefly displayed itself in description. His poems were always based upon chronicles, travels, and mythologies, and his imagination could not dispense with these aids.

It was another defect that his sense of harmony was imperfect, and here again the facility with which the boy-poet was satisfied had contributed, we suspect, to render him less exacting than if he had commenced later, or had composed more sparingly when he was young. He acknowledged himself that he was a very negligent versifier. 'Mine is an easy, good-natured ear, tickled at sounds which would jar that of any other person.' His general estimation of his poetical labours suffered some abatement in his later years, and he certainly in the end was inclined to rest the larger share of his fame upon his prose compositions. '*Me judice*,' he said in 1805, 'I am a good poet, but a better historian; because, though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling.' Apart from occasional fits of reviving fondness for his poetic

poetic offspring, this was his settled opinion. The public has hitherto confirmed his judgment. Great as is the talent displayed in his verse, it fails on the whole to create an active interest, and the mind is not hurried on by the animation of the narrative, or often detained by the transcendent charm of isolated beauties.

But we are still at the period when, full of hope and energy, he believed that he had the power to scale the heights of Parnassus. In addition to 'Madoc,' he poured forth a profusion of lesser pieces. He published a second volume of 'Minor Poems,' with Cottle, and in the beginning of 1799 prepared a volume of Miscellanies at the suggestion of William Taylor of Norwich, under the title of the 'Annual Anthology.' It proved only a biennial. This collection contained contributions from several hands, but with a preponderance of pieces from the prolific editor under various signatures. He had not abandoned his intention of being called to the bar, and he wished to conceal his service to the Muse from attorneys jealous of a divided duty. His secret was necessarily entrusted to many, and his name was given in some of the journals by thoughtless critics eager to communicate any fragment of literary gossip to the public. 'In reviewing anonymous works myself, when I have known the authors,' said Southey on the occasion, 'I have never mentioned them, taking it for granted they had sufficient motives for avoiding the publicity.' The perpetual violation of this rule of propriety in the present day makes it desirable that the sentiments of a man should be known whose fine perception of honourable conduct was among his most conspicuous qualities. The tasks we have enumerated would have occupied the lifetime of slower or lazier bards. They were insufficient to fill up Southey's year. He planned a work in three volumes, to be called the 'Kalendar,' in which every day that had some distinguishing characteristic was to be the subject of a poem. He did not advance far in the scheme, which no skill could have redeemed from insufferable dullness. The greatest mistake of Southey's literary career was to have wasted his strength upon ill-chosen topics.

Southey numbered it among the happiest recollections of Westbury that it was the period at which he became intimate with Davy. This surprising youth had come to Bristol in 1798, when he was hardly twenty years of age, to superintend an establishment called the 'Pneumatic Institution,' which had just been founded by Dr. Beddoes. Southey immediately detected the extraordinary powers of his new associate. 'You shall see Davy,' he writes to Bedford, 'the young chemist, the young everything, the man least ostentatious of first talent that I have ever known.' 'He is a miraculous young man,' he says to William Taylor,

Taylor, 'whose talent I can only wonder at. I have never witnessed such indefatigable activity in any other person, nor ardour regulated by so cool a judgment.' He was then experimenting upon the effects on the human system of inhaling gases, and in spite of the panegyric on the coolness of his judgment, his scientific enthusiasm was abundantly mingled with rashness. He nearly killed himself by breathing carburetted hydrogen gas, and the first faint words he uttered to his alarmed assistant, as consciousness began to return, were, 'I don't think I shall die.' He permanently injured his health by these daring efforts to get at the secrets of nature. But what Southey hailed with especial satisfaction was the discovery of the properties of the nitrous oxide which hitherto had been deemed irrespirable. He was affected by a smaller quantity than anybody else. It produced in him an idiotic laughter, a delirium of pleasurable sensations. The very tips and toes of his fingers seemed to laugh in concert and his teeth to vibrate with delight. His hilarity was increased throughout the day, and no dejection ensued when the agreeable effects had passed away. The results varied with the disposition of the subject. His own was joyous, and his natural cheerfulness was exalted by the stimulus. Others were rendered pugnacious, and one young lady, after inhaling the gas, rushed impetuously down the street and leaped over a large dog which stood in her path. Davy was a poet, and it was in Southey's 'Anthology' that those juvenile pieces appeared which, though they have the faults of undisciplined genius, show that if he had not been absorbed by science he would have been famous in literature. He heard and applauded 'Madoc' at Westbury, and Southey was a constant visitor at the Pneumatic Institution, where he seldom failed to regale himself with the 'wonder-working gas.' Few things in life can be conceived more delightful than the constant intercourse between these two gifted and ardent men, both brimful of talent and knowledge, and both luxuriating in that early feeling of conscious power and eager inquiry which, like many other early pleasures, can never be renewed in its pristine strength.

'The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.'

Southey's health broke down under the multiplicity of his employments. Sedentary habits brought on a nervous affection towards the close of 1798. It went on increasing, and ended, in the autumn of the following year, in a nervous fever. He abandoned his task-work, but rest did not restore him, and his physicians

sicians advised him to go abroad. The prescription fell in with his wishes. He longed to continue his researches into the political and literary history of Portugal, and in April, 1800, he once again bent his course to Lisbon. The morning after he finished 'Madoc' he began 'Thalaba,' in spite of ill health, with that unabated ardour which was one of his remarkable characteristics, and completed a hundred lines before breakfast. Eight books were wound off by the time he started, and it was his original intention to sell the copyright to pay the expenses of his journey, but his old school-fellow, Elmsley, saved him by the gift of 100*l.* from the necessity of hurrying his poem through the press. Southey never courted favours, and the spontaneous liberality of his friends testifies of itself in the strongest manner to the impression made upon them by his worth and talents. The Lisbon packet was detained six days at Falmouth by contrary winds, and Southey seized the opportunity to compose half a book of *Thalaba*. Ill and at an inn, surrounded by bustle and waiting with anxious expectation to depart, the author predominated over all, and the process of verse-making went ceaselessly on.

'It was not merely climate,' Southey wrote from Cintra, July 25, 1800, 'that I wished to seek as medicinal—it was the plunging into new scenes, the total abandonment of all irksome thoughts and employments. It has succeeded.' The palpitations of the heart, the nervous fears, the troubled nights, were exchanged for the extremest health and spirits. He continued for some years after he came home to dwell with delight upon the perpetual exhilaration of a climate that not merely, as he said, prolonged life, but gave him double the life while it lasted. The mere act of breathing was a positive pleasure. The principal drawback was the want of a friend, which he numbered among the necessities of existence—'as essential almost as air and water.' Yet even this he would have foregone for the sake of the enjoyment of a southern atmosphere, and when he got back to England, his fondest hope, never to be realised, was that he might obtain a situation in Lisbon which would enable him to return and make it his adopted country. His earliest business during his present and last sojourn was to finish 'Thalaba.' He forwarded it to London in October, 1800, and sold the first edition of a thousand copies for 115*l.* He now found, to his astonishment, that neither the merits of the poem itself, nor the name of the author of 'Joan of Arc,' attracted purchasers, and it was seven years before the edition was exhausted.

A more extensive labour than the completion of 'Thalaba' was the collection of materials for his history of Portugal. He  
searched

searched archives, transcribed manuscripts, pored over chronicles, and visited the scenes of remarkable actions. In the midst of these occupations he received an intimation from Mr. Wynn that there was the chance of procuring him the secretaryship to some Italian legation, and, in obedience to the summons, he hastened to England, where he arrived in July, 1801. The expectation was disappointed. He had now abandoned all idea of the law, and in celebration of his joyful release from bondage he burnt his Blackstone. 'I was once afraid,' he wrote on the occasion, 'that I should have a deadly deal of law to forget whenever I had done with it, but my brains, God bless them, never received any, and I am as ignorant as heart could wish. The tares would not grow.' But it was not easy to find a substitute. 'The foreign expedition,' he said, 'that has restored my health has at the same time picked my pocket.' He had sunk a year's labour while abroad amassing stores for future works; he had been at a considerable expense for Portuguese and Spanish books, his journeys had raised his living to a much greater cost than at home, and he made allowances to his mother, his brother Henry, and his cousin Margaret. Unless these circumstances were enumerated we should form a very imperfect idea of his merits, for the brave and cheerful spirit with which he bore his formidable burthens, and the industry which enabled him to support them, are not the common attributes of humanity, but distinguishing traits of this great and admirable man. For a short period fortune seemed to smile upon him and relieve him from his difficulties. He was appointed private secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a salary of about 350*l.* a year. He went to Dublin in October, 1801, and found the Chancellor absent. 'What did I,' he says, characteristically, 'but open "Madoc," and commenced the great labour of rebuilding it.' It is by these trifles that his literary ardour is most forcibly illustrated. He might well aver that he would rather 'leave off eating than poetising.' After spending about a fortnight in Dublin he returned with Mr. Corry to London. The duties at the outset seemed ludicrously light, but it ultimately turned out that the Chancellor, under the name of a secretary, wanted a tutor for his son, and as the poet, notwithstanding the precedent of Milton, declined to turn pedagogue, the engagement came to an end in the summer of 1802.

In the mean while he had resumed his ancient task-work. Once more he was rhyming for the 'Morning Post,' reviewing for his old repository the 'Critical,' and for a new publication, the 'Annual Review,' which was set on foot at the beginning of 1802. When, at the end of 1805, he talked of abandoning this

vexatious

vexatious drudgery, he mentioned that the proceeds had been about 90*l.* a-year. Small as were the profits for the large amount of letterpress he furnished, they were the only satisfaction he derived from it. 'I take too little pleasure,' he said, 'and too little pride in such work to do it well. Their honesty is their best part.' Whatever groans he uttered were usually extorted by this portion of his toils. 'But patience!' he exclaimed: 'it is, after all, better than pleading in a stinking court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor—better than calculating profits and loss on a counter—better, in short, than anything but independence.' Other minor employments were still crowded into the year 1802. He undertook to abridge an old version of 'Amadis of Gaul,' and prefix an essay. The work was published in four vols. in 1803; and as he had to re-translate a considerable portion of the book, it proved a laborious undertaking.

All this time his main employment was the 'History of Portugal.' He could have made double the income if he would have devoted his pen exclusively to temporary topics; but he cared more for future fame than for ease or money, and having provided for the hour which was passing over him, he vigorously bestowed every remaining moment on his cherished schemes. He began to find the composition of his history 'a greater, quieter, and more continuous pleasure' than poetry itself, and though doomed never to be completed, it made rapid progress during this and the two following years. The political events of 1806 attracted attention to the American part of the subject, and hoping to hoist his sail while there was wind to fill it, he diverted his attention from the mother to the dependent country, and in twelve years succeeded in finishing the 'History of the Brazils,' in three vols. 4to. 'I leave nothing to be gleaned after me,' he exclaimed exultingly, regardless of the maxim of Voltaire, 'Woe be to him who says everything upon a subject that can be said.' It was the more ill-advised that Southey acknowledged that, though the country was fine, its history was not. But bulky as was his work on Brazil, it sinks into insignificance by the side of the entire scheme for the History of Portugal which was sketched by him as follows in 1804:—

'1. History of Portugal—the European part—3 vols. 2. History of the Portuguese Empire in Asia, 2 or 3 vols. 3. History of Brazil. 4. History of the Jesuits in Japan. 5. Literary History of Spain and Portugal, 2 vols. 6. History of Monachism. In all, ten, eleven, or twelve quarto volumes; and you cannot easily imagine with what pleasure I look at all the labour before me.'

In the execution, as invariably happened with him, the work would

would greatly have exceeded its projected limits—and who in England was to wade through a score of massive quartos upon Portugal? When William Taylor asked him the question, he answered, 'that one day he should by other means have made such a reputation that it would be thought a thing of course to read them.' His more usual avowal was that the reputation would be won by the history itself. Thus he reasoned in a circle: his history was to get him reputation, and his reputation was to get readers for his history. Neither result ensued. On the publication of the third and last volume of the '*Brazils*,' the reception of the former two had destroyed his expectation of present popularity; but, driven from this hope, he took refuge in posterity. 'What effect,' he said, 'will the book produce? None that will be heard of.' To this apparently desponding preface he adds, with inextinguishable buoyancy of sanguine anticipation, 'that ages hence it will be found among the works which are not destined to perish.' 'With regard to "*Kehama*,"' he wrote in a similar frame of mind, 'I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns, while my contemporaries were setting Turkey beans. The oak will grow, and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will.' Vanity was his principal foible, and his self-exaltation was rendered doubly offensive by his envious disparagement of his most celebrated contemporaries. His highest eulogiums were reserved for persons who had been treated with comparative neglect. He got to believe that the fame which, like Jonah's gourd, had shot up rapidly, would, like the gourd, wither rapidly away, and that if his own was of slow, it would be of permanent, growth. This doctrine reconciled him to his abortive plans and bootless toil, and enabled him to persevere in what to more diffident men would have been a disheartening course. He continued, in short, to defy the indifference of the public because he was a public to himself. 'No work of mine,' he said, after experience had taught him how little he was to expect from an unwise generation, 'could possibly occasion less sensation in its appearance than it does on me. Then my solicitude ends—the brood is fledged, and has left its nest.' It would have been otherwise if his books had been looked for with impatience and read with avidity. Their cold reception, as it was, would not suffer him to be elevated above the level of tranquillity, and no discouragement could depress him below it.

His mother died in January, 1802. In 1804 he had reason to believe, what proved unfounded; that his eldest brother, an officer in the royal navy, had fallen in battle. On both these occasions he uttered the same reflections—that no one was left with whom  
he

he could talk of his early days—that it was a desolating thought to have so many feelings and recollections which not a being on earth could share, and that it seemed to him like the loss of so much of his existence. He spoke of the felicity of his life, and of his desire to complete the great works he had planned, but wished the task done, and the time spent, that he might rejoin in another world the relatives who had passed away. These are the sentiments of a man whose affections were both tender and lasting, who clung with fondness to every kindly association, and felt that to break the links was to deprive him of a precious part of his being. The sorrow was manifested with far greater intensity on the death, in August, 1803, of his eldest child, an infant of a year old. It almost broke his heart; and when in less than a twelvemonth after another little girl supplied her place, he, who thought it a duty not needlessly to foster feelings which might again be lacerated, determined to love her with the wary wisdom of one who had tasted the bitterness of the anguish. The attempt to stifle emotions which were lurking within him could not long be successful, and he was later drawn into a deeper love than his first, and suffered a still more overwhelming sorrow. Against the ordinary cares of life he was entirely hardened. 'Even,' he said, 'when showered upon him they fell off like hail from a pent-house.'

It is related in the 'Table-Talk' of Rogers that he spent some time with Southey and Wordsworth at Lowther Castle. While the rest of the party were enjoying themselves in the grounds in social converse, Southey sat alone in the library. 'How cold he is!' was the exclamation of Wordsworth. Cold he was not in his family, as we have seen, nor was he cold in his attachment to his friends, but his manners were chilling, and he acknowledged that he had been led by disgust of hypocritical professions into the opposite extreme. This defect, for a defect it was, to suppress the heartiness which generates kindness, for no stronger reason than that there are pretenders in friendship as in everything else, exposed him to be misunderstood. He confessed he thought better of those he loved best than his outward reserve permitted them to suppose. To this must be added, that his almost unbroken domestic life gave him a distaste for busier scenes, and he was unable to carry about with him the cheerful spirits which never forsook him at home. Until he was on perfectly easy terms with his company he had an indisposition to talk. The presence of strangers caused him, to use his own language, to roll himself up like a hedgehog, and appear a stiff disobliging sort of person. 'Accustomed,' he said in 1799, 'to seclusion, or to the company of those who know me,

me, and to whom I can out with every thought as it rises, without the danger of being judged by a solitary expression, I am uncomfortable amongst strangers. A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will, my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot satisfy, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most, and leave them in the best humour with me.' It would have been preferable, no doubt, that his manners should have been the index of his heart, but the kindly part of his character was so peculiarly excellent, that we must be careful to do him the justice he omitted to do himself when he suffered taciturnity and reserve to be the inadequate representatives of one of the warmest and most benevolent natures in the world.

In the excessive grief which attended the loss of his first-born child, Southey found his highest consolation in religion. His creed had undergone an extensive change since Coleridge had brought him over from infidelity to Socinianism. Coleridge had always admitted that the Bible was against him; that St. John and St. Paul were not Unitarians; and that those who asserted otherwise would lose all character for honesty if they were to explain their neighbour's will with the same latitude with which they interpreted the Scriptures. Neither he nor Southey could long retain doctrines which they confessed to be contradicted by the very revelation upon which they were compelled in part to base them. As early as June, 1803, we find Southey avowing that had he, at twenty-three, held the creed to which he had attained at twenty-nine, he would have taken orders, and in 1807 he had his son baptised into the church. Upon this point, however, there must have been some fluctuations of opinion, because in 1809 he stated that his sentiments disqualified him for any office which required subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; and in 1811 he spoke of himself as still what in Puritan times was called a Seeker—a sheep without a fold, a member of no community whatever. But there had not been any wavering on the great question of Christianity itself, of which he remained an earnest and steady adherent. His recently-published letters reveal the curious fact that the particular sect to which he secretly inclined was that of the Quakers. He says he was originally drawn to them by the discovery that religion could never be a quickening principle if it was only assented to by the understanding without an operation of spiritual grace—a singular reason to allege, since the tenet is common to all Christians. 'Were there a meeting in Keswick,' he wrote, in 1807, 'I should silently  
take

take a seat in it; but I should not alter my language nor my dress, should pay my Easter dues, and stand in no fear of a pack of cards.' Their conduct in resisting tithes he thought foolish and troublesome; in prohibiting particular articles of dress, forms of language, ceremonies, and games, needless or frivolous. He disapproved of their principle of preaching, that is, we presume, of allowing any person to speak, women as well as men, and of their keeping silence until some one supposed himself prompted by the Spirit. Their doctrines against war he would have had little hesitation in declaring to be the system of the Gospel except for his hostility to Napoleon. 'My reason,' he said, 'is convinced, but I want to have the invasion over before I allow it to be so!' This is a curious and direct avowal that he made his principles bend to his feelings. The morality of the Quakers, he added, was perfect; but a doctrine like Southey's could have made no part of it. Except on this question of self-defence, the morality of the Quaker is not more self-denying than that of other denominations of Christians; and Southey would seem, from his profession of faith, to have been at variance with them on almost every point in which they differ from believers in general. He even acknowledged that if George Fox had drawn up a creed, it would not have been the creed of Robert Southey; and the chief article of agreement which he specifies is, 'the abstaining from attempting to define what has been left indefinite.' Yet he continued for many years in this state of secret allegiance to a body who never guessed what a distinguished convert they had made—sometimes saying that he was a Quaker in fact though not in form, and sometimes slightly qualifying the avowal by calling himself an 'almost Quaker.' At what period he relinquished the sympathy does not appear. In 1811, when he spoke of 'their littleness of mind, their incorrigible bigotry, and their more than Popish interference with the freedom of private actions,' his attachment to the sect was certainly on the wane; and the severance had grown so wide in 1829, that, writing to Mrs. Opie on her joining the community, he took care to announce that he 'was far from any approach to Quakerism himself.'

On his release from the duties of his almost sinecure secretaryship in the spring of 1802, Southey went to Bristol, and it was there that his child had died in the autumn of 1803. He hastened from a place which was full of painful associations, and joined Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick, that Mrs. Southey might have the solace of her sister's companionship. From this house he was destined never to move. First a guest, then a joint occupier, and finally sole tenant, he lived and died in the place to which he had gone on a passing visit. 'I have rather  
sunk

sunk here,' he wrote in 1809, the day after the death of one of his children, 'than cast anchor by choice, for I never had funds which enabled me to look about and choose a resting-place. Whether I may ever remove is very doubtful. I have now broken ground in yonder churchyard, and to a man who has no other freehold, even a family grave is something like a tie.' After he first arrived he continued for a while to frame other schemes, and to hope, though with no very ardent desire, for some moderate preferment; but his lot was cast, and his days thenceforward were spent in an almost unvarying round. Already we have endeavoured to give an idea of the enormous extent of his literary undertakings in the year which preceded and the year which followed his second visit to Portugal. For nearly forty years more there is the same annual tale to tell. Nay his employments multiplied as he grew older, and the mind is oppressed by the contemplation of the unbroken succession of tasks which followed wave upon wave. He continued nearly to the end to perform the double duty of writing for bread and writing for posterity. His very temperament required that his day should be shared between two or three works, for an undivided attention affected him injuriously, and disturbed his sleep. Of deep and protracted thought he was physically incapable. He could not, he said, compose any work which required methodical reasoning, nor did he willingly grapple with argumentative subjects on a smaller scale. He wrote slowly on all such questions, and it was only in narration that he had a ready pen. Just and sagacious reflections abound in his works, but they are such as spring up naturally in a shrewd mind largely conversant with books and not unacquainted with men.

It was without design that the sole profession of Southey became that of an author, but it was his ardent love of authorship, alienating his mind from every other pursuit, which produced the result. In the earlier period of his career he would now and then utter a faint regret that he had not chosen the church, but his more common and ultimately his abiding feeling was that of rejoicing that he had been drawn into the course he took. 'I bless God,' he wrote in 1829, 'even for having gone astray, since my aberrations have ended in leading me to a happier, a safer, and (all things considered) a more useful station.' But his case was peculiar, and affords little encouragement to other adventurers in the same line of life, for they have rarely if ever that union of qualities which made what he acknowledged to be a perilous path secure for him. He had none of the temptations to idleness and pleasure which have beset

beset the mass of his brethren. As Dr. Johnson thought that the highest throne of human felicity was a tavern chair, so Southey's throne was to sit at his desk. 'I can't *think* of him,' said Coleridge, 'without seeing him either mending or using a pen;' and it was justly remarked of him by Rogers that he was never happy except when reading or making a book. His letters overflow with raptures at his employment, and if he sometimes exults that he has got to the end of an unusually protracted task, it is chiefly that it leaves him leisure to commence, with to-morrow's dawn, another formidable project. No clerk could copy with more continuous regularity than Southey composed, and no holiday-maker, relieved from his habitual drudgery, could turn his back upon his business with a merrier heart than Southey went to his appointed labour. He had the further advantage that he was almost proof against the cravings and cares which disturb the majority of aspiring men. He wanted no man's society, patronage, or praise. He spent his time with the dead in preference to the living; his main pursuits concerned the past, his expectations were in the future, and he was all but independent of the present. While punctual in earning money, he had the rarer quality, notwithstanding his unusual benevolence, of being prudent in spending it. He said he was moderate in his wants from feeling and principle as much as from necessity, and that nobody could write a better practical treatise upon the art of economising with perfect comfort. He was careful to calculate his means before he incurred expense, and all his payments were as regular as every other habit of his life. In addition to this, he was never, it must be remembered, entirely dependent upon his literary earnings. He had from the outset the allowance of 160*l.* a-year, which was regularly paid by Mr. Wynn till he had obtained for him a pension of equal value from the Government. Yet with his talents, his industry, his providence, and his annuity, he was constantly on the verge of poverty, and nothing except a calm and confident disposition, and a constitutional cheerfulness which could only be subdued by affliction, kept him from being a prey to unceasing anxiety. Nor was even his philosophy and hopefulness always proof against the difficulties of his position. The uneasiness creeps out at intervals, and, however admirably it was borne, must have been far from trivial, since it was the long-continued pecuniary solicitude which was supposed to have undermined and finally overthrown the mind of Mrs. Southey. All these things considered, there are few persons who would be tempted by the instance of Southey to place their sole reliance upon literature. As Sir Walter Scott said, it is an excellent crutch but a rotten staff.

staff. It is, however, as the pattern of a methodical and indefatigable author that the life of Southey is most deserving of notice. The gradual transition by which he passed from republicanism and infidelity to the strenuous conviction that the peculiar blessings enjoyed by England are to be traced to its constitution in Church and State, and especially to the first, is interesting as the history of hundreds of ardent and inquiring minds; but men will always get at their opinions in their own way, and it is the example he set of domestic virtues, of clerk-like diligence, and cheerful contentment which is best calculated to excite imitation, as it must always extort the highest admiration and praise.

Having reached the period at which Southey entered upon his unchanging course of life, we should here have left him for the present if an unfounded accusation against the late Mr. Murray, who first suggested to Sir Walter Scott the establishment of the 'Quarterly Review,' and to whose enterprise and sagacity was due much of its success, did not call for some comment from the journal which he planted and fostered. Though the very statement which conveys the charge is sufficient for its refutation, and though the imputation is in direct contradiction to the quality for which Mr. Murray was pre-eminently conspicuous, the high authority of the Laureate might, if the passage was left unnoticed, impose upon hasty readers, who are less familiar than the last generation with the character of the man he has gratuitously maligned.

In 1810 Southey contributed an article on the 'Lives of Nelson' to the 'Quarterly Review.' Mr. Murray offered him 100*l.* to enlarge this essay, and publish it with his name in a separate form. The work appeared in 1813, and was among the most esteemed of the author's productions. In 1815 Southey wrote a paper on the 'Life of Wellington,' for the Review, and the crowning victory of the great Captain having immediately afterwards raised the popular enthusiasm to its utmost height, Mr. Murray invited Southey to reprint his article, with additions. This proposal is thus communicated by the Laureate to his friend Mr. Bedford.

'I must tell you a good manœuvre of the Bibliopole's. He proposes to give me fifty guineas if I will amplify the Wellington article a little, annex to it a full account of the late battle, and let him publish it within three weeks in one volume, like the "Life of Nelson," as a "Life of Wellington," and with my name. Now he knows very well that if he had *primâ facie* proposed to give me 150*l.* for a "Life of Wellington," I should not have listened to any such proposal. I might with good reason have considered it as a derogatory offer. But because, through

my principle of doing things of this kind as well as I can without any reference to price or quantity, he got from me a fair "Life of Nelson," instead of a mere expansion of a paper in his Review; and thereby (though he paid me 200*l.* instead of 100*l.*, which was the original offer for one volume) got from me for 200*l.* what I certainly would not have sold to him for 500*l.* had the thing been a straightforward business from the beginning,—because he has dealt so thrivingly in one instance, he wanted to trepan me into this kind of bargain.'—*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 413.

In what tone Southey wrote when he was attacked may be seen in his 'Letter to William Smith,' and from this it may be judged with what fierce indignation he would have denounced an adversary who had ventured to represent any transaction of his in which he had made a distinct and straightforward proposition, without the least ambiguity or concealment, and which the person to whom it was made was entirely free to accept or refuse, as an attempt to *trepan* another into an injurious bargain. There could be no *trepanning* where every circumstance was frankly stated and thoroughly comprehended, and if it was what Southey calls 'a derogatory,' it was at least a candid offer. But more than this, the terms of it show that Mr. Murray could not possibly have entertained the design which Southey imputed to him, and that the proposal was equally honest and liberal. There was an express stipulation that the book should be published within three weeks, which would have allowed Southey only a few days to effect the required enlargement. A fortnight was the utmost time that could have been spared for it, and never in his life was he paid fifty guineas for a fortnight's work except by Mr. Murray himself. The palpable object of the publisher was to bring out the book before the excitement consequent upon the battle of Waterloo had cooled, and the eager curiosity which craved gratification at the moment had died away. It was not an elaborate Life of Wellington which was wanted or intended. This might have answered another end, but could not have been got ready to meet the demand of the hour, and the disingenuous scheme which Southey concocted in his own brain, and then fathered upon Mr. Murray, would have altogether defeated the wishes of the latter. It was expressly to guard against any such procrastinating amplifications that the publisher made it the very condition of the bargain that the book should appear within three weeks. A hundred and fifty pounds would even to a man of Mr. Southey's eminence be still thought a liberal, and was then an unheard-of price for writing and slightly enlarging a reviewer's sketch of the Life of Wellington, nor did the Laureate himself pretend that it was insufficient, except for the entirely different work which he had shaped in his imagination—a work which would have been actually prohibited by the contract. An  
imputation

imputation of trickery and cunning which rests upon no sort of evidence is merely discreditable to him who makes it; and when, as in the present instance, the charge is directly at variance with the facts, there is nothing which can extenuate it, except the circumstance that it occurs in a letter which was written at the instant, and that men, in the carelessness of confidential intercourse, will hastily admit unworthy suspicions, which upon reflection they would disown. It is one of the evil consequences of an editor like Mr. Warton, that his want of discernment leads him to perpetuate passages in which he sees nothing except the aspersion of others, and is blind to their bearing upon the reputation of the person whom he most desires to serve.

Southey in one of his letters speaks of the character which Mr. Murray had obtained for liberality. This is notorious to every one who has associated with the eminent literary men of the last generation, nearly all of whom have now, alas, disappeared from the scene. No one was ever more entitled to the praise which Dr. Johnson gave to Millar, of having raised the market value of literature, and his dealings with Southey himself are an instance of it. When the 'Quarterly Review' was established, the articles were paid at the rate of ten guineas a sheet, which was the same scale that had been adopted by the proprietors of the 'Edinburgh Review.' This was higher remuneration than Southey had ever received before for similar work, and he told his brother that he could not only afford at this price to write with care, but to re-write his essays where the subject required it. Before a year elapsed he was offered, for the article on the 'Lives of Nelson,' twenty guineas a sheet, or double what he had acknowledged to be ample, and he spoke playfully of having invented a new mode of criticism in order to merit his fee. For the review of the 'Life of Wellington' he got 100*l.*, and he thought the sum so large that he himself called it 'a ridiculous price.' Yet this ridiculous price he continued to receive, and he was in the habit of saying that he had been as much overpaid for his articles as he had been underpaid for the rest of his works. Often as we have heard of the liberality of Mr. Murray, we are acquainted with no stronger testimony to it than this confession of Southey, that he had been overpaid by him for years.

The conduct of Mr. Murray with respect to the 'Life of Nelson' was, we think, no exception, but the reverse, to the general tenor of his dealings. He offered 100*l.* for the enlargement of the article. Southey knew what he was expected to do, and what he was to receive for doing it. He chose, for his own satisfaction, to extend the plan without asking, as he was bound

to do, the consent of the publisher ; but Mr. Murray, on seeing the result of his labours, voluntarily paid him double the stipulated price. It was impossible that he could divine what was passing in Southey's mind, or suppose that he valued work at 500*l.* which he did of his own accord under an agreement for 100*l.* Mr. Murray may justly have considered that he was acting liberally when he gave him exactly twice the sum which was named in the bond. Nor can Southey's estimate of his own writings be accepted as a true indication of their pecuniary value. Nothing has struck us more in reading his letters than the contrast between the gain which he anticipated from his publications, and the price which they realised. He said he would not sell his first volume of his '*History of the Brazils*' for 500*l.*, because the eventual profit would be considerably greater. Yet long after he had put forth the second volume he stated that the two together had not brought him the amount he received for a single article in the '*Quarterly Review*,' and when the third and last came forth from the press, he discovered that all three would hardly pay their expenses. He had great hopes from '*Madoc*,' and the profits of the first twelvemonth were 3*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* His books, in short, had not been successful, nor did they ever attain an extensive circulation. A large part of his reputation was derived, as we learn by his own statements, from the '*Quarterly Review*;' and at the period when he undertook to amplify the article on Nelson, he was much less celebrated than he afterwards became. His name, consequently, did not then carry with it the weight that we might now imagine. The '*Life*,' even when it had been a second time expanded, only filled one of the small volumes of the '*Family Library*,' and we cannot discover that at the date of the original edition, Southey had ever before made two hundred and fifty guineas by the same amount of prose. For the subsequent revisal for the '*Family Library*' he received an additional 100*l.*

Besides the charge against Mr. Murray, of practising discreditable manœuvres to obtain the copyright of books for less than their value, the letter to Mr. Bedford contains the allegation that the correspondence of Mr. Murray was interspersed with both broad flattery and broad hints; the latter, it seems, being in the nature of advice. When it is considered how ill Southey understood the taste and wants of the reading world, and how peculiarly unfortunate he was in most of the schemes in which he was left to his unfettered judgment, a publisher might well believe he was rendering him a service in indicating what was likely to sell. In any case there could have been nothing improper in the course; in the case of Mr. Murray it had more than

than ordinary warrant. His drawing-room was the resort of most of the eminent men of letters of the time. It was there that they daily met to talk over the books and topics of the hour; and the hints which Mr. Murray sent to Keswick were in all probability the substance of opinions expressed by the highest authorities in literature. The commendation was as honest as the advice. Southey, who did not spare flattering eulogiums upon himself, had a morbid distrust of the compliments of others. On Coleridge telling him that he loved and honoured him, he replied that he believed it; but if anything could raise misgivings, it would be that Coleridge should have uttered his feelings. The same sentiment occurs again and again. He was not more critical of censure than of praise; and though far from consistent in his professed aversion to homage, it was difficult to foresee in any particular instance whether he would welcome an admirer as a friend, or repudiate him as a hypocrite. The truth was that he loved commendation, but was prone to suspect that it was not sincere. In the present case the doubt was without foundation. The services which he rendered to the 'Quarterly Review' were always fully appreciated; and Mr. Murray showed his sense of their value when, by Southey's own testimony, he overpaid him in money as well as in praise. If it was an error to have given him more of both than he deserved, it was at least the failing of a generous mind; and were we called upon to select, we would rather for our part have committed the fault than have brought the accusation. No apology can be required from us for a defence that we should have been blameable to withhold. The sole regret we feel is, that we should be compelled to mix up Southey's honourable name with ungracious comments. The chief blame, we repeat, belongs to Mr. Warton. A life-earned character may be written away in a single moment of thoughtlessness or spleen, if every opinion which an eminent man lets fall of another in his private correspondence is to be given to the world; and no censure can be too strong for those who, by printing the casual ebullitions of the hour, convert the confidences of intimacy into a public libel upon the dead.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Turkey and its Inhabitants. The Moslems, Greeks, Armenians, &c. — the Reformed Institutions, Army, &c., described.* From the French of M. A. Ubcini. Translated by Lady Easthope. 2 vols. post 8vo.
2. *Eastern Papers, Part XVII., Firman and Hatti-sheriff by the Sultan relative to Privileges and Reforms in Turkey. Presented to Parliament.* London, 1856.

WHEN in the month of December Austria again undertook to propose terms of peace to the Russian Government, there was scarcely a statesman or a politician who entertained either the belief or a hope that they would be accepted. These terms, generally known as the Five Points, were presented in the form of an ultimatum, and a distinct answer, Yes or No, was demanded within the space of fourteen days, any modified acceptance being declared inadmissible. The manner of making the overture was consequently offensive enough to a great and haughty power which had hitherto defied the rest of Europe, and had refused to descend from that position of superiority and arrogant contempt for international law assumed in its dealings with Turkey and the Allies. The matter could scarcely be less distasteful and humiliating to Russia than the manner in which it was submitted to her. She was called upon to make palpable sacrifices—sacrifices which, whether suffered with an intention to adhere to them, or with the determination to seize the first opportunity of compensating herself for them, were at any rate sufficiently evident to affect her influence in the East, and to shake that prestige to which she owed so much of her power and success. Notwithstanding this serious blow to her national character, abandoning the pretensions she had put forward the previous year at the conferences of Vienna, and from which she then declared nothing but complete defeat and disaster would compel her to recede, she accepted the conditions offered to her through Austria, by the Allies, as a basis for the negotiation of a treaty of peace.

We examined at some length in our last Number the nature of those conditions, and we pointed out how far, in our opinion, they attained the objects the Allies had in view when they entered into the war. We admitted that in many respects those immediate objects would be gained if Russia unreservedly accepted the terms offered to her with an honest intention of adhering to them. At the same time we expressed a doubt, shared by those best acquainted with the policy of Russia, as to whether she would even entertain the proposals made to her. The cession of a considerable part of Bessarabia, although the new frontier line appears to be ill defined, and to be in a military and political point

point of view far less advantageous than the river boundary of the Dniester, which the Allies, it appears to us, ought to have been in a condition to demand, nevertheless removed Russia from the banks of the Danube, and gave the free and uninterrupted control over the mouths of that great river to Turkey and its dependent principalities, Wallachia and Moldavia. The destruction of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, together with the stipulation that it should not be rebuilt, and that the arsenals and great naval depôts in the Black Sea should be destroyed, secured the Turkish capital from a *coup de main*, which, if successful, would shake the empire to its foundation, and probably end in the complete overthrow of the Ottoman dominion in the East. The abolition of Russian protectorate in the Danubian Principalities would remove from those important provinces the chief cause of incessant internal commotion, and would deprive Russia of one of those excuses for interference in the internal affairs of the Ottoman empire which have so frequently led to a rupture, and of which she was always ready to avail herself when the moment for acquiring fresh influence or territory was considered opportune. The proposed solution of the difficulties involved in the relations of Russia with the Christians of Turkey, professing the Greek faith, was less satisfactory. We have already shown that concessions made by the Sultan in favour of his Christian subjects, upon the demands of foreign powers, and communicated officially to those powers, if they be of any value, must be to a certain extent guaranteed. As Russia is to be admitted, on the conclusion of peace, to the same position as regards Turkey as the Allies, she virtually becomes a guaranteeing power, and regains her old rights and influence, with this important difference, however, that she will now exercise them in virtue of a treaty, and with the sanction of England and France. With regard to the fifth point, not being acquainted with the precise objects which it contemplated, we were unable to express any opinion upon it, although of great importance, and indeed deeply affecting several vital questions, which had been left undefined.

Although calling upon Russia to make the sacrifices we have described, the terms in which the Five Points were drawn up were such as to cause as little offence as possible to her pride, to soften the nature of the concessions, and to render them as palatable as they could possibly be rendered under the circumstances. As long as essential principles were maintained, this course was equally wise and dignified.

Nevertheless, however much her susceptibility may have been considered, she has been compelled to make concessions which last year she declared utterly inadmissible and humiliating to her position

position as a great Power. What, then, has led to this sudden change in the national policy, and to the giving up of pretensions which she declared it to be an inviolable political and religious duty to enforce? We believe the truth to be, that Russia had greatly over-estimated her means even of defence against so formidable a coalition as that arrayed against her. It now appears that the immense efforts made by the Emperor Nicholas to meet the necessities of the war had exhausted the population and the productive resources of the empire. Levies after levies had decimated the provinces, and produce of every kind had been collected and absorbed in the attempt to supply the unlimited demands of many armies defending a vast line of frontier open to attack on all points. Disease and war consumed, almost as soon as they arrived, those who were sent to recruit the shattered divisions. It would be difficult to estimate the number of human lives which have been sacrificed to the inordinate ambition and unscrupulous policy of one man. The secret will, probably, never be known; if it were to transpire, it would, we believe, far exceed even the largest calculations hitherto made. To this drain upon the population must be added the exhaustion of the financial resources of the empire. Unable to raise a loan, even on the most unfavourable terms, in the markets of Europe, or to turn to his own subjects for increased taxes and forced or voluntary contributions, the Emperor could no longer find the means absolutely necessary for carrying on the war.

We believe that the one great and overwhelming difficulty which at last compelled the Emperor to yield, and even disheartened that party in Russia which was ready to make every sacrifice to carry on the struggle, and looked upon any concession as a national dishonour, was the absolute destruction of all the means of transport throughout the south of Russia. Had the war been continued, it would have been impossible, we are informed on the best authority, either to maintain or to recruit an army in the Crimea, or in any of the southern provinces of the Empire.

The rapidity with which men and provisions were supplied to the Russian army during the early part of the siege of Sebastopol excited the surprise of the Allied Commanders. Large bodies of troops were known to have been transported from Odessa to the seat of war in carts. We remember too well how the uniforms of regiments supposed still to be on the Pruth were found scattered over the bloody field of Inkermann, and how the very existence of the Allied armies was threatened by divisions which were officially reported to be defending the frontiers of Bessarabia against an imaginary enemy, our Austrian ally. Day by day, those who watched on the heights overhanging the Tchernaiya  
marked

marked the long trains of wagons which, slowly issuing from the narrow gorges and winding through the valley, bore abundant supplies of food and clothing to our enemies, whilst our own gallant countrymen were perishing from cold and hunger. A continual stream of such convoys crossing the dreary steppes of the Crimea carried to the besieged city the produce of the plains of Southern Russia—no longer exported to the markets of Europe. But few, if any, of these innumerable carts ever returned to the place from whence they came: they had been seized in the towns and villages, and their wretched owners had fled to avoid being driven away with them. When they had served their immediate purpose, time could not be lost in sending them back, and they were consequently abandoned. The horses, left without food, soon died, the oxen were killed for meat, and the carts were broken up for fuel. Thus, we are credibly assured, has the whole of Southern Russia been stripped of its land transport, so essential to its agricultural prosperity. Not only could those provinces no longer supply the army in the field with their produce, but a blow has been inflicted upon their former prosperity, from which it will be long ere they can recover. Several years must elapse before they can again furnish the means of sending to the shores of the Black Sea those vast supplies of grain which were formerly poured into the markets of Europe, and formed the riches of one of the most important and flourishing portions of the dominions of the Czar—a result of the war which may be eminently beneficial to the corn-growing districts of Turkey.

It is not surprising that, such being the real condition of the empire—hitherto carefully concealed from the knowledge of Europe—and considering the vast preparations which had been made by England and France for a third campaign, together with the refusal of any direct assistance from Austria and the German States, the Emperor Alexander should at last have perceived that he was engaged in a hopeless struggle, and should have accepted the really moderate terms offered to him by the Allies before he was called upon to make concessions which would have seriously curtailed his power and prevented the ultimate accomplishment of the objects of Russian policy. As yet Russia was not crippled beyond the means of speedy recovery. Her vast resources, although undoubtedly affected in some respects by the war, still remained. A few years' peace, with a well-directed administration, the reconstruction of her army, the encouragement of agriculture, the development of useful public undertakings, and the employment of foreign capital, would re-establish her national character and restore her European credit.

credit. She was called upon to make no sacrifices which could really take from her the means of successful aggression upon Turkey hereafter. The territorial concession imposed upon her was, after all, of a trivial nature, and would probably be more than counterbalanced by the indirect recognition of territorial claims which had previously been disputed. She was only to be bound by a treaty, and a treaty with her has always been so much waste paper when it has suited her to evade it. She had still many chances in her favour. Was it probable that the close alliance between France and England, which had been the only cause of her defeat, would continue? Might not the States of Europe be, ere long, involved in a war, or in internal political convulsions, which would prevent them from again uniting against her? Did not the Ottoman empire contain in itself the seeds of decay, and offer by its own weakness and misgovernment continual excuses for interference, and, if necessary, for open rupture? Did she not possess after all the real influence in Turkey, the influence based upon the sympathy of the greater part of the Christian population, arising out of community of religion, of language, and of race? Could she not by intrigues, bribes, and threats recover her lost position in the Principalities, where venality is almost the universal rule, and honesty and patriotism rare qualities, and where an Austrian occupation had taught the unfortunate inhabitants to look even to Russia for protection? Could she not evade her engagement not to rebuild her navy destroyed at Sebastopol? Had not those very war-steamers which had threatened Constantinople and the Turkish coasts been constructed in England and been brought into the Black Sea through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, in defiance of a treaty, as merchant or postal vessels?

Such being the advantages offered by the acceptance of the terms of peace, whilst inevitable defeat and humiliation, followed even by a dismemberment of the empire, awaited her if she persevered in the war, it could only have been that haughty pride and exaggerated reliance upon her great resources so characteristic of the policy of Russia which could have induced her to reject the conditions proposed to her through Austria. We confess that we were amongst those who believed that that pride had not yet been sufficiently humbled, and that the truth was still too well kept from the Emperor to lead to a hope that he would have yielded, or that the national party would have been brought to renounce their extravagant designs. The condition of the empire must indeed have been serious, and the danger of a catastrophe imminent, to have brought about this sudden change in the policy of the Russian Government.

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We fear that it will eventually prove a source of great misfortune to Europe that the demands of the Allies were not more commensurate with the sacrifices which they have made, and with the objects of the war. No reasonable man can now doubt that, had such demands been made, they would have been conceded, or that, had they been refused, the Allies would have been in a position to enforce them. Another year's campaign might have reduced Russia to that extremity which would have compelled her to give, to use her own words, that 'material guarantee' which would have proved a real check upon her ambitious designs, would have removed from Europe all cause of future apprehension, and would consequently have secured, as far as human wisdom could secure, a lasting peace.

Let us look at this question even as one of 'humanity'—the grounds upon which a certain party strive to place it, and which at all times furnish powerful arguments in dealing with those who cannot look further than the present time, and are influenced not by great considerations, but by the passing emotions of the moment. No statesman, no man acquainted, however superficially, with the history of nations, can believe that Russia will renounce in a day that which forms an essential portion of her national policy, one might almost say her national existence—the belief in her destiny to be the great Eastern Power, and to unite under one sceptre the Slavonian race; that she will no longer think of Constantinople and the empire of the East, but will instead turn her whole energies and vast resources to the improvement of her populations and to the introduction of liberal institutions, which alone can make a people prosperous; that she will seek to render her neighbour, Turkey, wealthy, strong, and independent; in short, that she will embark in that European policy which would be the best calculated to prevent a further increase of her own territory, and to destroy her power of aggression on the side of the Ottoman empire. So far from such being the case, she will seek the very first opportunity of endeavouring to regain that which she may have lost, and of re-asserting her old pretensions to supreme influence in the East. In the meanwhile, she will devote herself to the improvement of such resources as may conduce to the increase of her military power, the means of communication, railroads, fortresses, and finances. We have taught her, during this short but bloody war, where her weak points are, what are her deficiencies, and in what manner they may be remedied and supplied. Her very first step, after the acceptance of the Austrian ultimatum, was to propose schemes for railways connecting the principal military positions of the empire. European capital will not be found wanting for their execution. As far

as her military frontier is concerned, we have left her precisely in the same condition as she was before the war broke out. Although Bomarsund may not be rebuilt, she will still threaten Sweden and Denmark, and be all powerful in the North. She will still be a continual menace to Turkey on her European and Asiatic frontiers. She can still occupy Circassia and consolidate her power in Asia. She can still overawe Persia. She still commands that influence which will enable her to control by far the largest portion of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, whether of the Greek or Armenian faith. In a few years we may have to fight the battle over again. But the relative positions of Russia and England may then be very different. There may no longer be an alliance between the great powers of Europe. We may be called upon almost alone to sustain the last struggle in support of the liberties of Europe and the cause of human freedom. But even if united, France and England would find the task imposed upon them far more difficult of accomplishment than it was at the commencement of this war—the sacrifice of blood and treasure demanded infinitely greater, great as that sacrifice has already been. The means of resistance that Russia has shown afford a test of what she would be able to do if her vast resources were fully developed, and if she had prepared herself in good time for another contest. It is difficult to contemplate without a shudder the horrors of such a struggle. Would it not be more consistent with ‘humanity’ that we should be saved from them by a comparatively small sacrifice, whilst we are still able to deal with Russia, so as to render their occurrence almost impossible? It is neither humane nor wise by evading a present evil to provoke the almost inevitable risk of a far greater hereafter.

We willingly admit that the present Administration has had great difficulties to contend with. Our position, both as regards our enemy and our Allies, owing to the fundamental error committed by Lord Aberdeen’s Government, has from the beginning been a false one. We commenced by losing sight of the great principles which were at stake, and aiming at a compromise, which, in great questions, can never be effected with safety or honour. Our vacillating and timid policy encouraged Russia to cross the Pruth, and to embark in that course which rendered war inevitable. We were then compelled to accept such terms as France chose to exact as the price of her alliance, and from that time to this we have been endeavouring to conciliate her, and, in order to consult her weakness or her vanity, have been forced to abandon that honourable and independent position which it has been ever England’s glory to hold. The war has  
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never been, strictly speaking, popular in France, although we do not believe with some that it has been repugnant to the feelings and sympathies of the whole French nation. With the Emperor, however, it was almost a necessity. Some military success or renown was essential to his anomalous position; as was his alliance with England on account of the support he would consequently receive from public opinion in this country, previously outraged by acts which, whether necessary or not in France, could not but be viewed with indignation by a free people. From this side of the Channel would emanate, both from the British press and from those who had taken refuge amongst us, the most dangerous attacks upon his policy—the most damaging criticisms upon his public conduct. They were stifled by his well-timed reputation of a faithful ally. Those parties in France which unite in themselves all the ability and true patriotism of the nation make it a reproach to England that she has established the Emperor on his throne. He has now, however, substantial claims to the gratitude of France. He has maintained, if he has not increased, her ancient military glory, and he has had the ability to minister to the vanity of the nation by bringing the war to a close at the moment when the military and naval glory of England had grievously suffered, and when another campaign would in every probability have again raised it to its ancient superiority. Such a termination is doubly unfortunate, and may sow the seeds of serious differences hereafter between this country and her present ally.

During the contest the Emperor was faithful to his engagements and punctual and honourable in discharging them—we will not dwell upon the consideration that it was his best policy thus to deal with us. But he alone could be trusted. Few princes have been compelled to seek for ministers amongst more corrupt, unscrupulous, and dishonest men. Unable to draw towards him and to engage in his service one statesman of character, position, and capacity in France, he could not for ever struggle against those upon whom alone he relied for support. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that in the end he should have yielded to men whose only policy was probably founded upon the fluctuations of the Bourse, and whose patriotism consisted in the most mean and selfish of personal considerations.

Deserted by the Emperor, it would have required a Chatham or a Pitt to have brought this country to carry on this war alone, and in support of great principles and for great ends. It only remained for us to make the most favourable terms that were possible under the circumstances. We believe that Lord Clarendon and Lord Cowley have struggled to the utmost of their power against the adverse influences and interests brought  
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to bear against them; that they have done their best for the honour of England and for the security of Turkey; and that we owe to them the few really important concessions that may have been obtained from Russia.

As yet Europe has been kept in complete ignorance of the terms of the Treaty of Paris. No preliminaries, as in former instances, were presented to Parliament. Even the Five Points, which might have been considered in the light of preliminaries, have never, as far as we can remember, been officially communicated to the country. Until the Treaty be ratified by all the parties to it—a process which cannot be completed before the end of the month—its provisions are to be kept a profound secret. Then the nation may express its opinion freely upon them. Whatever they may be, we doubt, notwithstanding Lord Palmerston's assertion, whether they will give satisfaction, and be considered, by England at least, as in any way equivalent to the vast sacrifices which have been made, or as fulfilling the real objects of the war. The mystery and secrecy which have hitherto prevailed lead to the suspicion that the Government have feared to challenge public opinion until it can be defied.

As we are unable, in this posture of affairs, to discuss the precise terms of the Treaty, we propose to examine how far the professed objects of the war have been attained, supposing those terms to be mainly based upon the Five Points as we are acquainted with them. The immediate end of the war was the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, with a view to the balance of power in Europe. This object, then, could only be gained in one of two ways—1st, by territorial changes or by other substantive measures so far weakening the aggressive means of the neighbours of Turkey, and increasing her own means of defence, as to render almost impossible a successful invasion before she could receive assistance from her allies; or, 2nd, by laying the foundations of such internal strength and prosperity as would warrant the hope that ere long, and before Russia could recover from the effects of the war, Turkey, depending upon her own resources and upon her own population, would be of herself sufficiently powerful to resist any attempt at aggression on the part of adjoining states. Whatever may be the terms of the Treaty, supposing the most enlarged interpretation to have been given to the Five Points, we do not believe that the first has been attained. On the Asiatic frontier, now the most vulnerable point of the Ottoman Empire, and where probably the next attack will be made upon it, neither the influence nor the means of aggression of Russia have been diminished. On the contrary, they have been increased

creased by the unfortunate issue of the campaign in Armenia and the fall of Kars. We have shown how little we have to hope in a military point of view from the new European frontier. Let us then inquire whether the results of the war furnish the elements of internal strength and prosperity.

It must always be borne in mind when discussing the so-called Eastern question that the difficulty of its solution arises from the elements of decay and disruption which exist in the Ottoman Empire itself. Turkey is essentially weak, because, in Europe at least, and consequently in that portion of her territories in which foreign influence is most to be feared, the dominant Mohammedan race rules over a population considerably superior in numbers to itself, and speaking a language, claiming a descent, and professing a religion which are those of its most formidable neighbour. If, then, that population were to become strong and were to be under the control of Russia, the substitution of Russian for Turkish rule would be sooner or later inevitable. To avoid this result, and to maintain their dominion, it has hitherto been the policy of the Turks to keep down as much as possible the Christians, to exclude them from real power, and to prevent them from obtaining that prosperity, that influence and that share in the administration of public affairs which would inevitably end in the fall of the Ottoman rule in Europe. It is not surprising that such should have been the case. On the contrary, the Turks could not do otherwise. With them it has been a question of their very existence. We should be the last to condemn them for adopting that which may really be a narrow-minded and short-sighted policy, but which we ourselves have shown is the most obvious one in dealing with conquered races. Do we govern our Indian possessions upon any other principle? The two cases are identical in most respects—in those in which they are not we are behind the Turks. In India the dominant race is Christian, the subject races are Mohammedans, Hindoos, and of various other faiths. We do not give equal rights to those we govern, nor do we admit them to any public employment which confers the least power or authority except under the most immediate control of a British officer. For many years a struggle has been going on in favour of the admission of natives of India even to some of the humblest employments under Government. Their best friends have doubted how far it would be consistent with the safety of our Indian Empire to admit them to any share in the administration of affairs. No one would venture to suggest that we should throw open to them the government of a province, or even of a district, the command of our armies or even of a regiment. In our dealings

dealings with native states and native princes, we have too often abandoned every principle of right and justice on the plea of necessity, or even on much less tenable grounds. We do not dwell upon these facts to justify the vices of the Turkish Government or the cruelty and corruption of Turkish governors, but to point out how tender and considerate we should be with Turkey, and how much allowance we should make for her great difficulties. Those difficulties are greatly increased by her Christian populations being brought into immediate contact with powerful neighbours, whose policy it is to incite them against their rulers, and who can bring to bear, to encourage disaffection and revolt, the sympathy arising from community of religion and of language. In India we have not these dangers to contend with, and yet we are more jealous and suspicious of our Indian subjects than the Turks have ever been of the Christians under their sway.

We are too prone in dealing with Turkey to overlook these considerations, and to express indignation and surprise because the Porte does not at once change its entire policy. We demand concessions for the Christians which are undoubtedly in the abstract just; but we forget that we are demanding them of a government which sees in them the germs of its own destruction. Can we be surprised that it should hesitate, or even refuse altogether, to make them? But nevertheless the Christian populations must be raised, and must be rendered a source of strength, and not of weakness, to Turkey. Unless this be done, the Ottoman empire must either speedily fall to pieces, and become the prey of neighbouring states, or it must remain a continual cause of embarrassment and danger to Europe. The problem to be resolved is consequently, what measures can be taken to place them, as far as possible, on an equality with their Mohammedan fellow-subjects; to call out their energies, to develop their intelligence, and to give them a fair share in public employments, without affording just cause for alarm to the Turkish Government, and promoting the ambitious designs of Russia. At the same time they must be so dealt with, that in the event of the Ottoman race, from causes which may be in operation, being no longer able to maintain its rule in Europe, the subject Christian race may be ready to take its place, and may afford those elements of union and strength which will be necessary to the maintenance on the Bosphorus of a great independent empire, powerful enough to resist the encroachments of Russia, and civilised and intelligent enough to develop to the utmost the vast resources of those provinces which constitute the western portion of the Turkish empire. We believe that this may be accomplished; but we doubt whether the means which

which would effect it have yet been adapted to the purpose. The end and its achievement would be worthy of a great statesman, who, looking beyond the mere interests and influences of the day, would seek to ensure the freedom and prosperity of a large portion of the human race.

The Allied Powers have endeavoured to obtain the objects we have described by exacting from the Sultan certain concessions in favour of his Christian subjects, which have been embodied in a Hatti-sheriff, or imperial rescript. This important document was framed by the Turkish ministers, in conjunction, it is understood, with the representatives of England, France, and Austria. It was formally promulgated at Constantinople, like the celebrated Hatti-sheriff of Gulhané, in the presence of the chief dignitaries of the empire, the heads of the Mohammedan law, and consequently of the Mohammedan religion, and the chiefs of the principal non-Mussulman sects of the empire. It is understood that the Allies were desirous of making the firman still more binding upon the Turkish Government, either by introducing it textually into the Treaty of Peace, or by appending it in such a manner as to render it, in fact, a part of the treaty itself. To this the Porte objected, declaring that it would be an infringement of the independence and dignity of the Sultan, if he were to be controlled by other powers in the administration of the affairs of his own dominions, and in the government of his own subjects. On this ground, as well as on the really more important one that the insertion of the firman into the treaty would have afforded to Russia, Austria, and France continual excuses for interference in the local affairs of Turkey, and would have enabled them to re-establish and to extend their conflicting influences amongst the Christian populations, the objections were well founded. It is believed that, in consequence of the Porte's remonstrances, the firman is merely referred to in the treaty. In effecting this modification of the intention of the Congress, as well as in maintaining the just rights and prerogatives of his Sovereign, we have every reason to think that Aali Pasha received the cordial support of the British Plenipotentiaries, an additional proof, we trust, to the Porte of the disinterested friendship and policy of England.

Although the firman has not been inserted in the treaty, the reference to it will, we doubt not, be considered as a solemn pledge from the Turkish Government to the parties to the treaty that its provisions shall be duly carried out. How far any one power will be able to place its own interpretation upon any part of that document, and to found pretensions upon that interpretation, will probably hereafter become matter for very serious

discussion, and may lead to fresh misunderstandings and complications. Russia declares, in announcing peace, that the objects of the war have been attained, the rights of the Christians having been secured. But does she renounce her pretensions to place her own construction upon the nature of those rights? We doubt it. There are expressions in the new firman as ambiguous and as elastic as any of those stipulations in the treaties between Russia and Turkey which were the immediate cause of the war. For instance, after expressing the benevolent intentions of the Sultan—of which there can be no doubt—and confirming the provisions of the Hatti-sheriff of Gulhané, guaranteeing perfect security of person and property, and the preservation of their honour, to all, without distinction of class or of religion, it declares that ‘all the privileges and spiritual immunities granted by the ancestors of the present Sultan, *ab antiquo*, and at subsequent dates, to the Christian communities or other non-Mussulman persuasions established in the Turkish empire, shall be confirmed and maintained.’ Unless the Treaty expressly explains the meaning of this declaration, in what, would we ask, does it differ from that which was asked of the Porte by Prince Menschikoff? We have here an admission upon which Russia can found all her old claims to interfere in the affairs of the Christian population professing the Greek faith, and to insist upon the maintenance of the power of the Greek clergy over their flocks—that power which has hitherto been the source of infinite mischief to Turkey, has enabled Russia to exercise a direct control and influence in the affairs of the Oriental church, and is opposed to all true improvement and civilisation amongst the Christians of European Turkey.

In order, we presume, to prevent the power of intermeddling which such a declaration might confer upon Russia, every Christian and non-Mussulman community is bound by the firman to examine into its actual immunities and privileges, and to submit within a fixed period to the Porte such reforms as may be ‘required by the progress of civilisation and of the age.’ We are not aware when this examination is to take place, but we cannot believe that it will be carried on without the direct or indirect interference of Russia, who will make a great effort to regain her lost influence, and to maintain her ascendancy over the Greek priesthood. We have in former articles pointed out the almost despotic powers of the Greek clergy, and the mode in which they were exercised to the advantage of Russia and to check the spread of real knowledge.

The Hatti-sheriff, however, lays down some principles in reference to the reforms to be made in the discipline of the Greek church

church which are of considerable importance, and which, if put in practice, will undoubtedly prove of great advantage to the Christians themselves. The Patriarchs are no longer to be, as formerly, dependent for their tenure of office upon the caprice of the Porte or of foreign missions, but are to be elected for life. Ecclesiastical dues are to be abolished, and the Patriarchs, clergy, and heads of communities are to receive fixed salaries, the Christians of Turkey being thus relieved, should this salutary change be enforced, from one of the chief sources of oppression, the rapacity and avarice of their own priesthood. The temporal administration of Christian and other non-Mussulman communities is to be taken from the bishops, who have exercised and abused the supreme authority claimed by them in civil cases, and is henceforward to be vested in a mixed assembly of ecclesiastics and laymen. Hitherto no church could be built or even repaired without express permission from the Turkish Government. This permission could only be obtained by heavy bribes to the Turkish Ministers and authorities, expensive proceedings at Constantinople, or the direct interference of some foreign mission. Buildings for sacred purposes, if in towns, villages, or quarters inhabited exclusively by persons of the same creed, may now be repaired upon the original plan without any permission being necessary; plans for new buildings are still to be submitted to and approved by the Porte; but it is expressly declared that this intervention of the administrative authority shall be entirely gratuitous.

Hitherto the names and epithets usually applied to such as did not profess the Mussulman religion, by those in authority and by their Mohammedan fellow-subjects, were offensive and humiliating. Infidel and unbeliever had become the common designations of a Christian, and were generally employed without any intention of giving offence. All such expressions are now forbidden, and those, whether private individuals or in authority, who make use of injurious and offensive terms towards such as differ in faith from themselves are to be punished. At the same time 'any distinction or designation tending to make any class whatever inferior to another class on account of their religion, language, or race' is to be for ever effaced from public documents. This provision is undoubtedly of great importance, and, as far as the Government is concerned, can easily be adopted. It is but an act of justice to the Christian subjects of the Sultan. One mark of inferiority, to which, however, long custom had rendered the greater part of them indifferent, will now be removed; and even the assumed equality with which they will be outwardly treated will do much towards softening those feelings of contempt

and superiority with which the Mohammedan has hitherto been accustomed to regard those who are of a different religion to himself.

The outward barrier having thus been broken down between Mussulman and Christian, it is declared that all subjects of the Turkish empire, without distinction of nationality, shall be admissible to public employment, merit and capacity being declared to be the only qualifications required. How far a principle so liberal and so just—so far exceeding in these respects anything of which this country can at present boast—will be adopted in practice, may be a matter for doubt. The objection is in Turkey really one of state policy. Hitherto Christians have not been excluded from high offices of public trust, as long as those offices have not been directly accompanied by actual power in the control over public affairs. Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians, have been ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, chief secretaries in Government departments, and have filled other very important places, but they have not been ministers, governors of provinces, or commanders of armies. We doubt whether it will be consistent with the safety and tranquillity of Turkey to raise any of its Christian subjects to those dignities until great changes take place in the condition of the empire. An honourable and intelligent Englishman or Frenchman might administer the government of a province, or be safely charged with the duties of a minister; but ask any reasonable man who is acquainted with the state of Greece since she has become an independent kingdom, whether he would trust any Greek who has yet been connected with the administration of the affairs of that unhappy country with power in Turkey? Would it be safe that such should be the case? Bad as Turkish government may be—and it would be difficult to exaggerate the corruption and incapacity which have distinguished Turkish Ministers—yet we doubt whether a Greek Government, with its subserviency to Russia, would not be a graver misfortune to the East, and a far greater source of alarm and danger to Europe. We do not, therefore, attach much importance to this concession.

The next clause of the firman declares that all subjects of the empire shall be received into the civil and military schools of the Government, and that every community is authorised to establish public schools of art, science, and industry. The method of instruction, and the choice of professors in these public schools, are to be under the control of a mixed council of public instruction. These provisions, if duly executed, will be of great importance to the improvement of the Christian communities.

munities. It must not, however, be supposed that schools have hitherto been wanting in Turkey. There is scarcely a Christian or a Mussulman village, however small, in Turkey in Europe and in most parts of Asia Minor, which has not a school of some kind. In many Greek communities these schools are founded upon excellent principles, and are capable of great development, forming the groundwork of a very extended and solid system of education. A certain amount of teaching is more prevalent in Turkey than in the United Kingdom. The Turkish peasantry, owing to the instruction they receive when young, are far more intelligent and far better informed as to their own faith than the peasantry of most countries in Europe, certainly of England. Christians have hitherto been received into the medical schools of the Government, and into some of the public institutions of the same character; their admission into the military schools is a question depending upon their admission into the military service.

The most important provisions in the new firman are undoubtedly those connected with the administration of justice. In dealing with Mohammedan nations, it must always be borne in mind that with them law and religion are the same thing. As with the Jews, every law which regulates the public and private conduct of individuals, the relations of life, the obligations of society, even mere outward forms, is founded upon or traced to a religious precept. Consequently the lawyer and the priest are one and the same, or rather, the clergy of Christian states is replaced by the men of the law in Mussulman communities. Religious obligations are constantly remembered and enforced, and a man breaks off in the midst of the most important public business, or of the most pressing private avocations, to perform his ablutions and prayers. This intimate connexion between what we term religion and even the most insignificant duty and practice of life, is one of the phases of the Mohammedan character which most strikes the reflecting traveller. The greatest difficulties we have had to contend with in our relations with the Turks have arisen from their adherence to and reverence for these religious obligations. We are too apt to forget that we are calling upon men to break through rules and precepts which they have been taught from their youth upwards to consider as an essential part of their faith, and the neglect or contempt of which constitutes in their eyes a sin. The Mohammedan law, *i. e.* religion, forbids certain taxes, the customhouse, interest on money, various modes of dress, and a thousand things which intercourse with Europe, commerce, and civilization have compelled or will ultimately compel the Turks to adopt. But it requires time and other means

means than violence to overcome deep-rooted convictions and prejudices. We may cite the instance of the first loan with Turkey. It was repudiated on religious grounds, and not from any want of honesty or good faith, the Porte having fully discharged its fair obligations. Since then the scruples of the Sultan have yielded to dire necessity. When we remember the ineffectual efforts of the wisest statesmen to break down common prejudices in the most civilized countries; when we call to mind that we have recently had prophets in England and still have Mormons, we may make some allowance for the difficulties with which the best-disposed of Turkish Ministers have to contend. The administration of justice to non-Mussulmans was one of the greatest. As the laws are the religion of the empire, they are dispensed by the lawyer-priest. The Christians not being bound, except in certain special cases, by the Mussulman law, have been consequently to a great extent excluded from its operation. In civil cases between Christians, the decision has hitherto been left to the patriarch, the bishop, and the heads of the respective communities, who are more corrupt, and at the same time, from their intimate knowledge of the circumstances of each individual, better able to extort money than even the Turkish authorities. Criminal cases have been summarily and arbitrarily dealt with by the pashas and local governors. An oath could not be administered to a Christian, and in many cases even his evidence could not be received against a Mussulman. To remedy the evils which ensued from this state of things, as the relations of commerce and trade increased, mixed commercial tribunals were devised, which affected to adjudicate equitably between persons of opposite creeds. But they afforded little substantial justice, except where a pasha was sufficiently upright and independent to protect the Christian against the Mussulman; or unless, as in Constantinople, in suits in which Europeans were concerned, the agent of a foreign mission or consulate attended to watch the proceedings. The recent Hatti-sheriff constitutes mixed tribunals for the trial of all suits, commercial, correctional, and criminal, between Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans, and provides that the proceedings shall be public, and that oaths shall be administered to witnesses according to the religious law of each sect. Civil suits are still to be tried before the mixed provincial councils, in the presence of the governor and judge of the place (a clumsy proceeding, which, as business increases, must be altered); and special cases exclusively affecting non-Mussulmans may be referred, at the request of the parties, to the council of the patriarchs or of the communities to which they belong. The laws are to be digested into a code, which is

to

to be translated into all the languages current in the empire—a vast undertaking, the accomplishment of which we can scarcely expect for many years to come, if ever.

These changes with regard to the administration of the law are equally practicable, wise, and important. If enforced in the spirit in which they are announced, they will prove of incalculable benefit to the Christians of Turkey. They will conduce towards placing all the subjects of the Sultan, of whatever religious denomination, as nearly as possible upon an equality, and they will protect them against the acts of injustice and oppression to which they are now too often subjected. But, at the same time, it must not be expected that they will be fully acted on immediately. Much time must elapse before the prejudices which they will offend can be overcome, and before those who have been brought up in the belief that they are a superior race and above the law as regards their Christian fellow-subjects, can be compelled to look upon them as their equals in a court of justice.

The prisons, houses of detention, and other establishments of that nature, which have hitherto been a disgrace to Turkey, are to be reformed; corporal punishment is abolished, except in certain instances, and an effective police is to be established throughout the empire.

The next clause in the Hatti-sheriff is one which may affect the very existence of the Ottoman empire. It declares that, 'equality of taxes entailing equality of burdens, as equality of duties entails that of rights, Christian subjects, and those of other non-Mussulman sects, as it has been already decided, shall, as well as Mussulmans, be subject to the law of recruitment.' This provision, if carried into effect, will cause a radical change in one of those fundamental laws upon which is based the constitution of the Empire. Hitherto Christians, and non-Mussulmans, not being permitted to enter into the military service of the state, have been exempted from the conscription;\* they are subject instead to a capitation tax of so small an amount that it scarcely weighs even upon the most indigent. It is divided into three classes: the richest banker or merchant pays between twelve and fourteen shillings annually; the poorest man about four shillings. At this small price the Christians of Turkey have hitherto been exempted from the heaviest infliction which can fall upon a community—that of forced military service. Their children were not dragged away from their homes, nor their young men separated from their wives and parents—villages

\* The Miridite and some Albanian tribes, who submitted to the Turkish yoke on certain conditions, amongst others that of furnishing to the Sultan military aid in case of war, can scarcely be considered as exceptions.

were

were not left desolate and fields uncultivated. It was discovered by some European philanthropists that the tax was an ignominious one; that it marked inferiority; that it was paid for liberty to live—head-money, as it was termed. The Christians themselves, with very few exceptions, and those exceptions being persons who would not have fallen under the conscription, had never looked upon the tax in this light, or considered it a grievance. They were well content to pay a small annual sum and to live unmolested, whilst misery and desolation were spread through the dwellings of their Mohammedan fellow subjects. Compare the deserted Turkish village with its flourishing Christian neighbour! What is the principal cause of this difference?—the conscription, which has reduced the Turkish race far beyond oppression and the plague, and has probably laid the foundation of its ultimate extinction. It is the source of every manner of evil—infanticide, self-mutilation, neglect of agriculture, desertion of home, rapid depopulation. To the exemption from military service the Christians of Turkey chiefly owe their prosperity and their comparative wealth. No wonder that the promulgation of the new law has thrown dismay amongst them, and has led to urgent remonstrances from all parts of the Empire. Give a Christian the option of paying the capitation tax or of being liable to be seized for a soldier, and he will not hesitate long in making his choice.

That the Turks will admit native Christians into the higher ranks of the army for a long time to come, we cannot believe. To do so in the present state of things would be to endanger at once the continuation of their rule in Europe. Great changes must take place in Turkey before large bodies of troops, or even regiments, can be placed under the command of Christians. It must be the policy of the Porte so to unite its various populations as to give to each an equal interest in the maintenance of the empire. We cannot in justice and fairness ask it to confer power and authority upon those who might at once turn them against the existing Government, and in favour of its enemies. As an engine for destroying or keeping back the Christians, the Turks may avail themselves of the conscription. If a Christian be more active, intelligent, and wealthy, and consequently more dangerous, than his neighbours, no doubt the Turkish authorities will so contrive that the lot should fall upon him, and that he should be hurried off to a regiment of Albanians or Kurds, in some distant part of the empire. He cannot appeal for protection to a foreign mission; we have urged the conscription upon the Porte, and if we are to intercede in behalf of every Christian who is unfortunate enough to become its victim, our interference would

would be endless. It would be impossible to devise any means better calculated to check the rapidly increasing wealth and intelligence of the Christians of Turkey than the introduction amongst them of this law. Had we left the question where it was, the Turkish Government would have been at length compelled to avail itself of the military services of so large a portion of its subjects. Christians would have been formed into regiments, and, as an inducement to join, they would have been placed under officers of their own creed. Now they have no choice, and unless we are prepared to take into our hands the entire administration of the internal affairs of the empire, we do not see how we can compel the Turks to confer any rank, except the lowest, upon those whom they have reason to dread and to mistrust. It would have been wiser to have increased or to have more justly apportioned the capitation tax, giving it, if it were thought absolutely necessary, another name, than to have compelled the Porte, against its own inclination, to extend the conscription to Christians.

The firman makes another fundamental change in the laws of the empire, by empowering foreigners to hold land in the Sultan's dominions as long as they conform themselves to the laws and police regulations of the country, and pay the same charges as Turkish subjects. The law is, however, not to take effect until after arrangements shall have been come to with foreign Powers. This proviso, no doubt, alludes to the treaties, or, as they are termed, the 'capitulations,' existing between the European states and the Porte. These capitulations were entered into when the relations between the East and the West differed widely from those which now exist. They were mainly intended to protect Christian foreigners from the arbitrary acts of the Janisaries, and applied specially to those who lived within the 'factories,' as they were called. These little colonies were placed out of the jurisdiction of the Turkish laws, and were able in consequence of the capitulations to evade the payment of the commonest taxes and dues, and to defy the local authorities in almost every case. The factories no longer exist, but the foreigner still claims the privileges which they enjoyed. Whilst such a state of things continues, it would be impossible for the Turkish Government to admit aliens to hold lands. French, or English, or Russian colonies, might soon be established in the empire, subject to no laws except those of their own missions, paying no taxes, and forming independent communities dangerous to the tranquillity and independence of the state. The Porte has long been desirous of getting rid of these engagements, and it is to be hoped that before the Conferences of Paris break up they will

will either be given up altogether or much modified. When foreigners are placed on the same footing as Turkish subjects, they will be permitted to hold land. The condition is reasonable and the concession most liberal.

Although the Turkish law has hitherto prohibited foreigners from holding land, it has been in many cases evaded. By a legal fiction, all women in the Sultan's dominions are considered his subjects; consequently, those Europeans who were married in Turkey could hold real property in the name of their wives. Others, who were not thus advantageously situated, had their deeds made out in the name of women of the country. The lands of Christian convents were inserted in the public registers as held in the name of the Virgin Mary!

All subjects of the Sultan, whatever may be their class or religion, are to pay taxes of the same denomination—that is to say, the *kharatch*, or capitation tax, is abolished. The custom now existing of farming the taxes and tenths is forbidden, and a direct collection, by the officers of the government, is to be substituted—a most important alteration, equally advantageous to the people and the state. Hitherto the sale of taxes and tithes to local governors and chiefs, and to wealthy and influential Armenians, has been one of the principal causes of oppression, and one of the greatest checks on the development of agriculture and commerce, the only object of the farmers being of course to defraud the Government and to exact as much as possible out of the traders and the cultivators of the soil.

Communications by land and by sea are to be established between the different parts of the empire, and special taxes are to be raised for this purpose. A budget of revenue and expenditure is to be made up every year. The emoluments of each office are to be revised—an opportune and very important step, and one likely to add considerably to the Turkish revenues if persevered in.

The heads of each community and a delegate named by the Porte are to be summoned to take part in the deliberations of the Supreme Council of Justice on all matters which may interest the generality of the subjects of the empire. The laws against corruption, extortion, and malversation, are to be enforced against public servants of all ranks. Banks and similar institutions to effect a reform in the monetary and financial system are to be established, and roads and canals are to be constructed. For these great objects, so essential to the prosperity of Turkey and to the development of its vast resources, the Porte declares that it is ready to have recourse to the 'science, the art, and the funds of Europe.'

Such,

Such, then, are the provisions of the new Hatti-sheriff, which we have examined at some length, because of its immense importance. It is, perhaps, without its equal as a state paper. Striking, as it does, at the fundamental laws, habits, religion, and prejudices of a whole nation, it must produce, if acted upon even to half its professions, a decided change in the political and social condition of Turkey. The greatest despot the world ever saw might well have shrunk from such an attempt to remodel the whole character of a people and the constitution of an empire.

It is no small matter to mould a nation anew out of a variety of populations of different races and opposite creeds. Austria has endeavoured to do it by acts of arbitrary violence, by attempting to smother freedom, and by carrying out a system of centralization fatal to human liberty. Turkey tries the experiment by an imperial decree, eminently just and liberal in its principles and provisions, and laying the foundation of a constitution which any people might envy. But we doubt whether the one attempt will be more successful than the other. There is undoubtedly much in the Hatti-sheriff which can be enforced, and which would be at once productive of great advantages to Turkey—would develop her resources, increase her revenues, and afford protection to the Christian population. There is, moreover, in Turkey an excellent groundwork for liberal institutions and self-government in the municipal system, which, notwithstanding all the oppression to which both Christians and Mussulmans have been subject, still prevails. But we must take care that we are not asking too much and too soon. The Sultan's Ministers, intimidated by a formidable alliance and an actual military occupation, may be ready to concede anything required of them; but the larger their promises, the less must be the sincerity with which they are made. It is not a Hatti-sheriff, asserting general principles of equality and liberty, which will reform the Turkish nation, raise the Christians, and make the empire really united, strong, and prosperous. These ends will be best accomplished by intercourse with Europe, the extension of commerce, and the employment of European capital and intelligence in great national works. It is to those portions of the Firman which contribute to such objects that we attach the greatest importance, in the hope that Europe as well as Turkey may derive some compensation for the vast sacrifices which the war has entailed.

There is probably no empire in the world which unites within its boundaries resources so various and abundant as Turkey. Whilst the Danubian provinces and the lofty plateau of Armenia furnish corn and grain of every kind, the produce of the most northern

northern states of Europe, there is in Asia a gradation of temperature, accompanied by a corresponding gradation of elevation, and consequently in the productions of the vegetable world, which leads, almost imperceptibly, to the burning plains of Arabia—the regions of cotton, indigo, spices, and the sugar-cane. Whilst vast tracts of land, now desert and bare, require but irrigation and culture to rival the richest districts in the world and to restore that unbounded fertility which excited the wonder and admiration of Herodotus, the valleys and coasts of Asia Minor teem with the most luxuriant vegetation. Forests yielding inexhaustible supplies for ship-building clothe the shores of the Black Sea and the sides of the mountains which overhang the Propontis and the Archipelago. Minerals the most useful and the most precious to mankind everywhere abound. Coal, admirable in quality, is readily obtained in the vicinity of the capital. Iron, copper, lead, and silver, occur in the mountain ranges of Armenia, Kurdistan, Thessaly, and Macedonia.

During the last few years new sources of commerce and wealth have been discovered, and the trade of Turkey has been developed to an almost unparalleled extent. The manufacture and exportation of silk have rapidly increased, and have extended on the one side to Amasia and the heart of Asia Minor, and on the other to Diarbekir and the banks of the Tigris. Valonea from the oaks of Ida, galls from the mountains of Kurdistan, and yellowberries and opium from the central provinces of Anatolia, now form important articles of export to the markets of the West. But it is to the grain trade that we attach the greatest importance. Checked by the breaking out of the war, it will again be resumed now that peace is proclaimed, and will derive fresh activity from the inability of the south of Russia to supply the rest of Europe. As the demand increases, the cultivation of wheat will be increased, and the quality, which has hitherto been inferior to that of Russia, will be improved. Very considerable changes have already taken place in these respects. It is now known that, if proper care be taken in its culture and in its cleansing, the corn of Bulgaria is not inferior in quality and not less adapted to the European markets than that of Odessa, and before the commencement of hostilities, Varna, the outlet of the produce of that province, was rapidly rising into a flourishing port.

The increasing exportation of the various articles of produce we have enumerated has brought our shipping to ports in various parts of the empire which were previously almost unknown to British commerce. Salonica, Volo, Varna, Samsoun, Trebizond, Adalia, Marsin, and the natural harbours formed by the deep bays

bays of the coasts of Asia Minor, were rapidly rising into commercial importance, and will, with the return of peace, again attract the European trader. Lines of steam communication have been established between the principal seaports. Scarcely fifteen years have elapsed since the first commercial steam-vessel entered the Euxine; and even the number of sailing ships which ventured to navigate that little-known inland sea was comparatively small. When the war broke out, there were three distinct companies engaged in regular steam traffic between the capital, Sinope, Samsoun, and Trebizond, and steam communication had been established between those places and Liverpool and London. Constantinople was further united with the Danube, Varna, Salonica, Volo, Smyrna, the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and the islands of the Archipelago, by the same means. A southerly wind wafted large fleets of merchant vessels through the narrow straits of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and their numbers were increasing daily. Peace will restore this activity, and give fresh impulse to the commercial intercourse between the Ottoman dominions and Christendom. Notwithstanding all the costs that the war has entailed upon Turkey, it has not left her really poorer. It has made her in many respects richer, owing to the demands of the allied armies, and of the vast concourse of foreigners they brought in their train. Cultivation has been increased in many parts of the empire to an extent which had never before been known; and the inhabitants even of the most distant provinces have been enriched by British treasure, recklessly poured out at the last moment to procure at every sacrifice the necessary food and transport for our perishing army. We have before us letters from various parts of Turkey, which describe the extraordinary impulse which the war has given to the people, the encouragement which it has afforded to the cultivator, and the new outlets for trade it has called into existence. A gentleman holding an official position, and intimately acquainted with almost every part of the empire, writes: 'This war has done an infinite deal of good to the country in more respects than one. Both labour and produce have realised such unheard of prices, and trade has everywhere been so brisk, that the inhabitants both of towns and of the country have reaped an abundant harvest during the course of the last two years. In this province especially (a large province of Asia Minor) the effects are most apparent, and likely to be durable. All the districts of the pashalic have not only paid up all their taxes, which, by reason of the previously impoverished state of the country, had remained considerably in arrear for several consecutive years, but everybody seems still to have plenty of money left. The peasantry have  
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ample means to increase their stock, besides some capital to work upon, a fact which few or none can remember to have occurred before.' From the shores of the Black Sea we have no less favourable accounts. We may then reasonably hope that the war, as a compensation for its horrors, its sufferings, and its shame, has sown the seeds of some future prosperity, comfort, and happiness. To increase and further develop these sources of wealth and power, to render the varied populations united and strong, Turkey does not need a firman which undertakes in a day to change the whole character, habits, and policy, of a people, and which cannot be worked by the best intentioned and most earnest of her statesmen without probably leading to a terrible struggle between opposite creeds and races, or at least breeding every species of heart-burning and animosity. She requires that which can be obtained without exciting the jealousy or suspicion of any class or sect against another, and which will nevertheless completely, and in a much shorter period than may be imagined, attain the object which her European allies have in view, and which the Hatti-sheriff is intended to effect. We mean, first, the introduction of European capital, intelligence, and labour, and that intimate connexion with the civilised nations of Europe which will be one of the results; and, secondly, the revision of her own commercial system, in order to render it more consistent with the improvement of the productive resources and of the finances of the empire.

The chief want of Turkey, and the great restriction upon her export trade, has hitherto been the absence of means of internal communication. There is not one road really fit for wheeled transport throughout the Sultan's dominions. The very first step to be taken by the Government should be to supply this essential requirement. A thousand schemes will, no doubt, be submitted to the Porte by European capitalists, speculators, and adventurers, for railways to unite one part of the empire with another. We have already seen a few specimens. One of the most extravagant is that which would at once connect, through a vast tract of country utterly desert, the Persian Gulf with the Mediterranean Sea! Before the Porte embarks in such an undertaking, which can only entail upon it enormous expenditure without the remotest chance for many years of any returns, and which would inevitably entail upon it every manner of obligation, political and pecuniary, it would be far more wise and prudent to establish highways and military roads between some of the principal cities of the empire. There is no doubt that railroads might be undertaken with great advantage both to the Government and the population in some parts both of Turkey in Europe, and, though to a much more limited

limited extent, in Asia Minor. Such a communication between Belgrade and Constantinople would unite the Turkish capital directly with Western Europe, and would present important political and social results, though we doubt whether it would answer in a financial point of view. A project to which we would attach far greater importance would be one tending to unite by rail all the corn-growing districts of European Turkey, and to bring their produce to an outlet in some safe and convenient port of the Archipelago.

There can be no question that the great riches of Turkey, and her principal bond of union with the civilised nations of the West, will be her grain trade. It must now be her object to develop that trade to the utmost before Russia can recover the blow which, as we have seen, she has suffered from the war.

The corn-growing provinces of Turkey have hitherto competed with those of Russia at a very considerable disadvantage. The treaty of Balta Liman, although undoubtedly improving the commercial relations of Turkey by the abolition of monopolies and arbitrary exactions, and the establishment of one fixed duty, was framed, as far as she was concerned, upon false principles of political economy. Whilst all articles of import were subjected to a charge of 5 per cent., the duty on exports was fixed at 12 per cent., or 7 per cent. as against Turkey. It is said that the Porte had agreed to a very different scale of duties as relates to its exports, and that the draft treaty varied materially in this respect from that afterwards signed. Mr. Urquhart has detected in the change one of those summary proofs of the treason of Lord Palmerston and his sale to Russia, with which he delights to astonish his honest, though too credulous audiences, in the manufacturing districts.

The Russian Government has constituted Odessa, Taganrog, and the other outlets for grain, free ports. The wisdom of this policy has been proved by the important trade which had sprung up during the last few years between the Russian shores of the Black Sea and the West of Europe, and the consequent wealth and prosperity, before the war, of the southern provinces, probably exceeding that of any other part of the empire. It would be of the utmost advantage to Turkey so to reduce her export duties as to place her grain trade on the same footing as that of Russia. The produce of her richest districts would be increased a thousandfold, and the apparent loss of revenue would be abundantly compensated by the increased prosperity of her population and the extended culture of the soil.

In order to develop to the utmost the corn trade, in every respect, politically and financially, so important to the Ottoman empire,

empire, a railroad abutting on the Danube, and connected with similar means of communication in Wallachia and Moldavia, should be carried through the centre of Bulgaria and Roumelia to the Gulf of Enos in the Archipelago. Branch lines of rail and road should connect the main line with the principal corn districts and the most populous towns of European Turkey. A glance at the map will show that the whole produce of those fertile provinces would thus be brought to a port of convenient access to the merchant navies of Europe.

Enos offers many advantages for an important harbour. There is reason to believe that it might, at comparatively little expense, be rendered perfectly accessible and secure for shipping. The Maritza, a river of considerable size, and navigable for large boats nearly as far as Philippopolis, and consequently affording water communication with the very centre of Roumelia, falls into its small gulf. Various proposals have been made to the Porte for cleansing and deepening the mouth of this important river, and funds were even at one time allotted for the necessary works. As there was no proper superintendence of the outlay of the money, it was soon expended, as has invariably hitherto been the case in Turkey with such public undertakings, without any results.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the importance of having an outlet for the produce of Turkey in Europe either at Enos or at some other port in the Archipelago. At present the vessels engaged in the corn trade which annually proceed to Odessa, to the mouths of the Danube, or to Varna, have first to pass through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and then to encounter the somewhat dangerous navigation of the Black Sea.\* The ports of southern Russia are closed during the winter. The wrecks which encumber the mouths of the Danube attest the perils of their

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\* We understand that, in consequence of a concession from the Turkish government to an English capitalist and to an influential individual in France, the slip of land between the Danube and the Black Sea has been carefully surveyed by engineers for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of constructing a canal from that river to Kustendji. This project has long been advocated as a means of evading the dangerous navigation of the mouths of the Danube, and of bringing the produce of the Principalities and of Bulgaria to a convenient spot for shipping in the Black Sea. Although the execution of the work is declared to be possible to European engineering skill, yet the difficulties and expense would be so great that it has not been recommended; the plan, we believe, has consequently been altogether abandoned. It must be remembered that, were a canal to be dug to the Black Sea, a port commodious enough to hold the vast amount of shipping which annually seeks for cargoes at Galatz and Ibraila would have to be constructed before it could become really useful. At present there is only a roadstead at Kustendji, which does not afford a safe anchorage for sailing vessels. The cost of the two undertakings would not, it is thought, be counterbalanced by the advantages they would afford.

shifting sand-banks and varying currents. Vessels are frequently detained for several weeks at the entrance of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus before a southerly wind bears them through those narrow passages. If they employ towing-steamers, a considerable sum is added to the expenses of the voyage. We believe the average passage of a sailing vessel between England and Enos to be between thirty and forty days, whilst that between England and Odessa is above ninety. Long quarantine and vexatious police regulations have moreover been enforced in the Russian ports against vessels passing through the straits, although they may not have touched at any port in the Turkish dominions. What merchant-vessel would incur the inconveniences, loss of time, and difficulties of a voyage to Odessa or the Sea of Azoff when the same cargo could be obtained in the Archipelago? The additional cost which a railway would entail upon the carriage of corn, and consequently the increased price of the article, would be met by the reduction of duty, of time, of expenses of voyage, and of rates of insurance. Consequently a railroad such as we have suggested might be made a productive undertaking, and would be equally advantageous to the political and commercial interests of the Porte. Russia has hitherto opposed with all her influence, and successfully, the extension of the corn trade in Turkey. She knows full well the injury it would inflict upon her own commerce and upon her southern provinces. She dreads too the increased wealth and strength it would confer upon her neighbour. She is well aware that the intercourse with Europe which such a trade would soon create would lead to the spread of liberal opinions and of knowledge amongst the Christian populations, and would have the effect of binding Turkey still more closely with the Western Powers, and of making her independence a necessity to Europe. It is not probable that Russia will change that policy which has hitherto been opposed to the real improvement of the Ottoman empire, to the construction of roads, and those other great public works, which would call forth the resources of the country and invite European trade. But no time could be more favourable than the present to throw off this yoke to which the Porte has hitherto been subjected, and to enter into those undertakings and into that liberal commercial policy which would, more than any other measures, thwart the designs of Russia, would strengthen the Ottoman empire by mingling together and reconciling its various populations, and would give to Europe a direct interest in its preservation.

Many schemes, scarcely less important than that which we have indicated, though on a smaller scale, might be suggested for the improvement of Turkey. Some would be at once productive, by giving an immediate impulse to the cultivation of

particular articles of produce, and to the trade depending upon them, and, at the same time, to many branches of manufacture now in their infancy, but which a ready demand in Europe would soon raise to importance. To encourage as much as possible agriculture and the export trade in the interior of the empire, a revision of the tariff appended to the treaty of commerce of Balta-Liman would be necessary. Many articles which could be most extensively cultivated in the provinces furthest removed from the sea-coast, and would consequently form their chief source of wealth, are valued in the tariff at their price at the place of embarkation, and not at the place of cultivation; consequently duty is levied both upon the article and upon the cost of carriage. This unfair apportionment has greatly checked the export trade, and has long been a source of complaint on the part of British merchants, who have endeavoured to establish themselves in the interior, and to send native produce in return for British manufactures.

Whilst roads are being made throughout the provinces, steps should be taken to construct new ports, and to render those which now exist more safe and accessible to shipping. No part of the world possesses more numerous and commodious natural harbours than the western and south-western shores of Asia Minor. Deep bays, sheltered from every wind, affording excellent anchorage and supplied with all that is required for repairing and supplying ships, indent the coast from Smyrna to Adalia. Little is needed to render them in every respect perfect. But the Turkish shores of the Black Sea are without either natural or artificial harbours. Varna, Sinope, Samsoun, and Trebizond are mere roadsteads, exposed to certain winds, and scarcely affording a safe anchorage to shipping, although in some instances, as at Trebizond, the holding-ground is good, notwithstanding the heavy surf which prevails at times. Even there vessels may be detained for many days without being able to discharge or to embark their cargoes. The Bay of Batoun affords better protection, and is the only natural harbour on the whole of the southern shores of the Euxine, but the extreme unhealthiness of the climate during a great part of the year is a serious drawback upon the advantages it may offer as a port. The increasing trade with the centre of Asia Minor through Samsoun and Sinope, and with Persia and Armenia through Trebizond, renders it highly necessary that steps should be taken for the construction of works for the protection of shipping at those places. The Porte will find little difficulty, we anticipate, in procuring European capital for such undertakings as soon as some substantial guarantees can be given for its due application.

The great annual increase of our export trade with Turkey during

during the last few years, shown by official returns, is a sufficient proof of the demand for articles of British manufacture, and of the means which still exist for its extension. No country treats us more liberally and could supply our wants more effectually. The employment of English capital, whilst calling forth the resources of the empire and contributing in an extraordinary degree to the prosperity and civilization of its varied population, would, at the same time, create fresh markets for our commerce and new openings for our enterprise.

Turkey must now enter into a race with Russia; her success will depend upon the measures she may take for her own improvement and regeneration. The territorial changes and the guarantees contemplated by the Treaty will not secure her from the inevitable fate which awaits her unless she be able, by a wise and energetic administration of her own resources, to unite her populations, and to become herself sufficiently strong to resist the encroachments of a powerful, ambitious, and unscrupulous neighbour. No nation was ever saved from decline and ultimate fall by foreign aid alone. Turkey must remember that many things have tended to weaken and to destroy those feelings of sympathy and interest with which she was undoubtedly regarded by England at the beginning of this war. Few men are sufficiently unprejudiced and clear-sighted to make those distinctions between government and people which are necessary in dealing with a country like Turkey, and to seek below the surface for that which may afford the foundation and hope for future strength and prosperity. The diplomatist, as well as the traveller, is too liable to be influenced by the events with which he is brought into immediate contact, and his judgment gives way to his sympathy. The noble spirit of generosity which the Sultan has always shown, and which has now rendered Turkey the only place of refuge, save England, for the persecuted and helpless; the heroic defence of Silistria, of Citate, and of Kars; the gentle virtues, the hospitality, charity, and honesty of the Turkish peasant, have been forgotten in the misconduct and corruption of officials and the filth and poverty of Bulgaria. Ignorance of their habits and of their language has led to false impressions of the character of the Turks, and too frequently to the charge of crimes and misdemeanours of which they have been entirely innocent.\* It would

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\* A striking instance of this is afforded by the Kars correspondence. One of General Williams's gravest charges against Shukri Pasha was an alleged want of deference shown to him in the superscription of a letter. Mr. Redhouse, probably the best Turkish scholar living, has proved in a critical dissertation officially

be as unpopular now to say anything in favour of the Turk, as it was popular two years ago to extol his courage and his good qualities. We regret that such men as Dr. Sandwith, in his interesting account of the fall of Kars, should, by repeating hasty observations and frequently unfounded accusations, have added to the popular indignation and prejudice. How many unfortunate blunders and how many disasters might have been avoided by an intimate acquaintance with the people and by knowing how to deal with them! Are we willing that the character of our own country and her position amongst nations should be founded upon the history of this war; that the conduct of some of those who have been in authority over us, and the disastrous mismanagement of our affairs in the Crimea, should be received as the measure and test of our justice, our capacity, and our intelligence?

In judging of Turkey we have equally exaggerated her virtues and her vices, and have gone rapidly from one extreme to another. We appear to have forgotten that we have been brought into contact with a nation differing from us essentially in character and religion; a nation which is now going through those phases which all nations have passed through before reaching that civilization now attained by most European states. Unfortunately for Turkey, we watch the process with impatience, like those who would overlook the steps by which every great result must be obtained; and she is under that constant pressure from without, which does not permit her to pass through those intermediate stages leading safely, because gradually, to the end. She cannot deceive us, like Russia, by any outward show. Her government is scarcely in advance of—in many respects it is behind—her population, and has not even those superficial qualities which deceive unthinking men. Russia had hitherto successfully hid from the world her real weakness, the ignorance, misery, and poverty of her people, and a corruption in the administration of her affairs, scarcely exceeded by that existing in Turkey, by the splendour of her Court, the outward magnificence of her public establishments, and that bold assumption of power and superiority which generally imposes upon mankind. We now see Turkey in all her nakedness. We are able to penetrate, owing to her own liberal policy, into every corner, and to expose all her weakness. As is usual in such cases, whilst the good remains unnoticed, the evil is brought promi-

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communicated to Parliament, that the charge arose out of a mistranslation, and that the Pasha had probably nothing whatever to do with the superscription, which, however, Mr. Redhouse declares to be 'as polite and deferential as language could make it.'

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nently forward. But we must take the two together. It must be the policy of England to strengthen, not to weaken, the Turkish empire; to maintain, not to destroy, that influence which may exercise so great a control over its destinies. By continually interfering in its internal affairs, and by destroying the self-respect, the self-confidence, and independence of its statesmen, we run the risk of forfeiting that hold upon the Government which will alone enable us to pursue the only policy now left to us, that of aiding Turkey in developing her own resources, and in becoming in herself sufficiently strong to resist the encroachments of Russia.

Too much importance, therefore, cannot be attached to the selection of the diplomatic and consular agents who are to represent England in the East. The influence which they will be able to use for good or for evil can scarcely be appreciated by those who are not fully acquainted with the nature and extent of their duties, and the control they can exercise over the government of even the most distant provinces of the empire. They will become one of the most powerful instruments in our hands for carrying out our policy; a policy, if rightly understood, entirely identical with the true interests of Turkey and of Europe.

It must not be imagined that the 'Eastern Question' is settled by the peace. The solution is still in the distance, and may, perhaps, be rendered still more difficult by the unexpected acceptance by Russia of the conditions offered to her. The instinct of the people of this country, which is seldom wrong, has brought them to this conclusion. They feel that we have left off just when the real struggle was about to begin, and when we were in a position to have secured, as far as human wisdom could secure, such a settlement as would have afforded an assurance that it would not be renewed. It is on this account that, whilst our thoughtless and wayward neighbours have hailed the peace with those public demonstrations which they would exhibit on the election of a military dictator, or the planting of a tree of liberty—which mark a holiday, not a conviction—the earnest and consistent people of England have received its announcement with indifference and silent mistrust. With that noble spirit which has hitherto led them to meet cheerfully every sacrifice that the war could entail, they were still prepared to persevere in it until they had brought it to a worthy end.

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ART. VIII.—*The Political Future of England.* By the Count de Montalembert, of the French Academy. London. 1856.

THE English reader, who, with no previous acquaintance with M. de Montalembert, opens this little volume, will be, at first sight, highly gratified; he will find a panegyric on his country and its institutions, large, intelligent, and eloquent—more flattering than any Englishman would venture to draw, and with a degree of information which few foreigners have ever acquired; and this favourable testimony will be the more valuable, because few men in France have a higher reputation as an orator and statesman, or for the accomplishments and amia- bilities of private life.

On a closer examination, however, the pleasure which our national vanity or pride might derive from the panegyric of this generous Stranger, will receive, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, considerable abatements.

In the first place we can hardly look upon M. de Montalembert as a *stranger*, and certainly not as an impartial stranger. He is in fact half, or we might say more than half, an Englishman. It is true that we find in several of the biographies that have been published of the French Assemblies that M. de Montalembert was born 'in 1812 in *Paris*,' and we do not recollect in his works any hint that could lead to a different conclusion, but it is certainly a mistake. *Charles Forbes de Montalembert* was born on the 15th of April, 1810, in Upper Brook-street, London,\* at the house of his maternal grandfather, James Forbes, F.R.S., author of the *Oriental Memoirs*. His grandfather and his father had emigrated early in the Revolution, and had both entered the British service, where they served with distinction.† The grandfather was a general officer in the West Indies. The father, Colonel Montalembert, passed through the usual gradations of the service to the Staff of the Horse Guards, and, on the death of his father, had a special permission from King George III. to assume the title of Baron de Montalembert. If therefore our author's British connexions and associations may have given him a more intimate acquaintance with, and a stronger predilection for, our manners and character than foreigners ordinarily have, it must, on the other hand, be admitted that even amongst ourselves, and still more on the Continent, they must derogate considerably

\* 'Times,' 17th April, 1810; 'Gentleman's Magazine,' May, 1810.

† 'London Gazette,' 20th June, 1810.

from the confidence to which evidence more thoroughly impartial would be entitled.

But there are other and still more serious drawbacks on the value of this work. The first is M. de Montalembert's political position, which seems a somewhat anomalous one. His father, who had returned to France on the Restoration, was created a peer in 1819, and died shortly after the July Revolution, but before the hereditary peerage was abolished, and his right having thus vested before the abolition, the young *Comte de Montalembert*, in 1835, as soon as he came to the legal age, took his seat in the Chamber, and soon distinguished himself, not less by the fluency and suavity of his eloquence than by his high religious and conservative principles. It was therefore with some surprise that in the Revolution of February, 1848, he was seen as a member of the republican *Assemblée Constituante*, and again in that of 1849, and finally in the present dumb Legislature of Napoleon III.

But though he thus lent his name and influence to the existing *régime*, he soon quarrelled with it; and we are forced to confess that too much of his panegyric on English government seems prompted by the occasion it affords of sarcastic contrasts with that of France, which the laws of the press in that country probably restrain him from making in more explicit terms; and this restraint also drives him into an allusive and circumlocutory style, which an English reader will occasionally find obscure. Indeed his vehement protests against the anarchical and despotic usurpations of the last seven years, however well merited, come with some awkwardness from one whose appearance in their Assemblies seems to give a kind of *de facto* countenance to both. M. de Montalembert complains of the disorderly proceedings of these Assemblies, which, if he alludes to his own case, would rather surprise us; for we have always understood no one was better listened to; but if he has met occasional *désagréments*, we confess that we cannot very deeply sympathise with him—*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* We admit that in such revolutionary vicissitudes as France has lately undergone, compliance and perhaps even concurrence with the powers that be, are entitled to an indulgent construction; and M. de Montalembert's presence in the second of these Republican Assemblies was countenanced by that of several respectable persons of the most anti-Republican views, who hoped, no doubt, to contribute, by their presence and authority, to restore some kind of constitutional order. This, we thought at the time,\* a vain expectation, and

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\* See 'Quarterly Review' for December, 1851, p. 270.

somewhat derogatory from their personal character, and events have shown that it did not fulfil their object. But we are wholly at a loss to account for the appearance of a gentleman of M. de Montalembert's very peculiar and loudly professed principles in that wonderful *Assemblée* of April, 1848, where he figured—the only *ex-Peer* of France—as the colleague of Louis Blanc, Albert *ouvrier*, Prudhon, and Caussidière. Of this portentous singularity we have never seen the slightest explanation, nor of another remarkable phase of his character—that he not only had *not* the honour of being included with his conservative and constitutional colleagues in the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, but that we should find his name in what was called the *Consultative Commission* convoked by Louis Napoleon to consummate that usurpation. It is true that some names were placed on the list of that Commission without their previous consent—and we think it worth while to reproduce a specimen of the remonstrances that this abuse of respectable names produced. M. J. Perier, Governor of the Bank of France, answered—

'I should *ruin myself in the opinion of all respectable men* if I were to accept this duty, which would seem to approve what I blame and deplore.'

M. de Goulard replied—

'I absolutely refuse this mission; *my honour and conscience both forbid.*'

M. Beugnot wrote—

'I should think myself *dishonoured by accepting such a mission.*'

We do not find that M. de Montalembert had any such scruples—he seems to have accepted the strange mission. He had, no doubt, his own good reasons for doing so, but having done so—and with so much zeal that Victor Hugo denounced him as an '*accomplice*' of Louis Napoleon—we cannot comprehend either the consistency or good taste of the reiterated attacks which he makes against the Imperial *régime*.

But there is another circumstance which seems to us still more inexplicable. We find in the official list of the members of the French Legislative Assembly in the *Almanach National* of the year 1852 the '*Count de Montalembert*' designated as a '*Member of the Legion of Honour.*' He was not so in the year '50 nor '51. His supposed '*accomplicity*' with Louis Napoleon dates, of course, as of December, 1851; the *Almanach National* is published in the early part of the year whose date it bears, and therefore M. de Montalembert's nomination to the Legion of Honour must have been about the time of the *coup d'état*.

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This decoration continues to be annexed to his name in the list of 1853, but, most inexplicable of all, we find that in 1854 and 1855 this honourable mark is removed, and it seems that M. de Montalembert ceased during the year 1853 to be a member of the Legion of Honour. Did he accept that favour from the hands of Louis Napoleon, and was it subsequently revoked or resigned? We know no more about the matter than we find in the official list, where it certainly wears a very singular aspect. In short, he seems to us one of those uneasy and versatile spirits that prove as vain of repassing his little Rubicon as of having passed it, and, provided he can make himself talked about, crosses and recrosses as readily as a ferryman,—a Charon, who would be thought a Cæsar. We have no concern and take no interest in M. de Montalembert's French politics, but when he offers himself to us as a lecturer, critic, and prophet on the *Political Future of England*, we should like to know a little more distinctly how his character for political principle and consistency stands in his own country.

But if it were only as a political lecturer that he had come forward, we confess that we should have attached much less importance to his work, and should not have been disposed to examine it so critically, and we will frankly own so jealously, as we are forced to do by the eccentricity (to use the gentlest term) of the religious topics and doctrines which he has chosen—even while disclaiming their introduction—to obtrude upon us.

M. de Montalembert has long been designated by all parties in France as an '*ultra-Catholic*' and the great champion of the Ultramontane school. We have neither right nor inclination to quarrel with his faith: he is a Christian—evidently a sincere one; we will add a consistent one; for undoubtedly his extreme ultramontane principles are the true and only logical expression of what *Catholicity* really is.\* Where infallibility is once admitted—absolute, unlimited, universal prostration and submission can be the only result; we therefore more than excuse—we respect—his zeal for the form of Christianity of which he is so *enthusiastic* a votary; we have even a kindly feeling towards the charity (misplaced though it be) with which he would extend its *infallible* benefits to us: but what may be fairly complained of is the manifold infractions of good taste, fair argument, and historical truth, by which he labours so frequently and so gratuitously, *à tort et à travers*, to intrude into a discussion which he professes to con-

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\* See the letter of M. Coquerel, one of the most eminent Protestant ministers in France, to M. Guizot in 1838—a piece of eloquence and reasoning that dissects and refutes the errors of Lamennais, and by anticipation those of M. de Montalembert.

sider as *exclusively* political and secular (p. 118), his very peculiar religious tenets, and especially a depreciation of the Reformation generally, and of the Church of England more especially, as misplaced in logic as unfounded in fact. And this he carries to a degree of prejudice and passion which we may venture to call *monomania*—a term which God forbid that we should apply to his laudable zeal for his own doctrinal faith, but which appears to characterize most justly the kind of passionate excitement against Protestantism which he shows whenever his predominant idea is awakened. We shall in the sequel have but too many proofs of the justice of this observation, but there is one which deserves to be specially noticed even at the outset, because it leads us to an explanation of this aberration of a mind on other points so amiable, so accomplished, and often so sagacious.

Towards the close of the work (p. 275), after stating that the British Constitution had long been the 'admiration of the highest intellects amongst mankind,' he concludes, by what looks like a merely ridiculous anticlimax—'from Montesquieu to *le Comte de Maistre*.' Most English readers will wonder who this Comte de Maistre is, and how he comes to be quoted as an authority necessary to corroborate and crown that of the rest of mankind. Here is what we find of him in the *Biographie des Contemporains*:—

'*Le Comte Joseph de Maistre* [a native of Piedmont, and for many years Sardinian minister in Russia] died at about 68 years of age in 1821, having written a great deal, at least for a gentleman who professed to despise literature and literary fame—which, however, came to him unsought; for his name is now-a-days very popular. But though he has left on all his works the stamp of talent and of a *very singular originality*, it must be admitted that his name would not have been so pompously praised if he had not proclaimed himself the leader of the party that aims at the re-establishment of ancient Catholicity throughout Europe. The work in which M. de Maistre expounds his system is entitled "THE POPE," and is written with a hardihood, and often an *eccentricity* of ideas, which give it a *very peculiar* character. It contains propositions which are, one may say, the elixir of *theocratical fanaticism*, and which in other respects also seem unworthy of a man of M. de Maistre's talents. For instance—according to him, the divine legitimacy of the authority of the Popes is proved equally by their virtues and their vices. John XXII. and Alexander VI., and, in fact, all those whose crimes have the most notoriously degraded the Pontifical tiara, have furnished the author with such an argument as this. "Is it not," he asks, "a standing miracle that in such hands the Catholic edifice should not have perished?" and he therefore sees no salvation for all the thrones of Europe but by the restoration of *unity* and obedience to the yoke of papal discipline. He sees no guarantee for

for the personal safety of Princes but in their devotion to the Court of Rome, and he even pushes the absurdity—we might almost say the *joke*—to the extent of maintaining that the Kings who have been most faithful to Rome have lived the longest. He further maintains that all Crowns are held of the Pope's Tiara; that all princes are no more than delegates of the Holy See, and revocable at its pleasure; and that nations have a right to recur to the Pope's supremacy against their governments, when there shall appear to be any danger to the Catholic faith. We can easily conceive how alarming must be such doctrines as to *l'avenir de l'Europe*—the *futurity of Europe*.—*Biog. Contemp.*, tit. *Maistre*.

M. de Montalembert was we presume too young to have any personal knowledge of M. de Maistre, but he seems to have adopted his principles to their extreme extent, and we find him very soon associated with a still bolder and more mischievous guide of the same school—the Abbé Lamennais, of deplorable notoriety. This man, whose mind we believe to have been originally and constitutionally unsound, and to have been additionally distorted by extreme vanity and ambition, adopted and exaggerated the de Maistre theory of the absolute and universal supremacy of the Popedom; and, to propagate it, founded, in the first extravagant days of the July revolution, a journal called *L'Avenir*,\* in which his principal associates were another abbé—Lacordaire—and the young *Count de Montalembert*, not yet of age.

'The intimate friendship,' says one of the Count's most favourable biographers—and indeed so great seems to be his personal amiability, that they are *all* favourable,—

'The intimate friendship which he formed with Lamennais brought about a considerable revolution in his ideas; the pious Legitimist became an independent and a liberal, but without departing from his original religious prepossessions.'—*Biog. Impart.*, 1848.

The ultramontanism of *L'Avenir* was so excessive, that even the clergy of France could not tolerate such a prostration of the liberties of the Gallican church as it advocated: the bishops synodically denounced it. Lamennais appealed to Rome, thinking, it was conjecturally said, that he might rather hope for a cardinal's hat than fear a pontifical censure. But the Pope himself (Gregory XVI.) was alarmed at such ultra-popery, and found it necessary to censure dogmatically his extravagant and eccentric advocates—*plus papistes que le Pape*.

\* *Avenir* seems to be a cant term of this school. M. de Maistre wrote about *l'Avenir de l'Europe*, and Lamennais, before he set up the journal *l'Avenir*, had written some essays under that title; and now we have *l'Avenir de l'Angleterre*; but all these *avenirs* were and are intended to persuade us that the real *avenir* is a *retour au passé*—that is, to the Papal despotism of the Middle Ages.

Disconcerted and mortified in his personal vanity and professional ambition, Lamennais threw himself into still worse extravagances, and published, in 1834, *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, which we described at the time (*Q. R.*, vol. iii. p. 366) as 'a tissue of impiety, sedition, and above all, absurdity, which shocked us like the blasphemous ravings of a maniac.' On this execrable rhapsody the Gallican Church and the Pope were again driven to fulminate their censures; and every sober mind and Christian heart in Europe must have confirmed their sentence. Up to what period and how far M. de Montalembert continued his co-operation with this unhappy madman we cannot say, for we confess they attracted little of our curiosity, after *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, till their simultaneous appearance in the Assembly of April, 1848.\*

Before we proceed to show the unexpected way in which these religious and political influences break out in the author's appreciation of the *Futurity of England*, we must notice some of his earlier literary works. He is a member of the French Academy, elected it seems in 1851, and received on the 5th of February, 1852, under the presidency of M. Guizot. In the customary compliments which, on the reception of a new-elected member, pass between him and the director of the day, the *discours* of the latter invariably exhibits in the best light the claims of the *récipiendaire* to the honour conferred. On these occasions great curiosity is felt in the literary and fashionable worlds as to the topics and merits of the respective discourses: on this one the curiosity was greater than usual to hear how a Doctrinaire Protestant and ex-Minister of Louis Philippe would deal with an ultra-Catholic Legitimist opposed by his religion and his politics to the ex-Minister and the ex-Monarch. The only hint afforded by M. Guizot of any literary claim that M. de Montalembert could have to a seat in the Academy, was, the reminding him that when his father was Ambassador in Sweden, and himself but nineteen years old, he had written an Essay on Gustavus Adolphus, which he had communicated to M. Guizot, who had it seems approved the work, and contributed, some how, to its publication. He compliments him on being, by education and principle, what his predecessor, M. Droz, a converted revolutionist, had become by experience and conviction—'a Christian and a Conservative;' he congratulates him on having escaped from the common error of

\* Lamennais died in retirement, not to say obscurity, in Paris, on the 27th February, 1855, at the age of seventy-three, of a long and painful illness, and, as his last biographer intimates, without, as might have been hoped, any visible regret for the scandal which the anarchical reveries of his later life had created.

considering

considering the Catholic Church as the exclusive ally of absolute power; he applauds his union of the words *religion and liberty*; and winds up by marking 'as the most original and attractive feature of his character, that he combines in a rare degree respect for the past, with an aspiration towards *l'avenir*.' All this, considering that M. Guizot was bound both by private friendship and the imperative rules of the Academy, to see nothing but merit in the *récipiendaire*, is very adroit—the panegyric is not only elegant and eloquent, but it is just and true *as far as it goes*; for by passing over, without even an allusion, any of M. Montalembert's works since the Swedish brochure (whatever it was) of 1829, he was relieved from explaining in what sense M. de Montalembert and M. Lamennais understood 'religious liberty,' and by what a very peculiar theory their 'aspirations after the future' seem nothing more than a longing to resuscitate ancient doctrines and pretensions so out of season and out of reason, that neither the Gallican Church nor even the Roman Pontiff himself could venture to tolerate them. But there was a matter behind the scenes which must, we suppose, have mortified M. de Montalembert, rather perplexed M. Guizot, and somewhat amused a malicious audience; and it was this—that the new academician, of whose works the official panegyrist had so little to say, was in fact an author, rather a voluminous one, and especially of one work, very singular, very eloquent, very learned in its way, and altogether one of the most extraordinary we believe that has been published in France or England these two or three hundred years—it is called '*The History of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by the Count de Montalembert. Paris, 1838; in 2 vols.*,' of above 400 pages each. The suppression of all allusion to this remarkable work, when there was so little else in the way of literature to talk about, was at first, and, while we only knew the book by its title, incomprehensible; but when we obtained, and looked into the volumes we found an ample, if not a satisfactory explanation, which, both for the intrinsic curiosity of the case, as well as for its bearing on the tone and spirit of the volume before us, we think it right to submit to, as we anticipate, the wonder of our readers.

Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew King of Hungary, was born in 1207, married in 1221 Louis Landgrave of Thuringia, in Upper Saxony; after a widowhood of four years, spent in great sanctity, she died in 1231, and, at the instance of her family, was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. in 1235, and her feast established in the Catholic church for the 15th of November. It happened that M. de Montalembert had visited a magnificent church at Marbourg, in Hesse, erected by the holy Landgravine; he admired  
the

the architecture, he venerated the foundress, and was induced, by his mediæval taste and mediæval faith, to collect and compile the numerous legendary stories concerning her into a 'History,' which, as a view of the manners and superstitions of the times, is really very curious and characteristic. So far there was no reason why the work should not have been noticed as one of M. de Montalembert's claims to a seat in the Academy. But the details of the work, and the pious credulity which the author professes for the superstitions which he has collected, and on which he has lavished a profusion of pathetic and unctuous eloquence, give it altogether a different character. It would take a volume to exhibit what we think the absurdities of the work, and it would be a painful task, for we have no desire to create a smile, and still less any graver feeling against conscientious errors, or to deal lightly with what worthy, though mistaken, people regard as holy; but the whole tone and spirit of M. de Montalembert's strictures on the religion of England render it necessary to give some specimens of his taste and judgment in dealing with his own. Elizabeth's highest sanctification commenced with her widowhood; but a miracle which she performed during her husband's lifetime is too remarkable to be passed over. Among her peculiar works of charity was the cure of leprosy. One day, during an absence of her husband, after having, with her own hands, washed and bathed and anointed the sores of a poor leper, she placed him in her own bed. The mother of the Landgrave had in vain remonstrated against the danger of such a proceeding, and on his return complained of it, and took him to the bedside that he might see the fact. M. de Montalembert then proceeds to relate—

'The Duke could not suppress his irritation, and dragged off the coverlid of his bed. But at the same moment, according to the beautiful explanation of the historian, the Almighty deigned to open the eyes of his soul, and, instead of the leper, he saw stretched out in the bed the figure of Jesus Christ crucified!'—i. p. 273.

On another occasion the Landgrave gave a great entertainment to some neighbouring grandees, at which he sent to request the presence of his wife—

'But she, who, according to her custom, had given away all her clothes and ornaments to the poor, sent him a private message to say that she had no dress fit to appear in. But the Duke insisting, she knelt down and prayed thus, "Lord Jesus Christ, most faithful and merciful Father, sweet Comforter of the poor and the unhappy, friend and sure help of all that put their trust in thee, come now to the assistance of thy poor servant, who has stripped herself of all her ornaments for the love of thee." Upon which an angel immediately appeared, and said, "O noble spouse of the King of Heaven, here is what God sends thee from

from heaven with the salutation of a tender friendship—invest your body with this garment and crown your head with this crown, as a sign of thy eternal glory.” She blessed God, put on the crown and the mantle, and joined the guests in the festive hall, who were terrified at the splendour of her dress and the beauty of her countenance, for her face shone like that of an angel.’—i. p. 321.

The second volume opens with the widowhood, and the 19th chapter announces—

*‘How the most merciful Jesus consoled the dear Saint Elizabeth in her misery and solitude, and how the very sweet and most clement Virgin Mary came to instruct and fortify her.’*

These were not mere spiritual influences, but actually corporeal visitations.

‘On the feast of St. Agatha—5th February—in the year 1223, while she was bitterly lamenting her imperfections, her “*douce Consolatrice*” (the Holy Virgin) was all of a sudden at her side, saying, “O my child, why this violent affliction, &c.” A few days later, that is on the 10th of the same month, Elizabeth was still weeping and sobbing, when her indefatigable Comforter again came to her, but this time she was accompanied by St. John the Evangelist, who had been from her youth upwards the special friend and patron of our Elizabeth. “Thou hast chosen me,” said Mary, “for mistress and mother, and have given thyself up to me, but I wish this solemn engagement to be publicly known, and for that purpose I have brought with me my well-beloved St. John.” Elizabeth then placed her two hands within those of the Queen of Heaven as a faithful vassal doing homage before her sovereign, and she confirmed this donation of herself by oath, and St. John wrote a document attesting the transaction.’—p. 16.

Not only did the young and pious widow profess a spiritual marriage with the Saviour, but she was honoured by many personal visits, and in great state, from her heavenly spouse:—

‘Often also the divine husband of her soul—the only Lord and master of her existence—Jesus himself—visited her *face to face*, accompanied by a multitude of Saints; he consoled her by sweet converse, and comforted her by the sight of him.’—p. 163.

The miracles she performed after death were still more numerous and nearly as astonishing. An honest and pious couple in Hungary had but an only daughter; they spent the night of her death in grief, but in an interval of dozing the mother was warned in a dream to carry the dead body of her child to the distant tomb of Elizabeth:—

‘Next morning, when the neighbours expected to see the child buried, they were astonished to see the body packed (*enfermé*) in a basket, with which, in spite of the murmurs and derisions, the parents set out to carry the body to the sanctuary of Elizabeth. They were thirty days

on

on their journey, in tears, fatigues, and troubles of all sorts, but at the end of that time God took pity on their faith and their sorrow, and yielding to the merits of his dear Elizabeth, he sent back the innocent soul of the child to reanimate the body which had been with so much simplicity offered to him, and restored it to life.'—p. 254.

About the same time, the pious historian relates, that there happened to die at the opposite extremity of Europe a noble and charitable *English* lady, whose confessor suggested to her relations that, as she had during her life made a vow to visit the tomb of St. Elizabeth, the body should now be transported thither:—

'Her friends adopted the advice, and crossed the sea and a vast extent of country with the body, and after a journey of seven weeks arrived at Marbourg, where, when they had with great fervour invoked the Saint, the body of the pious lady was suddenly reanimated, and she returned to life, exclaiming, "*O happy that I am! I have been reposing on the bosom of St. Elizabeth.*" Her friends would have taken her back to England, but she refused to leave the place sanctified by her celestial friend, where she lived for fifteen years more,—but in complete silence.'—p. 236.

But Elizabeth's beatitude was not confined to herself—she had a progeny of saints. Her eldest daughter worked miracles. Her second daughter, an aunt, and several nieces and grand-nieces, were, it seems, all canonized saints—in short, this family, says M. de Montalembert in a happy metaphor, 'seemed destined to be a *hot-bed* or *nursery-ground*—*pépinière*—for heaven.'—p. 284.

Elizabeth's body reposed for three centuries under the vaults of her own magnificent church, and under the guard of the knights of the Teutonic Order. The guard over the relics could not however have been very reverential, for M. de Montalembert relates that her pious daughter Sophia—having, in 1254, a quarrel with the reigning Landgrave, and having tried, by one or two personal miracles, to bring him to reason, but in vain, made a most extraordinary appeal to his religion by producing at a conference

'*Une côte de sa sainte mère—a rib of her holy mother*—and adjured him to swear on the holy relic that he thought his title good.'—p. 270.

This noble and pious appeal to the conscience of the Landgrave, M. de Montalembert adds, with evident disappointment, failed; the Landgrave swore without difficulty, and twenty of his knights confirmed his usurpation.

M. de Montalembert, who gives in an appendix a list of the relics of St. Elizabeth that he had been able to discover in his researches, does not take any trouble to tell us what became of the

the *rib*, whose efficacy the daughter had uselessly tried on the obstinate usurper, and this seems the more negligent on his part, as he expresses in his Introduction a strong indignation against one of her descendants, who, having turned Protestant, tore the relics from the shrine, and scattered them to the winds.' But M. de Montalembert has found that in the year 1232 'her heart—the noblest part of the saint'—was removed to the cathedral of Cambrai in France:—

'Neither history nor tradition afford any clue to the motive that could induce the faithful of Germany to deprive themselves of so precious a treasure in favour of so remote a diocese. But who is there who cannot see in this a *mysterious disposition of Providence*, which ordained that this heart so tender and so pure should come to wait at Cambrai another heart worthy of it by an equal humility, charity, and lively love of God—the heart of Fenelon!'—p. 237.

Our readers will now be able to judge why the History of St. Elizabeth was not cited as one of M. de Montalembert's claims to literary reputation, and why we should have no great confidence in the value of his judgments about England, even if we could understand them more distinctly than we do.

About the time of M. de Montalembert's being chosen into the French Academy, he produced—perhaps as a kind of justification or excuse for an election for which there appeared such small literary claim—a new work entitled *Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX<sup>e</sup>. Siècle*, Paris, December, 1852. This volume we reviewed in our Number for that quarter; and so tenaciously is M. de Montalembert's monomania complicated with all the faculties of his mind, that there is not a line of that essay of ours that might not be here again applied with equal justice to this 'Futurity of England.' In that article we warmly applauded, as we might now, the man who professed a combined devotion to civil and religious liberty in language the more generous and impressive because it seemed at variance with the tone not only of the existing authorities in France, but of his own co-religionists and allies; we hailed the courage with which he proclaimed himself a *vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la liberté*. Such were our first impressions; we had, however, as our readers may recollect, got but a short way in our examination when we were forced to mitigate our approbation by a prudent doubt, not as to the author's personal sincerity, but as to the kind of liberty and liberality to which his doctrines ultimately tended.

'We must be on our guard (we said) against *imposture*—not that kind of imposture which a wilful cozeners palms upon the world, but the subtler and more ensnaring illusion which first takes captive and enlists in its service all the graces at once of character and of diction,

and then by these means disarming wholesome jealousy, gains a surer possession of the public mind.'—*Quart. Rev.*, Dec. 1853, p. 139.

This is the identical plan of the present work. Nothing can exceed the sweetness and unction of his topics and his phrases—nothing can be more intolerant and inconsistent than the results to which they tend. We then proceeded to give some

'instances of the singular faculty displayed by this imaginative philosopher of misreading, cross-reading, and reading backwards even his own plainest statements. In his steeplechase argument [for Popish supremacy throughout Europe] he leaps over everything in his way, including the very facts he himself has told us; and in his claims on behalf of the Church of Rome, he manifestly includes the prerogative of forming and transforming historical truth.'—*Ib.*

There is not a syllable here that does not apply to the present volume! We could even now produce nothing more exact—and indeed so we might go on to the full extent of our former article, to which, however, we at present content ourselves with referring our readers; and we do so the rather to satisfy them that the opinion we now express is not a new one, nor arising out of any circumstances connected with the present volume, which has only confirmed with greater force, and some unexpected additional proofs, our earlier impressions—the distinctive characteristic of the work before us being only the marvellous inconsistency and boldness of 'his misreading, cross-reading, reading backwards,' and altogether misrepresenting whatever he has ever seen, heard, or read of England, whenever and wherever the hopes and prospects of his Popish monomania can intrude themselves. But this is not done without that species of art which the world generally calls jesuitical—an epithet which we believe M. de Montalembert would not disclaim, and which all his works that we have seen do most eminently deserve. The first half of his work, which was published separately, contains a very eloquent and glowing panegyric on England and all her institutions, and it is not till the fascinated reader has walked a good way through the pleasant paths that are opened to him that he discovers the *anguis in herba*. The edges of the cup are copiously honied to induce us to swallow the draught, and the first, or descriptive part, was evidently made 'contagiously sweet,' and administered separately, to obtain vogue and acceptance for the less palatable potion that was to follow:—

—'veluti pueris absinthia tetra medentes  
Cum dare conantur, prius oras, pocula circum,  
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore.'

It would be unjust to M. de Montalembert to omit to state that he

he avows and recommends this species of delusive tactics with a candour very unusual in the school to which he belongs, and which, we suspect, many of his co-religionists will not thank him for displaying. This curious '*Encomium Doli*,' or lecture on slyness, is contained in a chapter of the second portion of the work, entitled 'Of Catholicism in England;' which also develops so clearly the scope of the writer's views, the style of his reasoning, and the ultimate object of his work, that we shall examine it in some detail, and we earnestly recommend it to the serious attention of the Anglican Church, of British statesmen, and of all who can have any dealings, political or spiritual, with 'Catholicism in England.' It is a warning voice from a quarter the most unexpected, but the most indisputable:—

'But there is an apprehension that I must be permitted to express, not, however, without a respectful diffidence. I feel the greatest respect for every English Catholic. No one in the Christian universe has deserved more than they do from the orthodox faith. Some families have kept it intact through three centuries of affronts and of persecutions. Others have regained it at the cost of sacrifices of which our age had no conception. Nevertheless I fear that among those generous neophytes who have honoured and consoled the Church, and who now, in sacred orders or in the Catholic press, devote themselves to the defence of their new faith, there may be some who do not sufficiently dread the danger of hurting or braving the national feeling—a feeling of which it is always so dangerous to make an enemy, and which is nowhere more powerful and more susceptible than in England.

'The glory of the Catholic Church—one of the conditions and of the consequences of her immortality—is to render herself always *all to all*. It is to *lend herself with an indefatigable flexibility* [mark the emphatic and antithetical expression—*indefatigable flexibility*!] *to the institutions, the manners, the ideas of all countries and of all ages, in all that is not incompatible with faith and Christian virtue*. It is to allow all her children to have, as it were, a private residence—to possess a peculiar patrimony of their own, in the midst of that incomparable Catholic Unity which does triumph over all, and survives to all only by its *elasticity* and its universality. "*In my Father's house there are many mansions.*"—p. 176.

We pause here for a moment to observe, as a curiosity in this kind of *concio ad clerum*, that this Scriptural phrase and its peculiar application is borrowed from the *Discours* which the Protestant orator, M. Guizot, addressed to M. de Montalembert himself on the day of his Academical reception. As applied by M. Guizot, it was a serious, sincere, and conciliatory application of the comprehensive benevolence of the Gospel—but when reproduced by an uncompromising champion of the exclusive Unity of Popery, and who in this very volume, as we shall see presently,

sently, denies that Protestantism is a religion at all, we can consider its introduction as no better than a sham—a specimen of that *flexibility*, that *soft solder* which the foregoing portion of the passage so jesuitically recommends. He proceeds in the same strain:—

‘England above all claims and deserves in this respect some *special precautions*; for we must recollect that it is not a heathen country. We cannot treat her as we do the islands of the South Sea, or the plains of Thibet. It is a Christian country, where Christianity, though *mutilated and disfigured, and in rebellion against the ONLY legitimate ecclesiastical authority*, still possesses an energy, a force, and a fecundity which is not to be despised. Moreover, it is a country which was Catholic for a thousand years—three times longer than it has been Protestant.’—*ib.*

This last assertion is begging an important step in the question. The Anglican Church professes to be as Catholic in the sense of *Christian*—the only one in which the word can have any meaning for a Protestant—as ever she was: that is, she is of the *church of Christ*, and not of *Rome*—not of 1000, but of 1850 years’ date. Even if the author’s chronology were to be strictly adopted, he will hardly venture to deny explicitly that the last 300 years have had a vast intellectual superiority over the preceding ages of comparative barbarism and ignorance, though he very strongly maintains the paradox that all the improvements of modern civilization may be traced back to that obscure period, and strongly advises his friends the new Catholics that their ‘easiest and *ablest tactic*’ would be to direct all their efforts backwards to *the past*, for which Englishmen have a natural reverence. This is the source and explanation of all M. de Montalembert’s enthusiasm for mediæval arts, mediæval tastes, mediæval institutions, mediæval happiness, and mediæval glory, which he strews with so lavish a hand over every page of all his works, and which means neither more nor less than to advocate the restoration of the mediæval darkness and despotism of Popery as it brooded over benighted and barbarous Europe in the days of St. Thomas à Becket and Sainte Elizabeth of Hungary.

The ‘*téméraire auteur*’ proceeds to develop this theory by the boldest experiments on the chronological and historical memory of his readers.

‘The most venerated institutions of England, her best and purest glories, are connected with Catholicism. Trial by jury, the Parliament, the Universities, date from the time when England was the submissive daughter of the Holy See.’—*ib.*

This argument is, as we have just said, deceptive in its terms by the confusion of *Catholicism* and *Christianity*, but it is notoriously

notoriously false in its facts; and we cannot but wonder that a learned academician who professes to have studied the British constitution in Montesquieu, who prefaces his volumes with epigraphs from Tacitus, and assumes to have examined our social and political state from its earliest foundations, should not know that the essential principles of both Juries and Parliaments existed in Britain before Christianity. Even if we could assent to that illogical reasoning of '*post, ergo propter,*' that M. de Montalembert is so fond of applying to his mediæval theories, we should like to meet him in a discussion of the progress of arts, science, manners, and material and social improvements, which have taken place since the *Reformation*.

'It was Catholic barons,' continues M. de Montalembert, 'who got Magna Charta from King John.'—*ib.*

It is really somewhat more than bold to attribute to Popery any share in the concession of Magna Charta. The fact is notoriously the very reverse. 'King John,' says Hume, 'despatched a messenger to Rome to lay before the Pope the Great Charter which he had been compelled to sign, and to complain of the violence imposed upon him. The Pope (Innocent III.) was incensed at the temerity of the Barons, and issued a bull in which he annulled and vacated the whole charter, and denounced a general sentence of excommunication against every one who should persevere in such treasonable and iniquitous pretensions.' (Hume, ch. x.) The anathema of the Pope's bull is even stronger than Hume states it.\*

'Except Queen Elizabeth, the only sovereigns of whom the people have kept the memory are Catholic kings—Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward III., Henry V.'—p. 177.

Of this passage it might be enough to say, in two words, that what is not nonsense is misstatement; for all the kings prior to the Reformation were equally Catholics; and if the names of Alfred, Cœur de Lion, Edward III., and Henry V. be more familiar to us, it is assuredly not from any superior *Catholicity*, but from their respective triumphs over the Danes and Saracens and at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. It is not as *Papists*, but as patriots and heroes, that they are remembered. We know not where M. de Montalembert has consulted the *people's memory*, but, according to our experience, we should say that the Protestant Edward VI. is even now more popular than any of his name; that for *one* of the people who knows or cares anything about Edward the Confessor, there are thousands who still take an

\* See that able and comprehensive work Milman's '*Latin Christianity*,' iv. 105.  
interest

interest in both the Charleses, in William III., and in Queen Anne, not merely as being of more recent date, but because their reigns are illuminated by the very lights which were wanting to England in those Catholic times.

Still more fatal to our author's scheme of mediæval optimism is his enumeration of the illustrious men that the grand mediæval era of Catholicism has produced. He felicitates the Puseyite neo-Catholics of our time that—

'their fervent devotion finds *heaven peopled with English saints*, from St. Wilfrid and St. Boniface to St. Thomas of Canterbury. All this is the patrimony—the treasures of the English Catholics.'—*ib.* p. 178.

Now Wilfrid is a saint of 709; Boniface—the one we suppose meant—of 755; and Thomas à Becket of 1170—at best a scanty contribution to the *peopling of heaven*; but, small as it is, what has that '*pépinière*' of saints, the Anglo-Romish Church, been doing ever since? For the many hundred years that she ruled the destinies of England, her enthusiastic advocate can produce no more edifying names to greet the advent of Newman and Co. than Wilfrid, Boniface, and Thomas à Becket, and, as if this was not sufficiently ridiculous, M. de Montalembert enhances and enlarges upon the same idea in another and still more absurd form. He laments that the genius, the activity of the Anglo-Saxon race should have been subtracted from the Catholic Church:—

'What strength—what help, the Roman Church would have found there! what an abundant harvest in the [Anglo-Saxon] race who gave to ecclesiastical liberty St. Anselm, St. Thomas, St. Edmund, *the most valiant champions that the Church ever had*—that race which now dedicates so many treasures of money and perseverance to the propagation of an *erroneous and impotent Christianity*!'—p. 170.

One can hardly believe a writer to be serious who, in looking for instances of the benefits that England had derived from the Roman Catholic religion, and examples of what she might hope from its re-establishment, is obliged to go back to St. Edmund of the Heptarchy, A.D. 900, St. Anselm of Canterbury, 1109, and to St. Thomas à Becket, 1171. If these were indeed the *most valiant champions the Church ever had*, what has she been about for the five or six hundred years in which she was in the uncontrolled command of this energetic race? Is it not wonderful that a person of the most ordinary common sense should not see at once that the long ages of Papal domination were, even on the author's own showing, an intellectual blank, and that the vigour, energy, and triumph of the Anglo-Saxon spirit rose just as it escaped from the Papal despotism?

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We have seen that M. de Montalembert, by way of '*tactic*,' advises his neophytes to deal cautiously with English Christianity, 'which, though mutilated, disfigured, and in rebellion, is not to be despised.' We intimated some suspicion of the sincerity of this anodyne advice. We shall now corroborate that suspicion, by showing that he and his school boldly deny that Protestantism is any religion at all.

His early associate, Lamennais, in 1826, even while he still affected to be orthodox, has thus written in a work which was especially selected for reprinting and distribution by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Belgium,—

'There is not in Europe one single educated man who does not know that Protestantism is a monstrous absurdity. But while they *despise it as nonsense*, they support it as a revolt.'—*Mélanges*, 434.

M. de Montalembert, in his *Intérêts Catholiques*, had followed his leader:—

'Protestantism, fallen to the level of a *simple negation*, is almost nowhere and by nobody *pris au sérieux*—looked upon as a serious reality.'—*Int. Cath.* p. 71.

Which he proceeds to prove by such arguments as these:—

'In Germany the irreparable fall of Protestantism is notorious; and that *Bible* which Luther boasted of having discovered is now rejected as a *tissue of impostures and fables*.'—*ib.*

We regret at least as much as our author can do the numerous instances of scepticism that modern Germany has exhibited; but the laying the blame on Luther's translation, and calling it a *tissue of impostures and fables*, we can hardly take *au sérieux*, even from the historian of Elizabeth of Hungary.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in England and America is, he proceeds to show, at its last gasp:—

'In America and in England *life* has departed from that fraction of Protestantism, that calling itself orthodox, has preserved a shadow of hierarchy, and has passed over to the Dissenters, to the avowed enemies not merely of all discipline but even *revelation*.'—*ib.* 72.

He is, indeed, so candid as to say,—

'I know *some* Protestants whose [religious] illusions do not blind me to their personal virtues. I know that there may be found (*çà et là une poignée*) here and there a *handful* of just and pious men, in whom there is not wanting the goodwill to struggle against the consequences of their principle.'

We are by no means sure that we understand what the author means; but from the context we venture to guess that this simple *handful* of just and pious men to be found *here and there* in the Anglican

Anglican Church struggling against their own conviction—(a new exercise of justice and piety!)—are no other than the Puseyite fraction of our clergy who have not openly apostatised,—

‘whose efforts against the common enemy [Protestantism] would not be despised by the CHURCH, if anything could be hoped from a congregation of a thousand sects that *pretends to be a church*, but which has not produced one preacher or one theologian since the death of Vinet and conversion of Newman! No! no one can seriously reckon on Protestantism as capable of contending either against the church or against revolution.’—*ib.* 72.

What, not one?—not a preacher, not a divine left in the whole Protestant world since Newman apostatised in England, and one Vinet died in Switzerland? *We* know something of Newman, and can pretty well appreciate what our Church has lost in him; but who is this wonderful *Vinet* whose eclipse has left all the Protestant pulpits of the two worlds without one solitary preacher? And how can we explain the singular candour with which M. de Montalembert allows that there had been in our times even that one single Protestant decently fit to expound a text? Vinet was a professor of Lausanne, who somehow got into disputes with the governing powers of his own—the established church of Switzerland, and chose, like our late Irving, to set up an opposition preaching of his own; and just because this wrong-headed and troublesome man made a schism in a Protestant community, and cast off his allegiance to a Protestant church, he is thus as it were canonised by M. de Montalembert.

The present work continues and expands the same extraordinary admiration of all that is Popish, the same contemptuous depreciation of all that is Protestant, and does so with the most illogical pertinacity even in those very pages in which he professes to abstain from religious subjects. We follow him with reluctance into that field, but he leaves us no option. We have no right, and quite as little desire, to question the private merits of the gentlemen who have recently seceded from us, or to derogate from the eulogy that M. de Montalembert pronounces on the integrity of their motives, and the greatness of their sacrifices. We grant it all; but we must at the same time enter our protest on behalf of the great body of the Anglican clergy against M. de Montalembert’s insidious assertion that

‘such men as Manning, Newman, Faber, and Wilberforce were, even by the admission of those who have not followed their glorious example, the first of men—first for their virtue as well as for their talent, their science, and their eloquence.’—p. 166.

‘*Premiers d’entre tous.*’ Come! that is a little too much! However

However highly M. de Montalembert may think of these gentlemen—and we ourselves should be very unwilling to speak of them otherwise than with regret and respect—he has certainly no justification for saying that *all those* who have not imitated them admit any such superiority in talents, science, and eloquence, or in any one of those qualities. We abstain, for obvious motives, from doing more than recording this short and peremptory denial of so offensive and unfounded an assertion.

Again, he attributes the animosity roused in the Protestant mind by the Popish aggression not to that, but to alarm at

‘the unexpected progress of a faith supposed to be extinct, and above all at the numerous conversions which have, as it were, *beheaded the Anglican clergy*, by depriving it of *its most eminent theologians and its most exemplary ministers*.’—p. 174.

Without discussing the author’s estimate of the individual men, we may be at least allowed to smile at the Academician’s metaphor: a man, it seems, may be said to have been *beheaded* if he loses by disease or accident two or three fingers or toes. We believe that most unprejudiced persons will believe that if any of the parties to this discussion *ont perdu la tête*, it is, at least, not the Anglican clergy.

Of the consistency, and perhaps we might even say the sincerity, of M. de Montalembert’s opinions, we find in this part of his volume a remarkable and not very favourable test. In the latter end of the year 1853, before he seems to have assumed the mission of Catholicising England, he published, as we have just seen, in the *Intérêts Catholiques*, that Protestantism, at best no better than a simple negation—*was nowhere considered as a serious reality—and was in England absolutely DEAD*. But in accordance with the new and ‘handy tactic’ which on reconsideration he has adopted and recommends to his neophytes, both by precept and practice, we find in the present work, published only three years later, this remarkable and diametrical contradiction of the former assertion:—

‘To see in Protestantism, such as it is in the national Church of England, what it is in several other sects—a *negative religion*—*would be a gross error*.’—p. 193.

That is the very error to which he had so recently pledged himself.

‘The tempter now is wiser than before;’

and he applies a layer of *soft solder* to amalgamate, if he can, his incoherent opinions; but his palinode is to our taste more offensive than even the original insult. The latter was untrue

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to a degree that was only ridiculous—the malicious candour of the new version seems to us less pardonable.

‘The religion of the English has, on the contrary, all the characteristics of a positive, substantial religion, incomplete as it is, and sovereignly illogical. A faith, sincere and even fervent, in the Divinity and in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, fills the souls of a number of laymen and of ministers of the Anglican Church. *This is certainly not enough: what is it to believe in the Son of God without believing in the authority and the sacraments that He instituted?* We must then pity the Anglicans to be contented with *so insufficient and so illogical* a solution of the problems propounded by conscience and by nature.’—*Ib.*

‘*Solution si peu logique des problèmes que posent la conscience et la nature.*’ We confess that we do not understand the meaning of these latter words, and we doubt whether they have any: but as to the rest of the passage, we confidently ask what is there illogical, unnatural, or unconscionable in saying, ‘We believe, like you, in a God and Saviour, and in the sacred volume vouchsafed to us as our guide; but we find nothing in that volume about the Pope’s infallible *authority*, or any other *sacraments* than the two that we acknowledge—Baptism and the Lord’s Supper—which latter we receive *in the same form and in the same words and the same sense* in which our Saviour delivered it and the Apostles received it on *the night of its institution*’?

At last the author’s toleration and liberality arrive at a gracious admission that

‘we cannot deny the good faith of *many*, nor the deep and serious influence exercised over a *great number of souls* by the *forms* of worship and doctrine of Anglicanism.’—*Ib.* 194.

We do not accept this compliment as gratefully as M. de Montalembert probably thinks we should—crumbs from so rich a table: that ‘*plusieurs*’ Anglicans are sincere, and that Anglicanism has an influence over ‘*un grand nombre*,’ is a truth undeniable, but it is, as truth so frequently becomes under Jesuitical manipulation—pregnant with untruth—namely, that these cases, though rather numerous, are after all only exceptional. Within a few pages, however, this ‘*poignée*’ of good sort of people, swells into ‘a vast number of studious, austere, pious, and charitable men,’ to whom M. de Montalembert proceeds in many passages to deal out a measure of approbation and even praise of their morals, zeal, piety, and pastoral virtues, very just, and we hope very sincere, but totally inconsistent with the greater part of his former statements; and we are sorry to be obliged to add that, even in these more agreeable passages, there always  
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arises *amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat*, and forcibly reminds us of a *tactician* alternating between a vague hope of making Protestant proselytes and a well-founded fear of offending Papist jealousies :—

‘Let the most competent judges, and those most interested in pointing out the defects of the Anglican clergy, be consulted on this subject, more especially the members of that clergy who have left it to become Catholics; they will all tell you that they have left behind, in the English church, much regularity, *precious dispositions*, and, above all, a great influence over the rural populations.’—*Ib.*, p. 199.

Knowing what the author, and the gentlemen he appeals to, understand by ‘*précieuses dispositions*,’ we believe that the vast majority of the Anglican clergy would beg leave to disclaim this insidious praise, as both People and Clergy would reject the following corollary :—

‘The English *People* are much more Protestant than the *Clergy*, and we might say that it is the people who encourage the clergy in their revolt against the Unity of the Roman Church.’—*Ib.*

So, again; when he praises the charity of our clergy, he reminds them that they inherit it—not from natural good will or from the influence of the Gospel, but—as the legacy of Catholicism :—

‘This charity, the *ancient inheritance of the Church* that this clergy replaces, has survived all their disorders, and has acquired of late additional development.’—p. 198.

And, again, mark how carefully he dilutes some praise of the Protestant clergy in which he had indulged, by a gratuitous and injurious comparison with certain of his own priesthood :—

‘We shall certainly *not* find in the Anglican clergy the passionate ardour for doing good, the tender and generous solicitude for the salvation of souls, the daily practice of self-sacrifice in all that is most humble and heroic, all of which have never been more honoured in the Catholic priesthood than in our age in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in Ireland—*et partout*—everywhere—so that the consoling certainty of the *immense superiority of the Catholic clergy* suffices—more than suffices—to keep us from the fear of rendering too much justice to the adversary.’—p. 192.

*Et partout!* We have little inclination to detract from the merits which the author attributes to the clergy of his own Church, and still less to condescend to any rectification of his injurious comparative estimate of ours; but we cannot help observing, as a curious and very illustrative fact, that this Catholic advocate omits from his ‘*mention honorable*’ the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy of Europe—those of Spain, Portugal, Austria, Sardinia, Italy, even of England his theme, and finally  
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of infallible Rome herself—all, not only not commemorated, but confounded under the evasive if not contemptuous generality of '*et partout*,' which, we suspect, a great majority of his co-religionists '*partout*,' and especially in England, will hardly forgive. And this is the more remarkable, because M. de Montalembert, who places the chief strength and glory of Catholicism in its *Unity*, confesses that this Unity is threatened by a terrible defection:—

'What a compensation it would be for the Church! [had England remained Catholic]—what a contrast with the Southern nations, which now, *after two centuries of sterility and of decline*, are on the high road to *apostasy*!'

While he adds sentimentally,—

'Rome and England were two souls made to understand and love each other, but separated by some fatal error—the fault of a day, perhaps of a moment.'—p. 170.

In short, a lover's quarrel. This is twaddle indeed, but there is a meaning at bottom. The former portion of the sentence alludes to the political struggles which are going on in Sardinia, Naples, and Spain, and which, as they have already invaded church property, will perhaps by-and-by attack church doctrine; but it surely is a strong mark of the peculiar deficiency of M. de Montalembert's mind, in both reflective and logical power, that this apprehended defection of the ancient and sworn vassals of Rome should suggest to him the imagination of rebellious and stubborn old England in a state of dutiful submission to a Papal despotism that Spain and Naples can no longer bear. Such visions are worthy of the historian of St. Elizabeth.

We resume the important topic of M. de Montalembert's *aigre-doux* judgments of the English clergy.

He lauds perhaps a little too highly the amelioration of public morals in England towards the close of the last century and beginning of this. He makes several observations which prove that his knowledge of the subject, of which however he treats very dogmatically, is inaccurate in several details which are not worth notice in an essay of this nature; but some of them are historical misrepresentations of more importance.

'I do not think,' says M. de Montalembert, 'that any important share in this amelioration *can be attributed to the Anglican clergy*—it seems to have begun with a few laymen, and above all with William Wilberforce.'

Now this is not merely unjust, but absolutely untrue, and requires a decided contradiction from the perseverance with which the author persists in this misrepresentation of the English Clergy.

Clergy. The revival began in the Church itself, with the Wesleys and Whitfield, in the earlier part of the last century; and it was through his clerical friends that it, after many years, reached Wilberforce himself. One of ourselves can remember to have heard John Wesley, and witnessed his triumphs in large congregations that had never heard of Wilberforce's name unless as an M.P. His book, which appeared some years after Wesley's death, produced a considerable effect; for, besides its intrinsic merit, it excited curiosity and wonder as the work of a young man of fashionable and political note, whose life had, and whose thoughts were supposed to have, run in a very different course. But he only swelled the already powerful stream. We see in Hannah More's early Memoirs and other records of the time, that the revival had extended itself not only among the clergy, which it had done widely, but also in high society, before Wilberforce had been heard of. Much the most effective influence on the moral and religious improvement of England was the personal example of George III. and his excellent queen. Our readers who remember with regret some late perversions to Popery amongst us, will see why it is that the venerable name of Wilberforce is thus frequently and sedulously obtruded in depreciation of the Anglican clergy, to whom Wilberforce was himself sincerely attached, and amongst whom he has left one dignified and honoured representative.

Even when that sort of truth *qui saute aux yeux* forces M. de Montalembert to attest the zeal and pious munificence of the Anglican clergy, he cannot bring himself to do it without a gratuitous insult.

'In seeing those old churches—so large, so fine in their primitive beauty, and borrowing a new beauty from the painted glass and sculpture added to them by a pious munificence, we might fancy them ready to receive, in all its integrity, the Divine truth of which they possess *but such a small portion*.'

—that *small portion* being only the whole Bible—Testaments, Old and New—all the Creeds—all the sacraments and precepts that the Gospel enjoins—reverence for every name it sanctifies—all that can be derived from the Word of God; but we want faith in the Pope's infallibility, and in the doctrine of Transubstantiation as expounded by the absurd *Corpus Christi* miracle said to have been performed in the 1264th year after the institution of the Sacrament.

He pursues this style of depreciatory eulogy—*commemoratio verè exprobratio*—in a still more offensive way.

'We must, however, admire sincerely the zeal and the munificence  
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of the Anglican priests and laymen for the adornment and the restoration of what *they call the house of God*. We must felicitate them that, with their usual *happy inconsistency*, they do not perceive that the decoration so profusely reproduced on Catholic architecture and sculpture rests most entirely on the doctrine of the *real presence and of the invocation of saints*—the tenets that Anglicanism most rigorously proscribes, in spite of the protestations and the interpretations of the *Anglo-Catholic school*.

This is the first time that we remember to have heard the *Anglo-Catholic school*. What does that mean? All the rest of M. de Montalembert's work defends and praises his convert friends for their return to Roman *Unity*—but now it seems they are a school apart! But that is an inconsistency, however serious in itself, insignificant when compared with the rest. *What we call the house of God!* Does he mean to deny that our churches are the house of God? Has he not just told us that *in His house are many mansions*? Has he not just admitted that we have a sincere and fervent faith, and all the characteristics of a positive, substantial religion? What can he mean, then, by hesitating to call our churches the *house of God*? But he proceeds to push this jealous absurdity so far as to wonder that we have the face to adopt as our own the edifices, or even the style, of his Catholic times, and he affects to see in our renovation of ancient edifices and our reproduction of mediæval architecture an incipient adoption of Popish doctrines. To all this we reply, first, as matter of *fact*, that they were the works and style of our own forefathers, and that we apply them to the same purposes as our ancestors did—the worship of God, though we no longer celebrate the Corpus Christi festival, nor invoke the intercession of St. Thomas à Becket. But even if the author should say (what we totally deny) that we use them for a different purpose, what will he say for his own infallible Pontiffs, who in the supreme seat of their domination have so largely applied to Catholic worship, not merely the taste and style, but the identical edifices of Paganism? The temple of *Vesta* is now the church of the *Madonna del Sole*; the temple of *Fortuna Virilis* that of *St. Mary*; and the *Pantheon* itself, by a still closer association, is dedicated to *All Saints*. When M. de Montalembert makes what in his enthusiastic style he calls a *pilgrimage* to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, but which we suppose may be more mundanely and more truly described as a visit to Canterbury Cathedral on his road from Dover to London, he produces this very remarkable paragraph:—

‘The laudable and scrupulous respect of the English for ecclesiastical antiquities sometimes produces the strangest contrasts. Thus, on going

going on his pilgrimage to the profaned tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the Catholic sees a neo-Gothic chair, which he is told is the present Archbishop's throne, and close by the magnificent sepulchre of a cardinal of the fifteenth century, with an epitaph giving him all his titles, and where the words *Sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ* come as it were to *shame the usurped throne of the schismatic primate.*

The preservation of a dilapidated tomb, an act of tolerance, munificence, and piety in the Anglican Primate and the authorities under him, is not very gratefully recompensed by the imputation of '*shame*,' '*usurpation*,' and '*schism*;' but there is something still more curious behind. M. de Montalembert does not tell us the name of this great dignitary of the *Sacrosanct Roman Church*—thus summoned from the tomb to shame the *schismatic usurper*, of the see—we suppose he means Archbishop Kemp, whose obscure name would not have gained much by a comparison with our Protestant prelates; but there is in the very same portion of the cathedral another tomb—the tomb of a cardinal too—whose name—a very great name—M. de Montalembert either forgot, or, more probably, so well remembered that he did not like mentioning *any* names, for fear of suggesting that one—*Odo de COLIGNI, Cardinal de Châtillon*, the elder brother of the great Admiral de COLIGNI, the chief object and most illustrious victim of the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*. This Cardinal had become, by his secret tendency to Protestantism, obnoxious to the Courts both of Rome and France, and he thought it necessary to seek a personal asylum in England, whither, however, the vengeance of bigotry is supposed to have followed him, and he was poisoned by his Popish servants in February, 1571, 'probably, as tradition says, to prevent his openly embracing the Protestant religion.' (*Gostling's Walks in Canterbury*.) His remains were deposited here in the Metropolitan Cathedral in the reign of the 'merciless Elizabeth' (p. 147); and although M. de Montalembert had just told us that 'the spirit of *preservation* is the *most precious* gift of the English race' (*ib.*), and had warmly eulogised us for 'not being subject to that odious mania of degrading and mutilating historical monuments' (p. 148), he has the monstrous inconsistency of seeing in the preservation of a monument so sacred as a tomb nothing but a '*shame to the usurped throne of a schismatical primate.*' Thus the same fact is in one page a compliment to the people who are to be cajoled, and in the next an insult to the clergy who are to be displaced.

This perpetual inconsistency between the facts that M. de Montalembert cannot help seeing, and the varnish with which his peculiar prejudice discolours them, is nowhere  
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more provoking than in his chapter on the Universities. His general descriptions are just, eloquent, and graphic\*—we read them with more than assent, we might almost say admiration, till he comes to intrude, as he never fails to do, some drops of that jesuitical elixir which is meant to change the colour and neutralize the effect of the favourable evidence he had been forced to give. This is sometimes adroitly and sometimes clumsily performed. We shall give in succession some instances of both these processes:—

‘The universities of Oxford and Cambridge are, in my opinion, the real wonder of England. . . . Here it is that the Futurity [*avenir*!] of England incessantly steepens and revivifies herself in the waters of the Past. Nowhere else in the world is the *middle age* still alive and flourishing as it is at Oxford and Cambridge. Nor is it a revival—a factitious restoration—a mosaic fortunately discovered and cleared of the rubbish of revolutions: it had never perished.’—p. 147.

We need not say what the author means by the ‘*middle ages*,’ to which he believes that England is wading backwards; and he plainly hints that the Universities show many tendencies in that direction:—

‘Most of the foundations date from the time when England was *still Catholic*, and they have preserved the *indelible stamp of their origin*. The spirit of *preservation*, which is the most precious gift of the English race, exists here *more strongly than anywhere else*. In these, the head-quarters of Anglicanism, have been maintained *with respect*, and in the most prominent situations, the effigies of the two sovereigns whose Catholicism has rendered them the most unpopular of all British rulers, Queen Mary and James II.’—p. 147.

‘It is evident that this spirit of *conservation* is not likely to be confined to material monuments, but will *also extend itself* still more energetically to the habits and *traditions which presided over the birth and infancy of these great institutions*. Here everything shows the influence of this *protective* spirit. Innovations, when they are to be undergone, must come from without—from the Government, or Parliament. Thus only has Protestantism, and under its *most mitigated form*, been able to penetrate into and invade these creations of the *old faith*.’—p. 150.

All this means that the Universities have never ceased to be ready for Popery, which they quitted with reluctance, and only partially. We hope and believe that the Count’s prospects of

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\* His description of our great schools, Eton, &c. (in spite of some minor inaccuracies), is also very pleasing; but when he says that ‘the number of students and successful scholars produced by them is perhaps less than in the French Lycées’ (p. 143), we doubt both the fact and M. de Montalembert’s power of appreciating it, since we find him exhibiting the well-known line of Martial in this barbarous form:—

‘*Nec tecum nec te sine vivere possum.*’—p. 249.

the Universities are no better grounded than his retrospect of their history. 'Protestantism penetrated and invaded the Universities' in no other way nor a jot more reluctantly than it did the whole nation, and in as little a 'mitigated form as anywhere else;' and he is but poorly read in their political history who does not know that they have been the unshaken bulwarks, as well as the ornaments, of the Reformation; and that even Oxford, Jacobite as she was formerly suspected of being, and notwithstanding the Puseyite influences to which she has been recently, and partially, subjected, showed on some most memorable, and on several minor occasions, a determination against Popery for which she used to be charged with stubborn and even bigoted intolerance. We are very far from denying that with his ultra-Catholic views M. de Montalembert is, what on other topics he seldom is, perfectly logical and consistent in applauding the '*Oxford movement* inaugurated by the celebrated Dr. Pusey;' but we console ourselves a little from finding with what very slender evidence his hope is satisfied:—

'Twenty-five years ago, if an Oxford *Undergraduate* had been seen to communicate (according to the Anglican rite), he would have excited as much surprise as an *élève* from the Ecole Polytechnique at the same time with us. In 1855, of 100 students at Merton College (*Merton College gave Mr. Manning to the [Catholic] Church*) 45 used to receive the communion weekly.'

Whoever supplied M. de Montalembert with these details has led him into several misstatements. The assertion as to the rarity of Communicants twenty years ago, or within any period of which we have traces, is, we are informed, absolutely untrue. As to '*the 100 students at Merton, of whom 45 communicate weekly*,' there never were, within the memory of man, 100, or even half that number, at Merton: there are now but 31, and of these we learn that the number of Communicants is not beyond the proportion of the rest of Oxford. Nor is, nor was there ever, a weekly communion in that college.

There is also in the parenthesis of the foregoing note an ambiguity of expression which, for the sake both of Merton College and of the amiable person mentioned, M. de Montalembert should have avoided. Whatever Mr. Manning's studies at Merton may have been, that College cannot be said to have given him to the Catholic Church, for it was long after quitting college, and even after having tried another profession, that he took orders, and for many years enjoyed the rank and emoluments of the English Church, which he openly quitted only in 1851.

Such are the shadows that M. de Montalembert grasps at, but he can draw as flimsy conclusions from more substantial facts.

‘The architectural revival which has burst forth with so much energy among the Anglican clergy, is also a symptom of strength and of life that it would be absurd to underrate. It may have degenerated with some young Puseyite ministers into puerile affectations; but it is not the less sure that it has opened a door to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity—that it has led many on the road to *Unity*, and that in those who have stopped half-way it has engendered a profound respect for *religious traditions*, and consequently for *Catholic authority*.’—p. 200.

This *architectural revival*, though it has, as the author says, degenerated in some instances into Puseyite and puerile affectations, is not at all so recent nor so Puseyite as M. de Montalembert imagines. It was in progress long before the Puseyite movement, and was a natural consequence of the spirit of Church extension which had been manifesting itself from the beginning of the century. The mediæval style had many years before that—indeed ever since Horace Walpole led that fashion with more of antiquarian zeal than technical knowledge or taste—the style we say had showed itself extensively in civil and domestic architecture, and it naturally found a still more legitimate application to ecclesiastical edifices; so that in fact, with a comparatively few exceptions, Puseyism has had nothing to do with Church extension. This is proved by the fact that in Ireland—the portion of the Anglican Church the farthest removed from Puseyism, and between 1801 and 1829, a period before Puseyism was ever heard of—there were built, rebuilt, or extensively repaired, no less than 717 Protestant churches. Having thus incidentally touched on the Church in Ireland, it reminds us of M. de Montalembert’s short and contemptuous, but profoundly unjust notice of it.

‘As to the Anglican clergy whose wealth is in Ireland, an *evil without reason and without excuse*, and which is *doomed very shortly to disappear*; but it would be a grave error to confound, or even to assimilate, the part and the influence of this clergy in England with its *abusive and deleterious existence* in Ireland.’—p. 191.

M. de Montalembert must know worse than nothing of the Church in Ireland. In answer to his charge of scandalous and inexcusable wealth we reply—first, that when the late Lord Spencer introduced in 1833 the Church Temporalities Act, he observed, with reference to the imputed wealth of the Irish Church, ‘*I will venture to say, that greater exaggerations exist upon this point than upon any other political topic that has ever come under my consideration*’ and secondly, that we find this  
general

general statement amply corroborated by the details given in the Pastoral Charge delivered in 1845 by the Primate of Ireland, who has for now fifty years been a Bishop of the Irish Church, which he has adorned by virtues, governed with a prudence, and enriched by a degree of personal munificence, seldom equalled—never surpassed.

‘Were the personal incomes of the beneficed clergy to be divided equally amongst them, it would yield them 230*l.* a-year; were it equally shared amongst all incumbents and curates, it would not give each of them an income of 170*l.*; and if the value of the glebe lands be taken into the account, the whole property of the parochial clergy, were it divided in equal shares amongst them all, would not produce for each 200*l.* a-year.—*Charge*, p. 14.

The English clergy who happen to be acquainted with their Irish brethren well know that they are not inferior to themselves in learning, manners, zeal, or piety; and that as their position is in every way more difficult, so it may be said that their efforts are by so far the more meritorious. We do not scruple to say that the clergy of the Irish branch of the Established Church, however this too flippant Academician may have been taught to look at them, are in fact the *salt* that preserves not merely rational Christianity but even civilised society in Ireland. If that Church is, as M. de Montalembert so arrogantly predicts, doomed to disappear, it will leave Ireland in worse darkness than in the middle ages, and probably in deeper misery than it was at any age.

We are not surprised that M. de Montalembert should admit some of the ‘*inconsistencies*’ which he sees in the Anglican Church as ‘*happy*,’ because he has made them himself; they are only inconsistent because he confounds names and things, and they are happy because out of this confusion of words he extracts some recognition of Popery where in the reality nothing of the kind exists:—

‘There is a *Corpus Christi* College at Oxford, and another at Cambridge, though the Anglican Church does not admit transubstantiation. There is also *All Souls* College, although the prayers for the dead are interdicted; and the Colleges of St. Magdalen, St. John, St. Alban, St. Edward, although intercession to the Saints is prohibited.’—p. 167.

The author, we say, here confounds names and things. He admits, in more than one place, and admires, as a proof of our national good sense, that in all our reforms we are satisfied with doing what is necessary for the main object, and no more. So the Reformation, content with essential amendments, was too wise to attempt such interminable and indeed impossible

Quixotism as obliterating memories and eradicating names. There could be, of course, no motive to proscribe the names of the Gospel Saints (whom the Church of England, though she does not worship, reverences and commemorates), but she never even thought of finding more authentic denominations for all the localities of *St. Swithin*, *St. Giles*, and *St. Bridget*, scattered throughout England. She did not think it worth while to meddle with *Bartlemy Fair*; she talks of *Corpus* as she does of *Brazen-nose*—as a mere local denomination; and she no more commits herself to the doctrine of saint-invocation by talking of *Magdalen College* than of *Magdalen Bridge*. Are the Houses of Parliament pagans because they date their sittings *dies Jovis* or *dies Martis*? Has Papal Rome herself revived the Julian apostacy by adopting the *Pantheon* for a Christian church; or, to come nearer home, when Major Montalembert, the author's gallant father, asked and obtained the licence of King George III. to assume the title of *Baron*, did any one imagine that it implied the gift of a baronial estate in France? It was only—like *Corpus* or *Magdalen*—an ancient name, worthy of being preserved, though a Revolution in one case, as the Reformation in the others, had varied its original import.

This ultra-Catholic delusion is so strong upon him that it bursts out on the most unexpected occasions. He visits the new Houses of Parliament, and begins by describing them with that graphic style and taste which on subjects that do not touch the morbid string he undoubtedly possesses in a high degree:—

‘The monument answers to the majesty of its destination. It is certainly the most magnificent product of the renaissance of architecture in the nineteenth century. One might wish for a less florid style and a less monotonous profusion of decoration in this splendid edifice. One regrets that the architect was not inspired by the noble simplicity of Westminster Abbey rather than its too immediate neighbour, Henry VII.’s Chapel, or the *flamboyant* style of the old cloister of the canons of St. Stephen. He has done well to preserve the latter in the centre of his modern work, but he might have dispensed with making them the type and the dominant style of the regenerated palace; in spite, however, of these overwrought details, the *ensemble* is incomparable. That enormous mass of perforated tracery—that forest of pinnacles, battlements and buttresses—that profusion of sculpture outside and inside those colossal towers—those innumerable turrets, the *façade* on the Thames with the two terraces, washed by the great river, which seems to bring to the feet of the national legislature the tribute of the maritime and commercial greatness of England—all this does well deserve the expressive cry of admiration which, even before it was terminated, it elicited from the Emperor Nicholas, “*But this is a dream in stone!*”’

This

This is excellent, as indeed all his descriptions are; but he cannot resist throwing in a drop of the Jesuitical elixir—something of Catholicity must be superadded, even at the expense of truth and justice:—

‘Sir Charles Barry, the author of the plan selected by competition in 1835, will probably have the honour to finish it, for there only remain the two principal towers to terminate. He has, however, availed himself of the help, for the ornamental part, of the talent of the *Catholic architect*, Pugin, whose career was interrupted by a premature death, but not before he had arrived at the first place in his art, by the forty Catholic churches raised by his means or from his designs on the *emancipated soil of England.*’—p. 134.

The author’s leaning towards the ‘*Catholic architect of emancipated England*’ has led him to make, by a sly ambiguity of phrase, Mr. Pugin’s share in this work unduly prominent. The very title of *architect* is delusive, if meant to imply that he had anything to do with the *architecture* of the palace. A difference between Sir Charles Barry and the Lords of the Treasury has lately revealed that Pugin was not employed by him at all, but by, a separate commission from the Lords of the Treasury, as superintendent of *wood carvings*! For this very humble and subordinate co-operation M. de Montalembert calls him *architect*, and associates his name with that of Sir Charles Barry in the greatest architectural work of the age. This, which, if an accidental mistake, would be a trifle, becomes rather more important as an indication of M. de Montalembert’s management of facts.

But on entering the building, a very small incident, so much a matter of course and mere routine that no eye but M. de Montalembert’s probably ever rested on it, produces an explosion of enthusiastic Catholicity. It happens that in the architectural decorations of the House of Lords the armorial bearings of the great public officers—our historical ancestors—are most appropriately introduced in their chronological order and succession, and there of course is a series of Lord Chancellors. Amongst them the reverential eye of M. de Montalembert distinguishes Thomas à Becket, and in a moment the great edifice is transformed, like a palace in a fairy tale, to a Catholic monument, a kind of national protest against the Reformation, in which by ‘the prodigious talent of the Catholic Pugin’—

‘the force of tradition, history, and true patriotism has overcome the sectarian or party spirit. *In no place has PROTESTANTISM impressed its seal on this monument*; nowhere is there seen the *solution of the continuity* which has separated by the *Reformation* the English of the sixteenth century from their glorious and invincible ancestors. Every-where,

where, on the contrary, the forms and memorials of Catholic art triumph.'—p. 128.

The historical portion of this passage is, as far as we understand it, manifestly absurd, for if the arms of functionaries down to the time of Henry VIII. are Catholic emblems, surely the series since that time are at least as strong evidences of the Reformation. The liberal and enlightened *Protestantism* that has erected and decorated this great edifice meant it for *history* and *legislation*, and not for *hagiology* or even *theology*; and so far are its historical illustrations from being, as M. de Montalembert loves to fancy, symptoms of apostacy from the Reformation, that if they convey any political feeling, they might rather be considered as renewed protests against the unscrupulous tyranny of the Papacy, and fresh pledges of the determined resolution of England never again to endure it. The Great Rebellion ordered the destruction of the statue of Charles I. because it dreaded his memory; the Revolution felt itself strong enough not to disturb the statue of James II. in the court of Whitehall; and the reproduction of Thomas à Becket's escutcheon is mere history, implying neither fear, reverence, nor worship. M. de Montalembert confounds Christianity with Papacy, and mistakes strength for weakness.

His description of the mode of conducting business within the House is, we will not say copied, from that of Auguste de Stael (in his *Letters on England*, 1825), but there is a considerable, sometimes even a verbal, resemblance between them; M. de Montalembert, if he be a more brilliant painter, is a less accurate observer, and he does not scruple here, as elsewhere, to sacrifice notorious facts to his own theories:—

'It is worthy of remark that the English Parliament—the arena in which one might expect hereditary rank and political eloquence to be all powerful—is by no means extensively or abusively influenced either by birth or eloquence. History shows that from Walpole to Peel the greatest parts have been performed by men whose *birth was inferior* to that of the majority of their hearers and followers, and who would *not* have belonged to what is called the *Noblesse* on the Continent.'—p. 134.

There are here several inaccuracies both of expression and of fact the more remarkable, because the author has, in the preceding pages, stated the matter very truly and clearly. The English *Gentry*, as he had just told us, is equivalent to the general body of Continental *Noblesse*, and to that class almost every distinguished Minister or Parliamentary leader has belonged. Walpole himself, Wyndham, Pulteney, Pelham, Carteret, Lyttelton, Legge, Murray, the two Townshends, the two Grenvilles, the two Pitts, the two Foxes, North, Windham, Grey, Perceval,

ceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, all belonged to either the nobility or the higher *Gentry*; Addington, Canning, and Peel were the only Ministers whose ancestors were not of that class; and all were either the first, or in the very first line, of the Parliamentary speakers of their respective days.

Influenced naturally enough by a predilection for his own rather *boursoufflé* style, M. de Montalembert hardly admits that any of our speakers are *orators*, though he candidly enough admits that for the despatch of business they are something better; but we do not think that he does justice even to the style of speaking of our statesmen; and the last item of the following short critique on them has a slight, but remarkable, touch of his peculiar prejudice:—

‘Neither Lord Castlereagh nor Lord George Bentinck were what can be called orators. Sir Robert Peel was not much of one—the Duke of Wellington not at all; and I do not think that Lord Palmerston has been so more than once in his life.’—p. 135.

Lord Castlereagh never affected eloquence, and was very careless, and sometimes even slovenly, in his expressions; but neither words nor matter were ever wanting, and when occasionally excited he was spirited and impressive: his air and manner were, above all, distinguished and captivating. Sir Robert Peel seemed rather disdainful of rhetoric than incapable of it: his mind was richly stored with elegant and solid acquirements, his language was easy and pure, his reasoning perfect, and he had a natural fund of pleasantry and power of sarcasm which his good taste was generally on the watch to restrain, but when he chose to let it loose it was powerful; he did not care to dazzle, he was satisfied to convince and to prevail. Lord George Bentinck had never turned his thoughts to public speaking, and had in fact never spoken, till, by a concurrence of accidents, he found himself acclaimed as leader of his party—a position which his modesty would have declined, but his generous public spirit would not allow him to refuse. His career was too short to enable us to guess how he might have succeeded in a longer race. The Duke of Wellington, it is well known, limited himself to the few wise and weighty words with which on each occasion he was satisfied to *hit the nail on the head*, and disdained all superfluous accessories. The *single* occasion on which M. de Montalembert’s monomania thinks that Lord Palmerston rose to eloquence was probably his speech in favour of *Catholic Emancipation* in 1829—a very good one, no doubt, but it has been for thirty years followed by a multitude of others, many of at least equal ability, and which have fairly earned and fully justify the high position that he holds in the House of Commons.

M. de

M. de Montalembert however can remember nothing that does not connect itself with some triumph of *Catholicism*.

But the most marvellous specimen of *dérailonnement* and inconsistency which the whole work affords is a chapter (xvii.) headed '*England and Spain*,' which contrasts the former and present conditions of these two countries, and attempts to explain the causes which have produced so remarkable a counter-change as they exhibit. The design is happy, the main facts are for the most part true, the language sometimes rises to eloquence, and it really might pass for a fine piece of rhetoric in a school where logic had not been taught; but as a train of reasoning, and especially for the purposes to which M. de Montalembert applies it, a more absurd and suicidal delusion could not have been imagined—for it proves, with the whole force of the author's talent, the absolute and indisputable contrary of what he intends:—

'Let us compare England and Spain, such as they were after the Middle Ages and before the Reformation—the one under Henry VII., the other under Charles V.—and let us then see their present condition.

'In 1510 England—exhausted by the War of the Roses, stripped of her possessions in France, not yet united with Scotland, not yet enriched by colonies, not yet protected by a naval superiority—is hardly reckoned amongst the important powers of Europe. In 1510 Spain—delivered, after seven centuries of struggles unparalleled in history, from the yoke of the Moors, constituted as a nation by Ferdinand and Isabella, mistress of a new world through Christopher Columbus, mistress of the Low Countries and of half of Italy—towers above all other Christian kingdoms. Ximenes governs her, *St. Theresa is about to be born*, Gonsalvo of Cordova fights her battles. She is on the verge of universal empire.'—p. 258.

*St. Theresa about to be born!* Of all the miracles we have ever read of this is the most wonderful—that *St. Theresa* should have had some kind of influence on the greatness of Spain several years before she was born! We will not trust ourselves to say more of such an ingredient in an historical disquisition than that the only thing that we remember to have seen that bears any resemblance to it is that '*mysterious dispensation of Providence*' before so seriously and solemnly mentioned by M. de Montalembert (*ante*, p. 545), by which the heart of *St. Elizabeth* of Hungary was carried to Cambrai in the year 1232, to wait for the heart of *Fenelon*, which was destined to meet it there in 1715.

He then contrasts the proud attitude of England in 1800 with the prostrate condition of Spain—

'England has advanced from greatness to greatness, and disputes with France the first place in the affairs of the world.

'Spain

‘Spain is nothing! All is gone. Institutions, politics, riches, credit, influence, army, navy, commerce, industry, science, literature—all simultaneously vanished!’

‘On the one hand life! on the other death!’

‘How can we explain such a difference?’

‘Protestants, and all those who look on Luther’s Reformation as an era of progress, have a ready answer: Protestantism makes England’s greatness; Catholicism causes Spain’s decline.’

‘To every Catholic worthy of that name such an explanation is *blasphemy*.

‘But we must account for so striking a contrast. And how can we do it but in acknowledging that *political liberty* has alone been able to give to England her prodigious strength, and that *despotism* has in Spain infected, confiscated, destroyed the most precious gifts that God ever gave a nation here below.’—p. 261.

Perfectly true. But what gave England ‘*political liberty*’? What enabled her to extend, consolidate, and maintain it? The plain, the natural, indeed we will assert the only possible answer is what M. de Montalembert calls *blasphemy*.

It is really wonderful that a man of the author’s abilities, and, on other subjects, sagacity, should approach the truth so close as to touch it, and yet so obstinately refuse to see it. He literally knocks his head against it. He asserts that at the time specified the institutions of Spain were as free and even better organised than those of England, that the character of her people was in every point superior to ours. What new element came in to disturb this Spanish pre-eminence?—‘Bad kings,’ says M. de Montalembert, ‘and unworthy favourites.’ But M. de Montalembert thinks equally ill of *our reformed* princes and their favourites—so that even on his own showing the result is, that the only essential difference in the cases was the REFORMATION; and that, according to all the rules of reasoning and all the analogies of experience, Catholicism besotted and degraded the people and sovereigns of Spain, while Protestantism instructed and elevated the people and sovereigns of England: and this, in truth, M. de Montalembert himself is forced to confess, only that he confounds causes and effects, and will not see that *Catholicism* and *Despotism* are as certainly allied as the *Reformation* and *Liberty*.

While M. de Montalembert’s zeal is thus busily employed in covering historic facts and material objects with an indiscriminating *badigeon*, or *distemper* of ultra-Catholicism, he loses sight, to a great degree, of the main title and professed object of his work—the *political Future of England*. Of the *present* state of England—of our manners and institutions, the more prominent, and even some of the more delicate features of our society and government,

are

are copiously and brilliantly, and—with the exception of the frequent intrusion of the monomaniac topic—sagaciously treated; but to the *political Future* he allows a comparatively small share in his dissertation, and what he does say is so vague, so obscure, so inconsistent, that he leaves us at the last pages almost as ignorant of what he either advises or foresees as we were at the outset. For this there are probably two causes: one that most of the purely political views of his book were more particularly aimed against the present *régime* of France, and that England, though first in his mouth, occupied very naturally but a second place in his thoughts; the other, that when he came to wind up the various, and often discordant ideas that he had collected about England, he either did not see very distinctly what to say, or was, as we rather think, reluctant to say it. His partiality, we may say his kindness towards England, cannot be doubted, nor that he was originally a legitimate-monarchist. What changes may have been effected in his opinions by his transit through the two last republics and his dealings with Louis Napoleon we know not, but we suspect that he now thinks constitutional monarchy a falling cause even in England—an opinion which he seems to us alike reluctant to admit, and not bold enough to deny. He sets out by telling us that he is confident that this great country is not doomed to perish—that she will maintain her place among nations; but he is still more certain that she will not be the *same England* that she now is, and that she can only save herself by a gradual but extensive *transformation*, and by prudent *compliances* with the advancing spirit of the age (pp. 31, 298); but by what *transformation* or what *compliances* he nowhere more precisely indicates than by hints that they may safely be of the same nature as the Catholic Emancipation of 1829 and the Parliamentary Reform of 1832—in both of which measures his own Roman Catholic zeal sees nothing either revolutionary or indeed beyond the usual working of our constitutional system. This *prepossession*—shared, we are confident, by neither Lord Grey nor Lord Brougham, nor Lord John Russell himself, who frankly called his Reform a *revolution*—throws a singular degree of confusion over the whole of M. de Montalembert's dissertation on England.

Emancipation, Reform, and the abolition of the Corn-laws may have been just or necessary; they may be beneficial, and may lead us to still higher destinies; but they had nothing to do with the Old England of M. de Montalembert's idolatry. These changes may produce a better England, but not the England which won his early admiration. Moreover, he wholly leaves  
out

out of his account that a vast number, perhaps a majority, of the educated and thinking portion of the English people attribute the 'stability and glory' which he panegyrises to those very causes which he stigmatises as incompatible with her liberty and even her existence. Sometimes he seems to think our aristocracy invincible, and builds on it his prognostics of our future salvation. And this seems to be his own personal wish and hope. He sees in the tenacity and innate vigour of our institutions—our schools and colleges, our peerage and gentry, and, above all, in the intelligent popular and powerful influences of the landed interest, all of which he describes and dwells upon *con amore*, a pledge for their stability; but in several other passages he expresses a reluctant, but still very decided, opinion 'of the steady progress and ultimate triumph of Democracy;' and recognises 'in the hearts of the present generation of men a deep and impetuous under-current of revolutionary spirit, the most insatiable, implacable, and formidable instrument of mischief;' and he proceeds to indicate symptoms of 'its secret and terrible strength,' and of 'its irresistible force' (p. 42). So that, gratified as we are by the favourable picture which he draws of our *past* and *present* England, we must confess that, if we had much reliance on his political sagacity, we should be a good deal alarmed for our *futurity* under that '*transformation*' which looms so portentously through the awful energy of the epithets he employs, and which seems to us but another word for a democratic *Revolution*—a conclusion disagreeably enforced on our mind by the style in which our *Monarchy* is mentioned as a kind of scenic decoration and the Sovereign herself as a puppet moved by the Ministry at the irresistible will of the People—the House of Commons' being already, as M. de Montalembert records, '*the real Sovereign of the country!*' (p. 63-4).

In order to palliate in some degree the manifest inconsistency between his alternate denunciations and welcomings of democracy, M. de Montalembert has recourse to the expedient of imagining '*two democracies*,' 'one that recognises the laws of honour and equity, and which has already the good wishes and help of all honest men' (p. 32). The 'other democracy is jealous, rancorous, furious, the daughter of Envy,' &c., but he nowhere tells us where the innate and essential difference between the two democracies lies—how they are to be discriminated—how balanced; and after a careful consideration of the whole work, the only solution we can arrive at is that his *good* democracy is neither more nor less than what the rest of the world usually calls an *aristocracy*. If this be not his meaning, we at least can find no other. And on the whole the best conjecture we can  
make

make from these various and conflicting hints is, that his prospect, both for England and France, tends towards some species of *aristocratic democracy*, which he seems to think might be equally well combined with a 'constitutional Monarchy or a moderate Republic' (p. 33).

But whatever be the form of *secular government*, about which M. de Montalembert speaks so ambiguously, it is evident that in his Utopia all spiritual power and universal and sovereign supremacy must be *à la de Maistre*, in the successor of St. Peter, and that entire, absolute, and exclusive obedience to that authority is what M. de Montalembert understands by, and so enthusiastically advocates as, *religious liberty*. The Church, of whatever country, is to owe no allegiance to the State, and Rome is to have *proprio jure* all, and more than all, that *bulls* or *concordats* have ever yet arrogated.

But we repeat that, if we were able to arrive at a satisfactory understanding of what M. de Montalembert really expects as the *Political Future* of England, it would afford us little comfort if favourable, and not much increase our alarm if adverse, for we have little confidence in his judgment of either men or things, and we look on his work as a mere half-fanatical, half-rhetorical essay—eloquent, picturesque, and impressive, but, to use his own phrase, 'sovereignly illogical' and utterly inconclusive; of which we really doubt how much may be serious conviction, how much personal pique, vanity, or ambition, or how much the expansion of an imaginative, impressionable, and irregular mind.

If in our examination of the work we have dealt largely with its religious element, it is because not only does it appear to us the most important, but we are convinced that it was the prime motive and object of the author's own solicitude; and if, as members of the Church of England, we have expressed ourselves strongly, we beg it may be remembered that M. de Montalembert was a volunteer and violent aggressor, and the less pardonably so because he professed not to treat the religious subject at all.

We have still, as we had in 1852, a congenial feeling towards the *Comte de Montalembert*, whom M. Guizot characterised as 'a Christian and a Conservative,' though we cannot but look with some distrust at parts of his political conduct, and are constrained by both common sense and conscience to disclaim all sympathy with the disciple of De Maistre and Lamennais.

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END OF THE NINETY-EIGHTH VOLUME.